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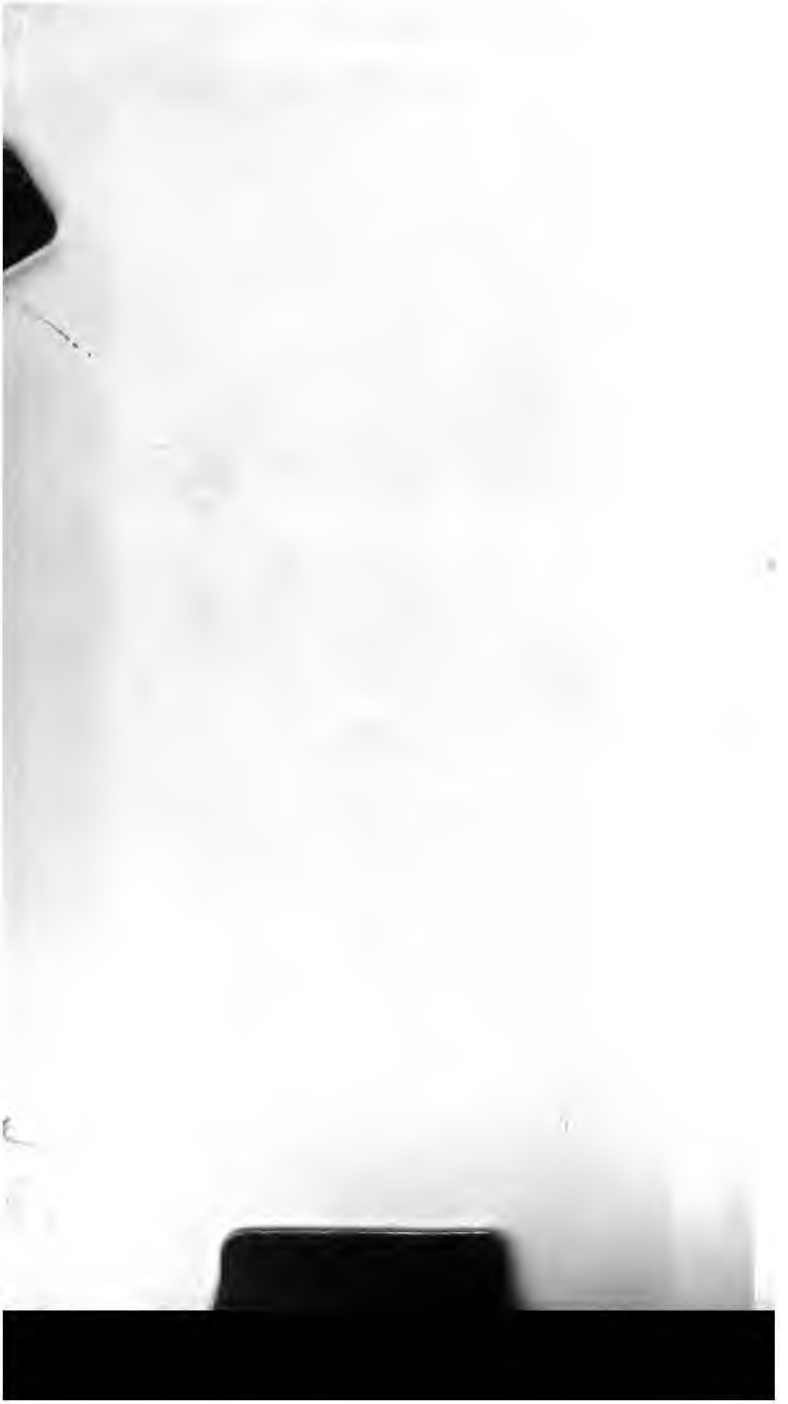

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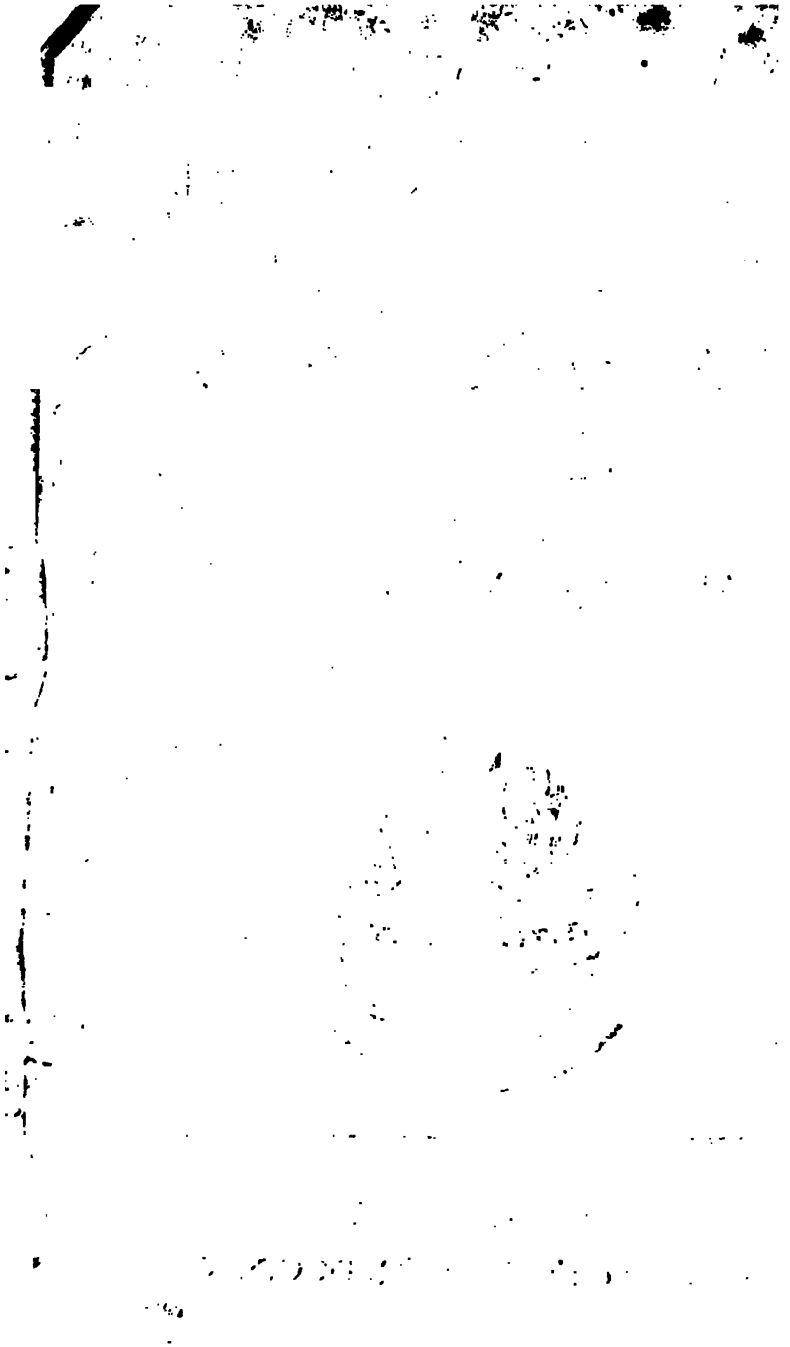
THE WORKS OF MONSIEUR DE ST. EVREMOND,

Made *Engliſh* from the *French* Original.

VOL. III.

LONDON,

Printed for *J. Churchill* in *Pater-noſter-Row*, *J. Darby* in *Bartholomew-Cloſe*, *J. Round* in *Exchange-Alley*, *E. Curll* and *R. Goſling* againſt St. *Dunſtan*'s Church in *Fleetſtreet*, and *T. Baker* in *Ludgate-ſtreet*. M. DCC. XIV.



LIFE

[illegible]

DE [illegible]

[illegible]

Mr [illegible] [illegible]

LONDON,
Printed in the Year M.DCC.XIV.

THE LIFE OF MONSIEUR De St. *EVREMOND* TO Monſieur *BAYLE.*

By P. DES MAIZEAUX, *Gent.*

SIR,

THE obliging manner with which you were pleas'd to receive the *Life of Monſieur de St.* Evremond, which I had the Honour to tranſmit to you a Year ago, has engaged me to reviſe it, in order to render it ſomewhat more worthy your Approbation. However, SIR, do not expect to find in the following Sheets an un-interrupted and compleat Hiſtory of Mr. *de St. Evremond*'s Life: For I muſt here repeat, what I told you formerly, That no Body in *England* can pretend to any ſuch Thing; nor will you be ſurpriz'd at it, when you conſider, that, perhaps, of all Men that ever liv'd, Mr. de St. Evremond loved leaſt to ſpeak of himſelf. As ſoon as

he perceived, that People had a mind to lead him to ſome remarkable Paſſages of his Life, he either turn'd off the Diſcourſe, or excuſed himſelf *on the diſtance of Time when thoſe Things happen'd, which had effac'd them out of his Memory.* However, you do me Juſtice to believe, that I omitted no occaſion to be better inform'd: And I may adventure to ſay, that the *Reviſing* of his Works, which he was pleas'd to do with me, afforded me an Opportunity of being acquainted with more Circumſtances of his Life, than many other Perſons, who have convers'd with him longer than my ſelf. I carefully collected the Particulars he told me, that I might preſerve them clear and entire: So that you will find here the moſt curious Paſſages I was able to learn of Mr. *de St. Evremond*'s Life; to which I ſhall add the Hiſtory of his principal Works; of which I ſhall endeavour to give you an Account, as far as the Compaſs of theſe Memoirs will allow. You will ſoon take notice, that few People are well acquainted with Mr. *de St. Evremond:* The Generality, indeed, look upon him as a Man of good Judgment, exquiſite Taſte, and nice Diſcernment; but They are unacquainted with his having had conſiderable Employments in the Army, and merited the Eſteem of the greateſt Commanders of his Age. We muſt therefore *tack* the SOLDIER to the WIT; and look upon Mr. *de St. Evremond* as an Officer of Diſtinction, who ever loved *Literature*; and as a refined *Courtier*, who never wrote but either to amuſe himſelf, or to entertain his Friends: Under which double Notion I ſhall endeavour to repreſent him.

Mr. *de St. Evremond* was deſcended of one of the *beſt Families* in *Normandy*, and the *beſt related*, both by the Women that married out of, and *into it.* GILES DE MARGUETEL, Caſtelan,

Caſtelan, or Baron, of *St. Denis le Guaſt*, married *Magdelen Martel*, Siſter to *Stephen Martel*, Biſhop of *Coutances*, of the Family of *Baſqueville-Martel*. JOHN his Son, who took the Name and Coat of Arms of St. * *Denis*, married *Catherine Martel*, of the Family of *Fonteine-Martel*; by whom he had Six † Daughters, and Two Sons, *viz. Henry*, who died a Batchelor, and *Charles*. CHARLES *de St.* DENIS married *Charlotte de Rouville*, of the Family of the Counts *de Rouville-de-la-Cour*. She was Siſter to the Count *de Rouville*, who had been named to be || Superintendant of the Finances of *France*, but died before he could take Poſſeſſion of that Office. *Charlotte*'s Mother was of the Family of *du Veneur*, Count *de Tilliere*, the eldeſt Son of that Family; and her Siſter was the Heireſs of the ſaid Count, who became Counteſs of *Vaudemont*, from whom *Meſſieurs de Lorraine* are deſcended. CHARLES *de St.* DENIS had Seven Children, *viz.* a Daughter who died young, and Six Sons, *Francis*, called *de Hellande*; *John*, *de la Beloſtiere*, Abbot; *Charles*, *de St. Evremond*; *Peter*, *de Griſmenil*; *Henry*, *de la Neuville*; and *Philip*, *le Tanus*. Beſides theſe Diſtinctions, taken from the Names of Manors, belonging to the Caſtelany, or Barony, of St. *Denis*, a ſort of Surname was given in the Family, to the Six Brothers, expreſſing their particular Characters; For the eldeſt was called St. *Denis*, the HO-

* The Lordſhip of St. *Denis le Guaſt*, within three Leagues of *Coutances*, in *Lower-Normandy*, was brought into the Family by his Mother, the Heireſs of it.

† The five eldeſt Daughters married Meſſieurs *de Vierville*, *de Savigny Gambieres*, *de Tauville*, *du Meſnil Poiſſon*, and *de Fontenay-Haubert*. *Vierville*, *du Meſnil Poiſſon*, and Fontenay, were Proteſtants.

|| *An Office like* Lord High-Treaſurer in England.

NEST MAN; the Abbot, the SUBTLE; St. *Evremond*, the WIT; *Grifmenil*, the SOLDIER; *La Neuville*, the BEAU; and *Le Tanus*, the HUNTER.

CHARLES *de St.* DENIS, *SIEUR* (or *Lord*) of * *ST. EVREMOND*, was born at *St. Denis*
1613. *le Guaft*, on the Firft Day of *April* 1613. Being one of the younger † Sons, he was deftin'd for the Gown; and as foon as he had reach'd Nine,
1622. was fent to *Paris*, to be bred a Scholar. He was admitted in the fecond Form in the College of *Clermont*; and in the Four Years time he continu'd there, went through Grammar-Learning and Rhetorick, under Father *Canaye*. He went next
1626. to the Univerfity of *Caen*, in order to ftudy Philofophy: But continued there but one Year; and
1627. then returned to *Paris*, where he purfu'd the fame Study one Year longer in the College of *Harcourt*: He diftinguifh'd himfelf no lefs by the *Liberal Exercifes*, than by his Studies: And excell'd particularly in *Fencing*; infomuch that *St. Evremond's Paff* was talk'd of among the Maffers of the Sci-
1628. ence. As foon as he had gone through Philofophy, and learn'd his Exercifes, he began to ftudy the Law: But whether his Relations had then other Views, or his Inclination bent him to Arms, he left that Study after he had followed it fome-
1629. what more than a Twelve-Month; and was made an Enfign before he was full fixteen Years of Age.

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* *St. Evremond* is a Lordfhip within a League of *St. Lo*. Its name comes originally from *St. Evremond* (*Sanctus Evermondus*) who lived in the VIIIth Century, and was Abbot of *Fontenay-fur-Orne* in the *Beffin*. His Relicks are kept at *Creil*, within Ten Leagues of *Paris*.

† His Share was 10000 Livres in Money, and a Penfion of *Two Hundred* Crowns a-Year, which is a great deal, for a

Age. After he had ſerv'd two or three Campaigns, he was advanc'd to a Lieutenant's Commiſſion; and had a Company of Foot beſtow'd on him, after the Siege of *Landrecy*. 1632. 1637.

A Military Life did not hinder Mr. *de St. Evremond* from ſtudying Religion, and cultivating Philoſophy and Literature: And it ſoon fared with him, with regard to Philoſophy, as it commonly does with Perſons, who, in a riper Age, bethink themſelves of making uſe of their own Reaſon. He, at firſt, examin'd whether his Maſters had given him a true Inſight into the Nature of Things; but the farther he purſued his Inquiries, the more he was ſenſible of the Vanity of their Pretences: What they had laid down for moſt *evident Truth*, ſcarce appearing to him within the Verge of *Probability*. 'When I had reach'd, *ſays he himſelf*, 'that Period of a Man's Age, that 'fits his Underſtanding for the purſuit of Know-'ledge, I had a curious Deſire to comprehend the 'Nature of Things; and my Preſumption ſoon 'perſuaded me, that I was acquainted with it. 'The leaſt Proof ſeem'd to me a Demonſtration, 'and a Probability paſſed for a Truth: Nor can 'I expreſs with what Contempt I look'd down 'upon thoſe whom I thought to be ignorant of 'thoſe Things, which I fancied my ſelf to know 'perfectly well. At length, *continues he*, when 'Age, and Experience, which unhappily never 'comes before the other, had ſuggeſted to me 'ſerious Reflections, I began to lay aſide the 'Study of a Science always conteſted, and about 'which the greateſt Men ever had different Sen-'timents. I knew from the Univerſal Conſent 'of Nations, that *Plato*, *Ariſtotle*, *Zeno*, and *Epi-'curus*, had been the *Luminaries* of their Age: 'And yet there was nothing ſo contrary as their 'Opinions. Three Thouſand Years after I found

'them equally disputed: Sticklers on all Sides, 'but nothing of Certainty on any. In the midst 'of these Meditations, which insensibly unde-'ceived me, I had the Curiosity to see *Gassendus*, 'the most knowing, and the least presuming of 'all Philosophers. After several long Conversa-'tions, wherein he communicated to me all that 'can be attained by Reason, he lamented, That '*Nature had given so large a Scope to our Curiosity, 'and such narrow Bounds to our Knowledge*; adding, '*He did not say this to mortify the Presumption of 'others, or to make an Ostentation of his own Humi-'lity, which is little better than downright Hypocrisy; 'That, perhaps, he was not ignorant of what Judg-'ment might be made of several Things; but that he 'durst not be positive, he was thoroughly acquainted 'with the most inconsiderable.* Upon this, *adds 'Mr. de St. Evremond*, a Science which I already 'suspected, appeared too vain for me to subject 'my self to it any longer; I broke off all Com-'merce with it; and began to admire, how it 'was possible for a wise Man to spend his Life 'in unprofitable Inquiries. These were Mr. *de St. Evremond*'s Thoughts about the empty, barren Speculations of Philosophy: But he entertained a far different Opinion of the Study of the Law; which he judged to be not only useful, but even necessary for a Gentleman; and ever delighted in cultivating it.

The advantageous Manner with which he made himself known in the Army, gained him the Esteem of several Officers of Distinction, such as the Mareschals *d'Estrées* and *Grammont*, Viscount *Turenne*, &c. But particularly of Count *de Miossens*, since known by the Name of Mareschal *d'Albret*; of Count *Paluau*, afterwards Mareschal *de Clerembaut*; and of the Marquis *de Crequi*, who became also a Mareschal of *France*. He had a

Share in their Confidence, and as long as they lived, they gave him Marks of a ſincere Friendſhip, which no Turns of Fortune were ever able to alter.

Mr. *de St. Evremond* aſſiſted at the Siege of *Arras* in 1640; and the enſuing Year he got a Poſt in the Horſe, which gave him freſh Occaſions of ſignalizing himſelf. The Duke of *Enguien* (afterwards Prince of *Condé*) was ſo taken with the Agreeableneſs of his Converſation, that he beſtowed on him the Lieutenancy of his Guards, that he might have him conſtantly near him. That young Prince had a great Penetration and Exactneſs of Judgment; was a great Lover of Literature; and you know, *Sir*, that upon the Death of Cardinal *Richelieu*, ſeveral Members of the *Royal Academy* deſigned to have choſen him for their Protector. The Reading of good Books was one of his moſt agreeable Amuſements; and as he daily beſtow'd ſome ſpare Hours on * Study, in Company with Monſieur *de St. Evremond*; ſo the latter made it his Buſineſs to inſtruct and delight him at the ſame time. Being ſenſible that Princes, whoſe Time is precious, ought not to Study after the common Method of other Men, when he read any Paſſages out of Ancient Hiſtorians, he left to Grammarians the ſcrupulous Explanation of Words and Phraſes, and bent his whole Application to the unfolding and clearing the Meaning of the Authors; making Reflections on the Juſtneſs and Beauty of their Thoughts; 1640. 1641. 1642.

* See *Hiſtoire du Prince de* Condé, p. 8. of the Second Edition. Mr. *de St. Evremond* having peruſed that Work, told me, *That except the Account of the Battle of* Lens, *which was ſomewhat defective, the Author* (Mr. Coſte) *ſeemed to him to have been well informed of the Paſſages he relates, and that his Stile and Narration were clear and elegant.*

obſerving the Skill with which they repreſent Great Men, and the nice Differences they mark in their Characters. In ſhort, he laboured to give a true Notion of the Poſture of Affairs in the Times in Queſtion; to penetrate into the different Views of Princes; and to diſcover the Springs of their Actions.

And, indeed, SIR, this is the Method, which not only Princes, but all Perſons of Quality, who are arrived at the Age of Diſcernment and Reflection, ought to follow in the Reading of Ancient Authors: Tho' I muſt confeſs, at the ſame time, that 'tis no eaſie Matter for them to find Men capable to give them thoſe uſeful Inſtructions. Commentators would, in ſome Meaſure, make up that Defect, had they turned their Views and Obſervations that way: But whether they thought themſelves unequal to ſuch a Task, or imagined it to be foreign to their Purpoſe, the Books they have hitherto publiſhed, ſeem very improper to improve that Study. Mr. *de St. Evremond* has ſo well obſerved their Imperfections, that I cannot forbear tranſcribing his very Words in this Place. 'I have ſeen within a few Years, *ſays he*, (in a 'Diſcourſe addreſſed to the Mareſchal *de Cre-* '*qui*) abundance of Criticks, and but few good 'Judges. Now I do not affect that ſort of 'Learned Men, that rack their Brains to re-'ſtore a Paſſage, which is not mended by 'the Reſtitution. The whole Myſtery of 'their Learning lies in what we might as well 'be ignorant of, and they are abſolute Strangers 'to what's really worth knowing. As they are 'incapable of having nice Sentiments and 'Thoughts, ſo 'tis impoſſible for them to enter 'into the Delicacy of a Sentiment, or the Fine-'neſs of a Thought. They may ſucceed well 'enough in expounding Grammarians, who ap-

'plied themſelves to the ſame Study, and whoſe 'Genius was the ſame: But they can never hit 'that of a polite well-bred Man among the An-'cients, becauſe theirs is diametrically oppoſite 'to it. In Hiſtory, they neither mind Men, 'nor Affairs: They lay the whole Streſs on 'Chronology; and for the Date of a Conſul's 'Death, will neglect the Knowledge of his Cha-'racter, and of the Tranſactions during his Con-'ſulſhip. *Tully*, with them, will never be any more 'than a Declaimer of ORATIONS; or *Cæſar*, 'than a Writer of COMMENTARIES: The '*Conſul*, and the *General*, eſcape their notice; 'the Spirit that animates their Works is unper-'ceived; and the principal Matters, they treat of, 'unknown.

Mr. *de St. Evremond* had too refined a Taſte to be guilty of ſuch Faults: And one may judge of what he was able to perform in thoſe Matters, by ſome of his Compoſures; particularly his REFLECTIONS *on the different Genius of the* Roman *People*; his JUDGMENT *on* Petronius, Saluſt, *and* Tacitus; his DISCOURSE *upon the* French *Hiſtorians*; his REFLECTIONS *on the Poems of the Ancients*, &c.

After the Campaign of *Rocroy*, Mr. *de St. Evre-* 1643.
mond made a kind of Satyr againſt the *French Academy*, intitled, THE COMEDY OF THE ACADEMICIANS. This Piece was a long while handed about in Manuſcript; and, as it generally happens on the like occaſions, every Body aſſumed the Liberty either of adding to it, or ſtriking out of it what he thought fit: Inſomuch that when it appeared in Print, in the Year 1650, Mr. *de St. Evremond* was himſelf a perfect Stranger to it. Nevertheleſs, Monſieur *Pelliſſon*, in his Hiſtory of the *French* Academy, gives a to-

lerable

lerable Character of it: For having * taken notice, That the Abbot of St. *Germains* was the firſt Perſon who openly attacked the Academy, he adds, 'That of all the other Pieces that were 'written againſt that Learned Aſſembly, he ne-'ver ſaw but Three that deſerve mentioning. The 'firſt, *continues he*, is that *Comedy of the Academy*, 'which having long been handed about in Ma-'nuſcript, was at laſt printed in the Year 1650, 'with abundance of Faults, and without the 'Name either of the Author or Printer. Some 'would have father'd it upon one of the Acade-'micians themſelves, becauſe that Piece does not 'ill agree with his Stile, Wit, and Humour; and 'becauſe he is mentioned there, as † one who 'does not much value thoſe Conferences: But 'ſome others have aſſured me, that it was writ-'ten by a Gentleman of *Normandy*, named Mon-'ſieur *de St. Evermond*.——This Piece, tho' writ-'ten without either Art or Rule, and which ra-'ther deſerves the Name of a Farce, than a Co-'medy, is not altogether without Wit, and there 'are ſome very humourous Paſſages in it. This Piece had not yet been printed with the other Works of Monſieur *de St. Evremond*; and 'twas become ſo very ſcarce, that I ſhould, perhaps, have never light upon it, had not you been ſo kind as to communicate it to me. Monſieur *de St. Evremond* would not own that printed Copy: And when I ask'd it of him, he told me, he had, at the Dutcheſs of *Mazarine*'s deſire, reviſed that Piece, and endeavoured to make it ſomewhat more correct; but that he had loſt his Manuſcript. I had the good Fortune to find it out; and there-

upon

* *Hiſtoire de l'Academie Francoiſe, p. m.* 47, 48.

upon engaged him to reviſe it once more with me; but tho' that Play be now leſs irregular than it was when you ſaw it firſt, it is impoſſible it ſhould meet with the ſame Approbation it might have had Threeſcore Years ago: Moſt of the Perſons who are ridiculed in it being dead; and ſcarce any that knew them yet alive; ſo that the knowledge of the Humour that runs through it is, in a manner, * entirely loſt. And this is the Fate of all Works of this Nature, whoſe Subject-matter is either too minute Circumſtances, or Paſſages in which none but the very Perſons hinted at are concerned.

Mr. *de St. Evremond* made the Campaign of *Friburg* in 1644; and the next Year received a dangerous Wound at the Battle of *Nortlingen*; where being ordered to Head a Squadron, and poſt himſelf below an Eminence, which was poſſeſſed by the Enemy, he was there expoſed for three Hours together to the Fire of their ſmall Shot, and of a Battery of four Field-Pieces; inſomuch that he loſt there moſt of his Men, and was himſelf wounded in the left Knee by a Shot from a Falcon. His Wound was thought ſo dangerous, that for ſix Weeks he was believed to be paſt Recovery: However, the great Skill of his Surgeons, and his good Conſtitution, got him off: But 'twas a long while before he could go. Thirty Years after that, his Wound opened a-freſh here in *London*; but it was ſo well looked after, that he felt no Inconveniency ever after, ſave only, that his left Leg was ſomewhat weaker than the other. 1644. 1645.

Not

* *For this Reaſon we have thought fit* not to print that Play in Engliſh.

Not long after his Recovery, the Duke of *Enguien* fell dangerouſly Ill: And as ſoon as he grew better, Mr. *de St. Evremond* endeavoured to divert him by the reading to him ſomething gay and agreeable. He firſt pitched upon *Rabelais*; but ſoon finding his Highneſs had no great Reliſh for that Author, he then took up *Petronius*, with which the Duke of *Enguien* was extremely delighted. I only mention this Circumſtance, to give you an Inſtance, that the moſt beautiful Strokes of *Rabelais* do not equally affect all Men of Wit The Reaſon of this may be, either that thoſe excellent Strokes being ſcattered up and down, and as it were confounded, through the whole Work, we are ſhocked at the Bad, before we come at the Good; or becauſe a particular Taſte, or Turn of Wit, is required to reliſh them. Another Reaſon may be aſſigned, which is the being ignorant of ſeveral particular Circumſtances, to which that Author continually alludes: But this is foreign to my Purpoſe.

Mr. *de St. Evremond* was ſo happy in gaining the Eſteem and Friendſhip of the Duke of *Enguien*, that his Highneſs did often communicate to him his moſt ſecret Projects, and entruſted him with Affairs of the greateſt Moment. After the taking
1646. of *Furnes*, he pitched upon him to carry the News of it to † the Court; and having, at the ſame time, opened to him his Deſign of beſieging *Dunkirk*, charged him to propoſe it to the Cardinal, and to ſettle with him all that was neceſſary for the Execution of ſo great an Undertaking. Mr. *de St. Evremond* was ſo dextrous in the Management of this Affair, that the Prime Miniſter

† See *Memoires du Comte de Buſſi Rabutin*, Tom. I. *p. m.*

Miniſter conſented to all the Duke of *Enguien* deſired.

Some time after this, Mr. *de St. Evremond* wrote two or three little Pieces, upon occaſion of ſome Diſcourſe that paſſed between him and his Friends: Such were his Reflections upon the following Maxims, *That we ought to deſpiſe Fortune, and not care for the Court: That Man, who is deſirous to know all Things, knows not himſelf: That a Man ought never to be wanting to his Friends:* Which three Pieces were printed at *Paris* in 1668. but ſtrangely altered. Mr. *de St. Evremond* has reſtored the two firſt, which you will find at the beginning of the Firſt Volume of his WORKS; but becauſe he did not reviſe the laſt, We did not think fit to inſert it, becauſe he would not own it, as it is. He obſerves in the Second of theſe Pieces, that the Author of Nature would not allow Man to be well acquainted with himſelf; and that amidſt the Deſires of knowing every Thing, we are left in a fatal Neceſſity of being ignorant of our Selves. He maintains, *That no Man is ever convinced by Reaſon, either that the Soul is certainly Immortal, or that it is really annihilated with the Body.* He ſhews afterwards, That the moſt knowing Philoſophers, as *Socrates, Plato, Epicurus, Ariſtotle, Seneca,* and even *Solomon, the greateſt of all Kings, and the wiſeſt of all Men,* could never ſatisfy themſelves as to that Queſtion: And from the contrariety of their Opinions, concludes, *That unleſs Faith ſubjects our Reaſon, we paſs our Lives between Belief and Unbelief, in endeavouring to perſuade, while we are unable to convince our ſelves: It belongs,* ſays he a little lower, *to God alone to make Martyrs; and engage us by his Promiſe to leave the Life we enjoy, for another which we know nothing of. For a Man to pretend to convince himſelf of the Immortality of the Soul by Reaſon, is a kind of Diſtruſt of the Promiſe God has given us about* 1647.

it †;

it †; *and, in ſome meaſure, renouncing the Only Thing that may ſecure it to us.* In the other Piece, Mr. *de St. Evremond* makes ſeveral Reflections on the Genius of Courtiers, how a Man ought to behave himſelf with reſpect to Favourites, and order his Conduct at Court. *An Honeſt Man*, ſays he, *may be allowed to have his Ambition and Intereſt, but he ought not to purſue them by any other than lawful Means. He may have Addreſs and Skill, without Subtilty; Dexterity, without Deceit; and Complaiſance, without Flattery.*

Not long after, an Accident happen'd, which obliged Mr. *de St. Evremond* to quit the Poſt he had near the Prince of *Condé*, (for this was the Duke *d'Enguien*'s Title, after his Father's Death, which happened about the end of 1646.) That Prince took great delight in finding out the *Ridicule* of Mankind; and he often ſhut himſelf up with the Count *de Mieſſens* and Mr. *de St. Evremond*, to apply himſelf to that new ſort of Study. One Day, as theſe two Gentlemen returned from a Converſation of this Nature, Mr. *de St. Evremond* chanced unawares to ask Monſieur *de Mieſſens*, whether he thought his Highneſs, who was ſo exceedingly pleaſed with ſpying out the *Ridicule* of others, had no *Ridicule* himſelf? After they had, for a while, diſcours'd about it, they agreed that that very Affectation of ſearching out the *Ridicule* of others, was a kind of *Ridicule* of a peculiar Stamp. They made themſelves merry for a conſiderable while with this Thought amongſt their Friends: But theſe divulging the Matter, it came at laſt to the Prince's

† *Mr.* Locke *has laid great Streſs on this Thought, in his laſt Anſwer to Dr.* Stillingfleet, *late Bp. of* Worceſter.

Prince's Ears. One may eaſily judge, how far his natural Impetuoſity carried his Reſentment. He took from Mr. *de St. Evremond* the Lieutenancy of his Guards, and would have no further Commerce with the Count *de Mioſſens*. However, 'tis likely, he would have reſtored them both to his Favour, had he not been wholly taken up with more important Affairs. The War of *Paris* being already kindled; and the Impriſonment of the Princes ſoon following upon it; the Prince took up Arms againſt the Court, and at laſt withdrew into the *Low-Countries*; where he was declared *Generaliſſimo* of the King of *Spain*'s Armies. When he returned into *France*, after the *Pyrenean* Treaty, he ſhewed Mr. *de St. Evremond* much Kindneſs, and that he had not the leaſt Reſentment of what had paſt. He even offered him his Protection, and gave him afterwards, on ſeveral Occaſions, many Aſſurances of the Eſteem and Kindneſs he had for him.

In the Year 1649. Mr. *de St. Evremond* went into *Normandy* to ſee his Relations. The Parliament of *Paris* had, by this time, declared themſelves againſt the Cardinal; and the Duke of *Beaufort*, the Prince of *Conty*, and the Duke of *Longueville* ſoon following their Example, the latter retired immediately to his Government of *Normandy*, where he was almoſt abſolute. He aſſembled all the Nobility, and uſed all Endeavours to engage Mr. *de St. Evremond* in his Party; offering him, among other things, the Command of the Artillery, which he refuſed: As he tells us himſelf in the Satyrical Piece entituled, *The Duke of* Longueville's RETREAT *to his Government of* Normandy. *They had a mind*, ſays he pleaſantly enough, *to beſtow the Command of the Ordnance on* St. Evremond; *and to ſpeak the Truth, as he ſtood* 1649.

affected

affected for † *St.* Germains, *he could have wiſh'd to ſerve the Court, by accepting a conſiderable Employment, in which he had no manner of Skill. But having promiſed Count* d'Harcourt *not to ſerve at all, he kept his Word with him; both out of a Principle of Honour, and not to be like the* Normans, *moſt of whom had broke their Promiſe. Upon theſe Conſiderations,* continues he, *he generouſly refuſed the Money that was offered, but which would never have been given him.* Cardinal *Mazarin* was extremely pleaſed with that Satyr; and thought the Characters of the Perſons mentioned in it ſo well drawn, and their Ridicule expoſed with ſo much Art and Delicacy, that he peruſed it ſeveral times: And even in his laſt Sickneſs, deſired Mr. *de St. Evremond* to read it to him, when he could not reſt.

Mr. *de St. Evremond* having ſtaid ſome time at *St. Denys*, returned to *Roan*, and his Journey prevented the Duke of *Longueville*'s ſmall Army from being totally defeated by Count *d'Harcourt*, who commanded the King's Forces: For having met that Duke within three Leagues of *Roan*, he acquainted him, that Count *d'Harcourt* was advancing with all poſſible Diligence, in order to attack him, and would come up with him in leſs than three Hours. The Duke of *Longueville* being ſenſible, that he was not able to keep the Field, took preſently the Alarm, and cauſed his Troops to make ſo expeditious a March, that they reached *Roan* almoſt as ſoon as Mr. *de St. Evremond*.

1650. The enſuing Year, the Princes of *Condé* and *Conty*, and the Duke of *Longueville* were arreſted, and carried Priſoners to the Caſtle of *Vincennes* by the Count *de Mioſſens*, Lieutenant of the *Genſdarmes*. As ſoon as the Dutcheſs of *Longueville* was inform'd of

† *The King was then at that* Place.

of it, ſhe went into *Normandy*, to endeavour to engage the Parliament of *Roan*, and the whole *Province*, to ſide with the Princes, and to ſecure the Places belonging to her Husband's Government; particularly *Havre-de-Grace*. This obliged the Court to detach ſome Troops to drive that Dutcheſs from thence, and to take from the Creatures of her Family ſuch Towns as were in their Hands.

Mr. *de St. Evremond* made that Journey with the Duke *de Candale*, during which he had with that Lord that long CONVERSATION, which he afterwards ſet down in Writing; and in which he join'd to the Judicious Counſels he gave his Friend, the Characters of the Courtiers with whom he had the greateſt Intimacy; ſuch as the Dukes of *Epernon* and of *la Rochefoucaut*; the Counts *de Paluau* and *Mioſſens*; and the Marquiſſes of *Crequi* and *Ruvigny*; to which he alſo added that of the Duke *de Candale*. This Piece alone ſhews how well Mr. *de St. Evremond* was acquainted with the Court, and the Genius of Courtiers; his Skill in drawing Characters; and his wonderful Addreſs in inſinuating himſelf into the Intimacy and Favour of Great Men.

You know, SIR, that the Duke of *Beaufort*, tho' a Man of no great Parts, had gain'd the Love of the *Pariſians*; not ſo much by his Dexterity and Cunning, as by his vulgar Way of Speaking and popular Behaviour. And tho' he was afterwards reconcil'd with the Court, yet the Courtiers were ſtill endeavouring to turn him into Ridicule. The Duke *de Candale*, Count *Paluau*, Count *Moret*, Mr. *de St. Evremond*, and five or ſix more, being one Day merry after they had ſupp'd together, they made the Scheme of a Satyr againſt that Duke, which they call'd *The Duke of* Beaufort's APOLOGY *againſt the* Court, Nobility, and 1651.

People: Every one of the Company clubbing what he thought moſt proper to expoſe him; and Mr. *Girard*, who has given us the LIFE of the Duke of *Epernon*, was pitch'd upon to ſet it down in Writing. This ironical APOLOGY is not in Mr. *de St. Evremond*'s Works, becauſe he had but a ſmall Share in it; but you will find it with the beſt Pieces that are father'd upon him, which I have publiſh'd in *French*, with the Title of MELANGE CURIEUX, &c.

1652. Not long after, the Civil War broke out; and the King being acquainted with Mr. *de St. Evremond*'s Merit and Bravery, and knowing, beſides, he had conſtantly refuſed to ſide with thoſe that were againſt the Court, made him a *Mareſchal de Camp*, or Major-General, as appears by his Commiſſion, dated the 16th of *September* 1652. and the next Day gave him a Warrant for a Penſion of 3000 Livres a-Year; the Originals of both which I have in my Hands.

Mr. *de St. Evremond* ſerv'd afterwards under the Duke of *Candale*, in the War of *Guienne*; and if *Bergerac* had been beſieg'd before *Bourdeaux*, according to the Opinion of ſeveral Officers, he was to have been made Governour of that Place, in the room of the Marquis *de Bougi*.

1653. After the Reduction of *Guienne*, Mr. *de St. Evremond* was committed to the *Baſtille*, where he remained a Priſoner for two or three Months. Some Jeſts that were paſs'd upon Cardinal *Mazarin*, in a Company of which Mr. *de St. Evremond* was one, and in which he had no greater Share than the reſt, were the Pretence of his Confinement; but the true Reaſon of it was this: When they began to talk of an Accommodation with *Guienne*, the Cardinal deſired that all the Application ſhould be made to the Creatures he had in *the Party* of the Princes: But the Duke of *Can-*

dale thought that he ought to treat with the Biſhop of *Agen*, and the reſt who turned out the Duke *d'Epernon*: Rightly foreſeeing, that as they were the ſtrongeſt, their Opinions would prevail, which happened accordingly. This want of Deference touch'd the Cardinal to the quick; and concluding that Mr. *de St. Evremond* had ſuggeſted this Counſel to the Duke of *Candale*, he was reſolved to puniſh him for it. Nevertheleſs, when Mr. *de St. Evremond* went to return him Thanks after his Enlargement, the Cardinal told him very obligingly, *That he was perſuaded of his Innocence, but that a Man in his Station was obliged to hearken to ſo many Reports, that it was very difficult for him to diſtinguiſh Truth from Falſhood, and not to deal hard, ſometimes, with an honeſt Man.*

Mr. *de St. Evremond* ſerv'd in *Flanders* the next Year; during which Campaign, being one Day at Dinner with the Mareſchal *d'Hoquincourt*, he was an Ear-Witneſs to the *Converſation* that General had with Father *Canaye*, a Jeſuit, then Director of the Hoſpital of the King's Army: Which he found ſo entertaining, that he ſet it down in Writing ſome time after; and this is certainly one of his beſt Pieces. 1654.

The Court was then extreme Gay and Polite; and Love and Good-Cheer had an equal Sway in it. Mr. *de St. Evremond* had no extraordinary Inclination for the fair Sex; but yet he loved with all poſſible Tenderneſs ſome Ladies of diſtinguiſh'd Merit; and his Affection for them had an equal Period with his Life. You ſee, SIR, I have particularly in View Mademoiſelle *de l'Enclos*, whom you ſhall be better acquainted with by the *Encomiums* Mr. *de St. Evremond* beſtows upon her in his Works, than by any Thing of mine. I ſhall only ſay, That ſhe was ever look'd upon as a Pattern of Politeneſs; That ſhe had cultivated her

Mind, by the Reading of good Books; That ſhe diſtinguiſh'd her ſelf by a conſtant, inviolable Friendſhip; and that her Houſe was the uſual Rendezvous of the moſt *Witty* and *Galant* among the Courtiers. You will ſee by the Letters ſhe wrote to Mr. *de St. Evremond*, that ſhe really deſerv'd the Title he gave her of *Modern Leontium*, by the good Uſe ſhe made of the famous *Epicurus*'s Maxims.

Mr. *de St. Evremond* was much more talk'd of by his Refining in *Good-Cheer*, than by his Paſſion for the Ladies: Tho' *Good-Cheer*, then among the Courtiers, conſiſted leſs in Magnificence than in *Niceneſs* and *Cleanlineſs*. Such were the Meals of the *Commandeur de Souvré*, Count *d'Olonne*, and ſome other Lords who kept open Table; and among whom there was a kind of Emulation and Contention about the Excellency and Delicacy of *Taſte*. Monſieur *de Lavardin*, Biſhop of *Mans*, and Knight of the Order of the Holy-Ghoſt, endeavour'd likewiſe to imitate them: And Mr. *de St. Evremond* being one Day at Dinner with him, that Prelate began to make merry with his Niceneſs, as well as Count *d'Olonne*'s and the Marquis of *Bois-Dauphin*'s. *Thoſe Gentlemen*, ſaid he, *refine in every Thing; They can eat none but* River-Veal; *Their* Partridges *muſt come from* Auvergne; *and their* Rabbits *from* Roche-Guyon *or* Verſine. *They are no leſs* Nice *in* Fruit: *And as for* Wine, *they can drink none but what grows on the* Three Hills (*in* French, *Trois Coteaux*) *of* Ay, Haut-Villiers, *and* Avenay. Mr. *de St. Evremond* did not fail communicating this Diſcourſe to his Friends, who were glad of having ſo fair an Opportunity to ridicule the Biſhop, of whoſe Way of Eating they had no great Opinion. They repeated ſo often what he had ſaid about the *Hills* (*les Coteaux*) and made themſelves merry with the Fancy on ſo

many Occaſions, that they were nick-nam'd LES TROIS COTEAUX.

This, SIR, is the true Origin of COTEAUX, which * has eſcap'd the Knowledge of abundance of People. The Abbot of *Bois-Robert* took the Biſhop's Part, and wrote a kind of Satyr, intitul'd, *Les Coteaux:* But you'll give me leave to add in this Place, that the ill Character that Prelate got, did not proceed from his loving *Good-Cheer*, and Good Company; for as People live now a-days, that would have been a ſmall Fault, if not accounted a good Quality. The Reaſon why he he had ſo ill a Reputation, was his having frankly own'd, that he was not thoroughly convinc'd of the Truth of the Chriſtian Religion: However, he had ſo great an Intereſt, that he was not call'd to an Account for it during his Life; but ſoon after his Death, which happen'd in 1671. upon the Teſtimony of ſeveral Perſons who had heard him vent his Heretical Tenets, ſome Prieſts to whom he had given Orders were re-ordain'd; and among the reſt, that famous Preacher, Father † *Maſcaron.* There was a Deſign to carry this Affair yet farther, and the famous Monſieur *Pavillon*, Biſhop of *Alet*, being conſulted about it, he ſaid, That a Provincial Synod ought in the firſt Place to be convened, and that upon the Depoſition of the ſame Perſons who had inform'd againſt him, a Proceſs ſhould be made againſt his Memory; after which, Application ſhould be made to the Pope for his Approbation of ſuch a Proceſs: But becauſe the ſame would have made too great Noiſe, and given Offence to ſome Per-

* *Father* Bouhours, *Mr.* Menage, *and Mr.* Boileau Deſpreux, *have been miſtaken about it. See the* Nouvelles de la Republique des Lettres, *for* Auguſt, 1704. p. 167, 168.

† *He died Biſhop of* Agen *in* 1673.

ſons of eminent Merit and Diſtinction, who were related to the Biſhop, that Deſign was * dropt.

1656. When Queen *Chriſtina* was at *Paris*, there was no other Talk than about her *Abdication*, *Learning*, and *genteel Carriage*; which ſometimes produc'd very comical and entertaining Paſſages. Such, for Inſtance-ſake, was the Diſpute that aroſe one Day between Count *de Bautru*, the *Commandeur de Jars*, and the Biſhop of *Mans*, three great Talkers, and all Three very Singular in their Kind; and Mr. *de St. Evremond*, who was Witneſs to their Converſation, found they had drawn their own Character ſo well in it, that it deſerv'd to be ſet down in Writing; which he did accordingly, and ſent it to his Friend Count *d'Olonne*. You will find that little Piece in the firſt Volume of his Works.

About that time, when *Paris* was peſter'd with *Prudes*, he wrote a Satyr, entitled the CIRCLE, wherein he gives the Character of a *Prude*, a *Preciſe Lady*, &c.

1657. Not long after, as I take it, Mr. *de St. Evremond* fought a Duel with the Marquis *de Fore*; but I have not yet learnt the *Detail* of this Affair. I ſhall therefore content my ſelf with ſaying, that notwithſtanding all poſſible Care was taken to keep it ſecret, the Court had, nevertheleſs, notice of it, which oblig'd Mr. *de St. Evremond* to abſcond in the Country, till his Friends had obtain'd his Pardon. I ſuppoſe 'twas during this Retirement he wrote the Diſcourſe *about Pleaſures*, which he ſent to Count *d'Olonne*. He tells him at firſt, *That if a Man intends to live happy, he muſt make*

* *I learnt theſe Particulars of a Learned Gentleman who*

make but few Reflections upon Life, but muſt often depart, as it were, from himſelf; and amidſt the Diverſions which exterior Objects furniſh him with, ſteal from the Knowledge of his own Miſeries. He adds, That *let our Stock of Wiſdom be never ſo great, we ſhall find it ſtands us in ſmall ſtead, when we are alarm'd with the Approaches of Death;* That *there is nothing that can effectually conquer the Horror of this Diſſolution, but a firm perſuaſion of another Life;* That *'tis next to impoſſible not to make ſome Reflections upon a Thing ſo natural; and that it would be a kind of Effeminacy not to think of it:* But he would not have a Man make it his *particular Study*, becauſe it muſt appal the *Enjoyment of Life.* After this he conſiders, how a Man muſt enjoy and manage Pleaſures, in order to render them more quick and laſting; and concludes, with obſerving the Advantages which *true Chriſtians* have over the Followers of *Epicurus* and *Ariſtippus.* In a LETTER which he wrote then to a Lady, who was enclin'd to take up with *Devotion*, he diſcovers the Motives upon which Women do generally turn *Bigots*, and the ſecret Springs that exalt their Devotion; and afterwards gives Advice to his Friend, to direct her Conduct in the new kind of Life ſhe is ready to enter upon.

The Death of the Duke of *Candale*, which happen'd in 1658. prov'd a great Loſs to Mr. *de St. Evremond.* That young Lord was entirely in the Cardinal's Favour; had very conſiderable Employments; and would, undoubtedly, have been advanc'd to the moſt eminent Stations, had he not been ſnatch'd away in his Prime: For he was but Seven and Twenty Years Old when he died; and yet he was General of the *French* Infantry, Governour of *Auvergne*, &c. An Amour he had at *Avignon* with Madam *de Caſtelane*, ſince Marchi- 1658.

oneſs of *Ganges*, ſo famous by her † tragical Death, threw him into a Fever, of which he died at *Lions*. Mr. *de St. Evremond* wrote an Elegy on the Duke's Death, wherein he introduces the Counteſs of *Olonne*, lamenting her ſelf on the Loſs of her Lover.

1659. Mr. *de St. Evremond* continued in the Service in *Flanders*, till the Suſpenſion of Arms that was agreed on between *France* and *Spain*, whilſt the Peace was negotiating. Cardinal *Mazarin* ſet out afterwards from *Paris*, with a magnificent Equipage, in order to go and conclude it with *Don Luis de Haro*, the King of *Spain*'s Miniſter and Plenipotentiary; and was accompanied by a great many Courtiers, particularly by Mr. *de St. Evremond*. Before the latter left the Court, the Marquis *de Crequi* made him promiſe to give him a particular Account of what paſs'd at the Conferences, and of the ſecret Managery of that important Tranſaction; and the Peace was no ſooner ſign'd, than Mr. *de St. Evremond* wrote him a Letter, wherein the Craft and Subtilty of the Cardinal were admirably well diſcloſed, and his intereſted Views ſet in their true Light. This Letter, which was written in an ironical Stile, with many ſharp, cutting Turns on the Cardinal's Conduct, had ſo great an Influence over the remaining Part of Mr. *de St. Evremond*'s *Life*, that I cannot forbear inſerting it here at length.

'I Wiſh I were able to gratify your Curioſity, *ſays Monſieur* de St. Evremond *to the Mareſchal* de Crequi, 'both as to the true Motives of 'the Peace, and about what paſs'd at the Con-'ferences:

† *See* Les Hiſtoires Tragiques de nôtre Tems, compilées

ferences: But to deal frankly with you, you ought to have made Application to the Cardinal's particular Confidents, who by their long and familiar converſing with him, are fully inſtructed in all his Secrets. As for me, who was only a Spectator of what paſs'd, and no more, I can entertain you with nothing but my own Conjectures, and lay ſome few uncertain Hints before you, for which I am wholly indebted to my Penetration. Such as they are, I freely offer them to you; and the only Favour I ask of you, in return, is that whenever you find me praiſing the Cardinal, you do not impute it to Adulation. The Good I ſay of him, is ſincere and real; as not reſulting either from the Hopes of his Favour, or Gratitude for Kindneſſes receiv'd.

'As 'tis the greateſt Merit of a Chriſtian to pardon his Enemies, and the Chaſtiſement of thoſe we love, is only the Effect of our Tenderneſs and Concern for them; ſo 'twas for this reaſon that the Cardinal was induc'd to forgive the *Spaniards*, and to chaſtiſe the *French*. And indeed, the *Spaniards*, that were humbled by ſo many Misfortunes, and depreſs'd by ſo many Loſſes, were the proper Objects of his charitable Compaſſion; and the *French*, grown no leſs *inſolent* than *powerful*, by their great Succeſſes in the War, did they not deſerve to be mortified with the wholſom Rigours of a Peace? His Eminence, without queſtion, call'd to mind the merry Saying of the *Caſtillan*, who coming to ſtrangle Don *Carlos*, by order of *Philip* II. cry'd out to him, *Caila, Caila, Senor Don Carlos, todo lo que ſe haze es por ſu bien*; that is, *Be quiet*, Signior Don Carlos, *be quiet, all this is for your Good*: And pleas'd with ſo loving a ſort of Puniſhment, after he had ſeiz'd upon the Goods

of

'of Private Men, and exhauſted the Publick 'Treaſure, he ſtifles our Groans, and ſuppreſſes 'our Murmurs, by ſaying to us with a Paternal 'Affection, *Caiſſa, Caiſſa, Senor Frances, todo lo que 'ſe hace es por ſu bien; Come, be quiet Gentlemen of* 'France, *be quiet, all this is for your Good.*

'I am inclin'd to believe, that ſome politick 'Conſiderations might mix with the Cardinal's '*Chriſtianity*: I mean as to the Gentleneſs and 'Charity he ſhew'd to the *Spaniards*. *Auguſtus*, 'who thought it convenient to aſſign Limits to 'the *Roman* Empire, and leave it a juſt and pro-'portion'd Grandeur at his Death, might very 'well furniſh him with an Example to ſhew his 'Moderation in this Place.

'He was of Opinion, that *France* would better 'preſerve it ſelf, united as it is, and compact, as 'it were, within it ſelf, than in a vaſt Extent; 'and he ſhew'd a Prudence, which few of our 'Miniſters would have dreamt of, in thinking to 'cover our Frontiers, when it lay in his Power 'to have made an abſolute Conqueſt of the *Low-'Countries*.

'Who does not know that the Deſtruction of '*Carthage* drew after it that of *Rome*? While *Rome* 'had a Rival to contend with, Virtue, Diſcipline 'and Obedience flouriſh'd within her Walls: But 'no ſooner was ſhe freed from an Enemy with-'out, but ſhe made one at home, and had juſt 'reaſon to apprehend Danger from her ſelf, when 'there was no occaſion for her to fear any thing 'from Abroad.

'His Eminence, who is Wiſer than the *Scipio's*, 'took care that we ſhould not fall into any ſuch 'Inconvenience, and taking wholſom Admoni-'tion from the Faults of his Fore-fathers, pre-'ſerv'd *Spain* on purpoſe to exerciſe the Valour 'of *France*, and to maintain its Empire for ever.

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'Now pray, Sir, obſerve what a vaſt difference 'there is between this profound Prudence, and 'that of Cardinal *Richelieu*! Methinks I ſee that 'immoderate Genius, not content with *Flanders* 'or the *Milaneſe*, but laying hold of a Conjun-'cture, which had not happen'd ſince the Days 'of *Charles* V. remit Seven or Eight Millions to '*Frankfort*, &c. ſend a mighty Army to the Banks 'of the *Rhine*, to revenge our Nation in the Per-'ſon of *Lewis* XIV. for the Affront ſhe formerly 'received in that of *Francis* I. Methinks I ſee 'him enter into a new Alliance with *Portugal*, 'after the Defeat of Don *Luis*, and joyn our For-'ces with thoſe of that Kingdom, with deſign to 'drive the Catholick King from *Madrid*, without 'regard to a Sacred and Inviolable Perſon.

'Nevertheleſs, it was the Part of a good *Chri-'ſtian* to forgive his Enemies; it was generous in 'him not to puſh on his Victories ſo far, as to 'ruin one of the fineſt Monarchies in the World; 'it was done like a good *Politician*, not to extend 'Frontiers too far, leſt whilſt our Foreign Acqui-'ſitions took us wholly up, we ſhould neglect the 'main Buſineſs at Home.

'I hear ſome of his Eminence's Enemies, who 'not daring openly exclaim againſt the Peace, 'condemn the manner wherein it was concluded; 'find fault with the *Suſpenſion*, and his too great 'Eaſineſs in condeſcending to come to Confe-'rences, wherein every Article of the Peace 'was alter'd, tho' it had been ratified before.

'I own, indeed, that Monſieur *de Turenne* did 'all that lay in his Power to diſſuade this Suſpen-'ſion; but he did not thoroughly conſider the 'true Motive of ſo glorious an Interview: And 'while this Great General projected in his Head 'the Conqueſt of *Flanders*, he knew not what the 'Cardinal propoſed to himſelf, by a Contention

'of

'of Wiſdom and Reaſon. And, indeed, he la-
'bour'd at nothing ſo much, as to let all *Europe*
'ſee the Superiority of his Genius, nor was he
'miſtaken in his Deſign; for he always got the
'better of Don *Luis*'s Underſtanding, who frankly
'own'd the Aſcendent of his Genius, and his
'Maſtery in Politicks: But it unluckly ſo fell
'out, that the inflexible Stiffneſs of the latter
'proved, at laſt, too hard for the Reſolutions of
'the former. Thus the *Spaniard*, with his groſs,
'blunt way, carried thoſe Points, which the *Ita-*
'*lian* contended for with Acuteneſs and Juſtice.
'Not that Don *Luis*'s Obſtinacy was always ſuc-
'ceſsful; for when he boaſts that we abandon'd
'*Portugal*, and conſented to the Reſtoration of
'the Prince of *Condé*, we may juſtly charge him
'with an Over-ſight in the Ammunition he left
'us; and his Ignorance in Arithmetick in the
'Valuation of the Five Hundred Thouſand
'Crowns that were aſſigned for the Queen's
'Portion.

'Let Matters go as they will, his Eminence
'may ſecretly hug himſelf with the Thoughts,
'that he has made no unprofitable Steps; *Alſatia*,
'the Territories in *Italy*, the Abby of *St. Vaſt*, may
'well comfort him for the Pains he has taken;
'whereas the Chimerical Don *Luis*, who minded
'nothing but the publick Intereſt of his Coun-
'try, maintain'd himſelf all along at his own
'Expence.

'It was to no purpoſe for him to ſtand upon
'ſuch haughty Terms, in the general Declenſion
'of their Affairs, ſince he ſufficiently own'd their
'Weakneſs, ſo ſoon as the Peace was Signed.
'*Come, Gentlemen*, ſaid he, *Let us go and return God*
'*Almighty Thanks: We were undone, but now* Spain
'*is ſaved.* His Eminence does not much value
'*that noble* Saying, which would have fitted the

'Mouth

" Mouth of an old Citizen of *London*; and " looks upon theſe Exultations for the Safety of " one's Country, to proceed from a Republican " Principle. He judges aright, that a Peace, let " it be huddled up how it will, is always good, " when it gives a Man an Opportunity to hoard " up Millions that were neceſſarily expended in " the Proſecution of the War. Let the well- " meaning Don *Luis* have no other End, than " the Service of his Maſter, and the Publick " Good; it is the Cardinal's Darling Maxim, *That* " *a Miniſter ought leſs to regard the State, than the* " *State the Miniſter*; and for this reaſon, if God " grant him to live but a few Years, he will " make the whole Kingdom his own private " Fortune.

' I cannot but pity thoſe ſorry Harangners, ' who reproach him for making a Peace, when ' we were in a fair way to carry all before us. I ' think I have ſufficiently juſtify'd his Moderation; ' but if that won't do, I can alledge other Rea- ' ſons in his Defence, and ſuch as he has often ' given himſelf.

' *The* French, ſays he, *always buſie themſelves* ' *Abroad, without conſidering how things ſtand at* ' *Home; and while they are wholly taken up with the* ' *Affairs of their Neighbours, neglect their own.* Some ' will alledge, perhaps, That after the Battle of ' *Dunkirk*, and the Defeat of the Prince de [illegible]; ' that after the Surrender of ſome of the [illegible] ' and the Conſternation of the [illegible] ' poſſible for *Flanders* to [illegible] ' that the Affairs of the [illegible] ' ter Condition in the [illegible] ' throw of Don *Luis* [illegible] ' ror, which was [illegible] ' Money; and, [illegible] ' ſicians, that [illegible]

'than its other Members: But they will not ſay
'a Word of Cardinal *de Retz*'s myſterious Jour-
'ney into *Flanders*, which he left ſo ſecretly, that
'we don't as yet know the Place of his Retreat.
'They will maliciouſly paſs over in Silence, that
'*d'Annery*, the Ring-leader of mutinous Aſſem-
'blies, had been lately tampering with the Gen-
'tlemen of *Venin*; that *Crequi-Bernieulle* had been
'ſeen near *Hedin*; that *Gratot*, the *Mountruſer* of the
'Country, had lately made very Politick Ha-
'rangues at *Coutance*, about the Publick Welfare.
'Nor will they take notice, that *Bonneſon* had
'armed the Mobb of *Sologne*, and encourag'd that
'dangerous Party that was forming againſt the
'State.

'There was ſomething yet more preſſing, which
'nothing but the Cardinal's own Conſcience can
'teſtify. What a cruel Mortification muſt it be
'to a great Miniſter, who govern'd all the Court,
'to ſee, nevertheleſs, three Governours of his
'own making, get prodigious Sums of Money
'out of *Flanders*, without going ſnacks with
'them? If we conſider the generous Temper
'of his Eminence, we may eaſily believe that he
'could ſooner chuſe a thouſand Times to give
'up *Corbie*, *Peronne*, and St. *Quintin*, to the Ene-
'my, than ſuffer others to enrich themſelves
'by the Contributions of *Arras*, *Bethune*, and *la*
'*Baſſée*.

'A Man muſt dive into his very Soul, to know
'what a Vexation it muſt needs be to him, to be
'diſappointed in his Deſigns upon *St. Venant*, when
'his Project of raiſing a Million from thence
'came to nothing, by the ill Management of *La*
'*Haye*. *Oudenard*, *Ypres*, and *Menin*, did, in truth,
'maintain a great Body of Men; but when that
'was done, there was ſcarce enough to fill the
'Purſe of Monſieur *Lanve*: I go farther and put the

'Caſe that all *Flanders* had been ſurrender'd to 'us, yet alas! we muſt have preſerv'd their Pri-'viledges, and contented our ſelves with a *wretched* '*Hundredth Penny*, which would ſcarce have been 'worth our while.

'No, no, Sir, you are miſtaken, if you think 'ſo ſolid a Miniſter is to be ſatisfied with Titles 'and Lordſhips; with him nothing paſſes for a true 'Conqueſt, but a real Acquiſition of new Trea-'ſure: And, in his Opinion, the reducing the 'Number of Governours, the breaking their 'Troops, the retrenching all Expences, yet leſ-'ſening none of our Taxes, is Conqueſt in a li-'teral Senſe, and as good as gaining a new King-'dom. If this be allow'd him, I dare engage he 'will freely leave *Spain* in Poſſeſſion of their Pro-'vinces, and religiouſly promiſe not to diſturb 'them in the War againſt *Portugal*. The *Indies* 'are the only Spot of Ground which he envies '*Spain*; but 'tis ſome Conſolation to him, how-'ever, that the *Spaniards* are at all the Drudgery 'in getting of Silver, while he has the greateſt 'Share of their *Flota*.

'Thus, Sir, I have laid before you the My-'ſtery of our Conferences, and the moſt ſecret 'Thoughts of the Cardinal. If you would have 'me tell you the ſame Truth ſeriouſly, and in 'another manner, you are to know that the *Spa-'niſh* Monarchy had been ruin'd, in caſe the War 'had continued; nay, we had ſufficiently hum-'bled Her by the Peace, if the Cardinal had not 'manag'd it by himſelf, without adviſing with any 'Body. 'Tis a plain Caſe, that he knew nothing 'of the Enemy's Weakneſs, and the Extremities 'they lay under; and what Monſieur *de Turenne* 'talk'd to him, upon this Subject, he look'd upon 'to be nothing elſe but the Diſcourſe of a Gene-'ral, that only conſulted his own Intereſt, and

'had

'had a mind to keep off the Peace, in order to 'maintain his Intereſt by the War.

'The Ancient Reputation of the *Spaniards* kept 'their preſent Miſery from his Sight; not being 'able to comprehend how a Nation ſo formidable 'heretofore, could now be ſo near its Ruin. '*Spain*, *Italy*, *Germany*, the *Netherlands*, which in 'effect were little better than pompous Names, 'gave him always a great *Idea* of their Ancient 'Power: He did not ſufficiently conſider what a 'Condition we were in, while his Thoughts 'were wholly taken up with the former Condition 'of our Enemies.

'The Heroick Valour of the Prince of *Condé*, 'tho' incapacitated to act; the Remembrance of 'Cardinal *de Retz*, tho' miſerably lurking for the 'Security of his own Life, reviv'd in his Mind 'the *Idea* of late Commotions, and made him ap-'prehenſive of new Revolutions.

'He fancied Three *Norman* Gentlemen, wan-'dring from Place to Place, and a few poor Pea-'ſants of *Sologne*, who had got together, to be an 'Inſurrection of all the Nobility, and a Revolt 'of the whole Kingdom. He imagin'd that all 'the World attack'd him, becauſe he knew him-'ſelf to be obnoxious to all the World.

'As there was in him a mixture of different 'Thoughts, we ought to conſider how the Mo-'tive of Intereſt worked upon him, after the Mo-'tive of Fear. Nothing ſat ſo near his Heart, as 'the unavoidable Expences of the War; and it 'was his chief Ambition to make himſelf Maſter 'of the Publick Revenue, without being neceſſi-'tated to employ it in the Publick Service. In 'ſuch a Caſe, he concluded that all the Treaſure 'and Finances were entirely his own; and this 'was one of the principal Motives that induced 'him to the Peace. The Independance of the

'Governours appear'd likewiſe to be one of his 'ſtrongeſt Reaſons for it; and he always reckon'd thoſe Towns, which the *Spaniards* left us, 'as Places that were reſtor'd to the King, but of 'no Benefit to himſelf. But to ſpeak ſoberly, 'the vaſt Contributions that were raiſed, provok'd his Avarice; and ſince he could not have 'his Share of them, it was no little Pleaſure to 'him, to hinder others from reaping thoſe Advantages, for which he was not the better.

'Tis probable that the laſt Campaign of Mr. *de Turenne* might give him ſome ſecret Jealouſy; particularly thoſe Succeſſes wherein his Vanity could not Intereſt it ſelf, as it had ridiculouſly done in the Battle of *Dunkirk*. Such extraordinary Advantages, without doubt, ſet him upon Negotiating, having always entertain'd thoſe Thoughts, after the moſt proſperous Events; in order to let the Generals know the uncertainty of their Condition, and keep them in Dependance, even in the midſt of their Conqueſts. Beſides, he was afraid, that being incommoded with the Gout and Stone, and conſequently not in ſo good a Condition to follow the King, they might eaſily do without him in the Field. The remembrance of the late Exploits made him apprehenſive of new ones; and to rid himſelf of this Uneaſineſs, he was deſirous to conclude the War, by a Peace of his own making, rather than behold Conqueſts after Conqueſts, wherein he had no Share.

'Moreover, he began to repent of his ill-uſage of the Prince of *Condé*; and as his Indignation had exhauſted it ſelf at long run, he entertain'd ſome Thoughts of his return: nay, ſometimes he flatter'd himſelf with the Pleaſure he ſhould have to ſee him abandon'd by the *Spaniard*, and humbled before him. He expected to find a

'as if he had a Mind to rectify with Foreigners, 'the Reputation he had with us; and caſt off the 'Vices of his Conſtitution upon our Nation. As 'for *Don Luis*, he was Affable and Civil with 'private Men; Frank and Free with his Friends, 'and Kind to his own Creatures; but in Publick 'Negotiations, he cover'd a deep Deſign to 'cheat, under an Appearance of Simplicity; and 'had indeed but little Honeſty, tho' he paſs'd 'univerſally for a Man of Probity.

I need not make it out to you, SIR, that Mr. *de St. Evremond* made a right Judgment of this Peace: For your ſelf has obſerv'd, That the Cardinal * *concluded it ſo advantageouſly for* Spain, *and ſo diſadvantageouſly for* France, *that the moſt penetrating believ'd he did it at the Deſire, or by the Command of the Queen-Mother, whom the King, her Conſort, had ever obſerv'd to be affected and partial to* Spain. However, this Letter being fallen into the Hands of the Cardinal's Creatures, ſome time after his Death, the ſame was repreſented as a 1661. High Crime and Miſdemeanour, which oblig'd Mr. *de St. Evremond* to fly his Native-Country. That Affair happen'd in this manner.---- You know, SIR, that the King ſet out for *Britany* ſome Days before Monſieur *Fouquet* was put under Confinement; and Mr. *de St. Evremond* being one of thoſe whom his Majeſty himſelf nam'd to accompany him in his Progreſs, he left in the Hands of Madam *du Pleſſis-Belliere*, Mother to the Marchioneſs *de Crequi*, a ſtrong Box, with Money, Notes, and ſeveral Letters. As ſoon as Monſieur *Fouquet* was arreſted, the King's Of-

* *See* Baile's *Dictionary*, *Art. of* Lewis XIII. Remark V. *p. 1905. of the 2d Edit.*

ficers were not contented with ſeizing his Papers, but likewiſe ſearch'd the Houſes of all ſuch as were thought to be his Confidents; and did not fail making a Viſit to the Lady *du Pleſſis-Belliere*, who was too great a Friend to the Superintendant to be forgotten. There they ſeiz'd, among other Things, Mr. *de St. Evremond*'s ſtrong Box, in which they found a Copy of the Letter before-mention'd, relating to the *Pyrenean* Treaty, which had been communicated to none but the Mareſchal *de Clerembaut*, and two or three other Perſons: And Meſſieurs *le Tellier* and *Colbert*, who were the Cardinal's Creatures, thought this a proper Opportunity to teſtify to the King the great Eſteem they retain'd for the Memory of their Benefactor. They read the ſaid Letter to his Majeſty, and, at the ſame time, repreſented to him the great Zeal his Eminence had ever ſhewn for his Intereſt, and the ſignal Services he had done the State, in the moſt difficult Times. They added, That Letter was the more Criminal, in that all the Invectives contain'd in it againſt the Prime Miniſter, reflected on the Regency of the Queen-Mother, and even on the King's Reign, ſince his Majeſty had thought fit to purſue the Scheme and Maxims the Cardinal had left behind him. And, in ſhort, that if private Men were allow'd to judge of State-Affairs, according to their Caprice; and, with Impunity, to cenſure the Conduct of Miniſters, no one could be ſecure againſt Slander and Detraction, tho' never ſo well affected, and zealouſly devoted to his Majeſty's Intereſt. And, undoubtedly, they fail'd not taking Advantage of the friendly Correſpondence which Mr. *de St. Evremond* had ever entertain'd with the Superintendant, whoſe Ruin had been reſolv'd upon.

Theſe Inſinuations made the greater Impreſſion on the King, by reaſon that Prince retain'd a lively, grateful Senſe of the Services the Cardinal had done him, and had a real Value for his Memory. Mr. *de St. Evremond* being inform'd of what was hatching againſt him, abſented himſelf from Court, and went firſt to the Mareſchal *de Clerembaut's*, where he continued one Month; after which he retir'd into *Normandy*, where he abſconded for ſome time. He was in Hopes that the impending Storm would be diſpell'd: But his Friends having acquainted him, that the Miniſters ſtill endeavour'd to render him obnoxious, and even that there was a Talk of committing him to the *Baſtille*, he privately convey'd himſelf to the Frontiers of the Kingdom; and, at laſt, reſolv'd to go to *Holland*, where he arriv'd about the latter end of the Year 1661.

This, SIR, is the true Cauſe of Mr. *de St. Evremond's* Diſgrace, of which you tell me you never had a right Information. Methinks he was too hardly dealt with: Tho' I muſt confeſs the invidious Turns and Reflections of that Letter ought to have been more ſoften'd, and more tenderly expreſs'd: But then, again, it is to be obſerv'd, that Mr. *de St. Evremond* ſpoke to his Friend with the ſame Freedom and Openneſs, as he would have done in a private Converſation: Nor could it ever enter his Thoughts, that his Letter ſhould become publick. On the other hand, he preſerv'd a Reſentment againſt the Cardinal, ever ſince his Eminence had caus'd him to be impriſon'd in the *Baſtille*; ſo that it is not to be wonder'd, that he did not ſpare him on this Occaſion. If to theſe Conſiderations you add what I laid down before, *viz.* That the Ground-Work of the Letter in Queſtion was ſolid and judicious, you will, I hope, agree with me, that they ought

not to have treated ſo ſeverely a Gentleman of Diſtinction, who had ever well ſerv'd his Prince, and whoſe only Crime was, his being over-zealous for the Honour of his Country, and too well acquainted with its true Intereſt. 'Tis certain, that Mr. *de St. Evremond* would never own he had committed a Fault, or that he had a wrong Notion of that Treaty, as you will ſee by the Sequel of theſe Memoirs.

1663. Mr. *de St. Evremond* had too many Friends in *England*, to make a long ſtay in *Holland*. He therefore croſs'd the Sea, and was no leſs welcome at the King of *Great Britain*'s Court, than he had been a Year before: For I forgot to mention, that as ſoon as King *Charles* II. had aſcended the Throne of his Anceſtors, the *French* King ſent the Count de *Soiſſons* over into *England*, to congratulate his Majeſty's *Reſtoration*. Several Perſons of Quality, who had the Honour to be known to King *Charles*, during his Abode in *France*, made uſe of that Opportunity to ſee *England*, whereby that Embaſſy became one of the moſt magnificent that ever was ſeen. Mr. *de St. Evremond* was one of that Number; and during the ſix Months he ſtay'd at *London*, he renew'd the Acquaintance he had in *France* with ſeveral *Engliſh* Lords, and contracted Friendſhip with others: Inſomuch that when he came hither the ſecond time, he was no Stranger to our Court. The Dukes of *Buckingham* and *Ormond*; the Earls of St. *Albans* and *Arlington*; My Lord *d'Aubigny*, Uncle to the late Duke of *Richmond* and *Lenox*, and my Lord *Crofts* were his beſt Friends; but he was moſt intimate with the Duke of *Buckingham* and My Lord *d'Aubigny*: The firſt was a refin'd Courtier, who lov'd Literature, and the Liberal Arts, and divided his Time between Reading, ingenious Converſation, and good Fellowſhip. He publiſh'd ſome Writings which were univerſally

admired; and among the reſt, his Play call'd THE REHEARSAL is an excellent Criticiſm upon ſome of Mr. *Dryden*'s Plays, and other Dramatick Writers of thoſe Days. All Men of polite Parts were always welcome to his Houſe; and as he was for ſome time the King's Favourite, he did not want Means to indulge his generous Inclinations of rewarding them. He obtain'd for *Martin Clifford* the Place of Maſter of the *Charter-Houſe, London*, and engaged him to publiſh his *Treatiſe*, concerning *Human* * *Reaſon*. *Clifford* dedicated that Piece to his Benefactor, who ſent him a Letter, in which, after he had foretold him, what Succeſs his Book ſhould meet with, he made ſeveral excellent and curious Reflections upon the Spirit of Prepoſſeſſion and Perſecution, with which moſt Chriſtians are, now a-days, animated. His Grace knew ſo well what Misfortunes generally attend Perſecution, that when the Parliament had addreſs'd King *Charles* II. for re-calling the Proclamation, whereby he had granted Liberty of Conſcience to all his Subjects, he adviſed his Majeſty, rather to venture all, than recede from what he had done; and ſometime after publiſh'd a ſmall Treatiſe, entitled, *A ſhort Diſcourſe upon the Reaſonableneſs of Men's having a Religion, or Worſhip of God*; the principal Drift whereof was, to aſſert *Toleration*. To ſum up the Duke of *Buckingham*'s Character, in a few Words, I'll only add, that he was extreme Polite, Affable, Generous, and Liberal: But that he ſuffer'd his eaſy Temper and Supineneſs to have too great an Aſcendant over him: For thoſe that manag'd his Domeſtick Affairs, abuſing his Eaſineſs, ran him

* *This Piece was publiſh'd in* 1674. *and the Author died in* 1677.

out of his Eſtate to ſuch a degree, that from one of the richeſt Peers in *England*, he became one of the pooreſt.

My Lord *d'Aubigny* having been ſent into *France* at Five Years of Age, was educated at the College of *Port Royal*; went young into Holy Orders, and was made a Prebendary of *Nôtre-Dame* in *Paris*. After the Reſtoration, he return'd into *England*, and the King having married the *Infanta* of *Portugal*, My Lord *d'Aubigny* was made Lord-Almoner to the Queen. He was a Man of great Abilities, and frank eaſy Nature, which made the Duke of *Buckingham* and Mr. *de St. Evremond* extreme fond of his Converſation. Being often together, they diſcours'd about all manner of Subjects, but chiefly about the Dramatick Pieces of ſeveral Nations. Mr. *de St. Evremond* not underſtanding the *Engliſh* Tongue, thoſe Gentlemen acquainted him with the beſt Strokes in our moſt celebrated Plays; of which he retain'd a clear Idea to the very laſt; and from theſe ingenious Converſations reſulted his *Reflections on the* Engliſh *Stage*, which are extant in his Works. To the ſame *Witty Triumvirate* we owe alſo the Play call'd SIR POLITICK WOULD-BE, towards which each of them *clubb'd* part of the Characters, which Mr. *de St. Evremond* reduc'd into Form. Thoſe who ſhall find that Play a little too long, muſt conſider, that 'twas written after the *Engliſh* Way; and beſides, it is to be obſerv'd, that as it never was deſign'd to be preſented on the Stage, they made it rather their Buſineſs to draw full Characters, than to animate the Action by a variety of ſurprizing Intrigues, and an unexpected unravelling of the Plot: Which thoſe who peruſe that Play ought to conſider, before they paſs their Judgment upon it.

Some time before, one of his Friends having ask'd him, *What Sciences a Gentleman may apply himſelf to?* He ſent him a ſhort Diſcourſe, wherein he reduces them to *Morals*, *Politicks*, and *Literature*. He wrote afterwards his JUDGMENT *upon* Cæſar *and* Alexander, wherein he makes a Compariſon of thoſe two Heroes, with reſpect to their Birth, Manners, natural Parts, Actions, and Conduct.

The Diſpute between the *Jeſuits* and *Janſeniſts*, making then a great Noiſe in the World, and Mr. *de St. Evremond* having one Day related to My Lord *d'Aubigny* the Converſation he had with Father *Canaye*, about the Animoſity with which both Parties proſecuted their Quarrel, My Lord *d'Aubigny* was very much taken with the *Jeſuit's* Frankneſs; and to ſhew that there was no leſs Candor among the *Janſeniſts*, diſclos'd to him the whole Secret of their Cabal. The Converſation Mr. *de St. Evremond* had with My Lord *d'Aubigny* upon that Subject, is alſo to be ſeen in his Works; and I don't doubt, SIR, but the peruſal of it will afford you a great deal of Pleaſure. 1663.

Not long after, he wrote his JUDGMENT *upon* Seneca, Plutarch, *and* Petronius: Wherein, in the firſt Place, he takes notice, That *Seneca's Latin* comes far ſhort of that of the *Auguſtean* Age; That there is *nothing eaſie or natural*; but all made up of *pointed, and ſtrain'd Witticiſms*. What he likes beſt in the Works of that Philoſopher, *are the Examples and Quotations which he intermixes throughout his Works*. He owns he had a great deal of Wit, and a competent Stock of Knowledge; but that *his Stile did not at all affect him*; and he thought it very *ridiculous that one, like* Seneca, *who liv'd in Plenty, and was ſo tenderly careful of his own Perſon, ſhould preach up nothing but Poverty and Death*. He afterwards compares him with *Plutarch*, and obſerves,

obſerves, that the *Opinions* of the latter *are more palatable, and better calculated for Society*, than the other's; *that he ſweetly inſinuates Wiſdom, and endeavours to reconcile Virtue to Pleaſures.* He is charm'd with the LIVES *of illuſtrious Men* of the Author, which he looks upon as his Maſter-Piece. Mr. *de St. Evremond* proceeds afterwards to *Petronius*, and ſhews, *That he was not ſo poſſeſſed by the Pleaſures, as to be an Enemy to publick Employments; That he had the Merit of a Governour, in the Government of* Bithynia, *and the Virtue of a Conſul in his Conſulſhip.* He does not forget *Petronius's* Death, which he takes to be the moſt Glorious of all Antiquity; and ſhews, that it has ſomething more Great and more Noble in it, than either that of *Cato* or *Socrates*. *Petronius*, ſays he, *leaves us nothing at his Death, but an Image of his Life; no Action, no Word, no Circumſtance, ſhews the perplexity of a dying Perſon: 'Tis with him properly, that to dye is to ceaſe to live.* He ſpeaks afterwards of *Petronius's* * Satyr, of which we have ſome Fragments left, and of which he diſcovers the principal Beauties. He admires *the Purity of his Stile; the Delicacy of his Sentiments; but above all, his*

* *Mr.* de St. Evremond *thinks, that that Piece was written by the ſame* Petronius *mention'd by* Tacitus, *wherein he follows the general Opinion; which, however, I do not think to be extremely well grounded. For 'tis plain by the Manuſcript of* Traw, *which is now in the Moſt Chriſtian King's Library, that what's now exant of that Work, are only Fragments of the 15th and 16th Books; whereas, in my Opinion, it appears by the Paſſage of* Tacitus, *on which the common Opinion is grounded, that* Petronius *did not begin to deſcribe the Debaucheries of* Nero, *till he had caus'd his Veins to be open'd; that is to ſay, a very little while before his Death. A curious Deſcription of that Manuſcript is to be found in a* Memoire *of Mr.* Clement, *Keeper of the King's Library, inſerted in the* Journal des Savans, *of the 27.*

his great Eaſineſs in giving us ingeniouſly all ſorts of Characters. He does not doubt but 'twas his deſign to expoſe the Debaucheries of *Nero*; but he does not think that he wrote that Satyr with the ſame Intention that *Horace* writ his. He rather looks upon him *as a nice Courtier, that turns every Thing into Ridicule, than as a publick Cenſor, who makes it his Buſineſs to expoſe Immorality:* He ſeems to be perſuaded, That *if* Petronius *had deſign'd to give us an ingenious Moral in the Deſcription of Pleaſures, he would have endeavour'd to create in us ſome diſtaſte for them:* Nor would he have repreſented Vice with ſo much Agreeableneſs; and he ſhould, at leaſt, have given us ſome Inſtance or other, either of Divine or Human Juſtice on the Perſons of his Debauchees.

The REFLECTIONS *upon the different Genius of the* Roman *People,* which Mr. *de St. Evremond* wrote afterwards, have met with univerſal Applauſe, and obtain'd a ſort of Diſtinction over all his other Works. He begins the ſame with Remarks on the fabulous Original of the *Romans,* and the Genius of that People, under the firſt Kings. He ſpeaks afterwards of the Genius of the Ancient *Romans,* in the *Firſt Times of the Republick,* and in their firſt Wars. He afterwards confutes *Livy,* who thought that the *Romans* would have vanquiſh'd *Alexander* the Great, if he had made War againſt them; and ſhews, that the Conſuls, at that time, had neither ſo good Troops, nor ſo great Skill in the Military Art, as that Conqueror. After this, he deſcribes the Genius of the *Romans,* when *Pyrrhus* wag'd War againſt them; he ſpeaks of the firſt, and ſecond Punick (or *Carthaginian*) War; conſiders the Genius of the *Romans* towards the End of the latter; and laſt of all, the Government of *Auguſtus,* and *Tiberius,* their

their Genius, and that of the *Romans*, who liv'd under the Reign of thoſe two Princes. There runs ſuch a Vein of ſound Judgment, Penetration, and ſolid Reaſoning, throughout this whole Work, that I may eaſily adventure to ſay, it is the beſt Performance yet extant about the *Roman* Hiſtory. Mr. *de St. Evremond* has ſo well hit the Genius of thoſe Ancient *Romans*; ſo artfully unravell'd the different Motives and Concerns that acted them; and ſo well penetrated into the private Views of the Generals, and Deſigns of the Conſuls, that whoever reads his Reflections, is apt to think that he liv'd amongſt them, and had a Share in the Management of their Affairs. But almoſt one half of this excellent Work was unfortunately loſt, as you have undoubtedly obſerv'd by the ſhort Account I have given of it. The intermediate ſpace between the End of the ſecond *Carthaginian* War, and the Government of *Auguſtus*, was fill'd up by the Conteſt of *Gracchus* with the Senate; by Reflections on the Genius of the *Roman* People, when *Jugurtha* poſſeſs'd himſelf of the Kingdom of *Numidia*; on the ſordid Intereſt which was then predominant; on the infamous Character of thoſe who were firſt employ'd in that Affair; And on the Temper of *Scaurus*. Then follow'd the War manag'd by *Metellus*; His Character, and that of *Jugurtha*; and ſome Strokes of the Pride and Haughtineſs of the Nobility. Then came on the Character of *Marius*, with ſome Reflections on the Arrogance of that Conſul; the Genius of the People, who had aſſumed a tyrannical Superiority over the Senate, which went near to prove fatal to the Commonwealth. Mr. *de St. Evremond* gave, after that, the Character of *Sylla*, who freed the Senate, and oppreſs'd the People; and then ſpoke of *Pompey* and *Sertorius*. He afterwards conſider'd

the

the State of *Rome*, and the Genius of the *Romans*, at the time of *Catiline*'s Conſpiracy; whoſe Character he deſcrib'd, with that of *Clodius*, and *Cicero*, and mention'd the Baniſhment of the latter. Next to this he repreſented the State of *Rome*, when the Government was divided between *Pompey*, *Cæſar*, and *Craſſus*; And, in the laſt Place, unfolded the Motives of the Civil War between *Pompey* and *Cæſar*; Drew the Characters of thoſe great Men; Shew'd how the Senate was affected to *Pompey*, and the People to *Cæſar*; Diſcover'd the Sentiments of the former, concerning the Republick, and how his Power was eſtabliſh'd at the Expence of the publick Liberty; and repreſented *Cæſar*'s politick and gradual Steps towards abſolute Sway. Mr. *de St. Evremond* had handled all theſe great Subjects:- But this Part of his Labours is loſt; and he would never take the Trouble to write it over again, as I ſhall more particularly relate in the Sequel of theſe Memoirs.

Mr. *de St. Evremond* was too great a Lover of Literature, to neglect holding a Correſpondence with the Learned Men and Wits of *England*. He had frequent Converſations with Sir *Kenelme Digby*, the famous Mr. *Hobbes*, and more particulary with Mr. *Cowley* and Mr. *Waller*, who had an infinite deal of Wit, and a moſt delicate Taſte, as appears by the Poems they have left behind them. Mr. *de St. Evremond* and Sir *Kenelme Digby* being one Day diſcourſing about Philoſophy, the latter ſaid, That having formerly perus'd Mr. *Des-Cartes*'s Writings, he reſolv'd to go over into *Holland* to ſee him; and having repair'd to his Retirement at *Egmond*, and diſcours'd a long while with him, without diſcovering himſelf, Mr. *Des-Cartes*, who had read ſome of his Works, told him, He was ſure 1644.

ſure he was the * celebrated Sir *Kenelme Digby*: *Well*, reply'd *Digby*, *if you were not the famous Monſieur* Des-Cartes, *I ſhould not have come on purpoſe from* England, *to have the Pleaſure to ſee you.* He told him afterwards, That 'our Speculative 'Knowledge was, indeed, noble and entertaining, 'but that, after all, it was too uncertain and 'unprofitable to take up a Man's Thoughts; 'That Life was ſo ſhort, that we had ſcarce time 'enough to be well-acquainted with neceſſary 'Things; and that it was much more worthy of 'him, who knew ſo well the Frame of the Hu-'man Body, to apply himſelf to the Means of 'prolonging its Duration, than to give himſelf 'up to the bare Speculations of Philoſophy. Mr. *Des-Cartes* aſſur'd him, That *he had already meditated on that Matter: And tho' he could not promiſe himſelf to render a Man Immortal, yet he was ſure he might go ſo far as to make him as long-liv'd as the Patriarchs.* When Mr. *de St. Evremond* acquainted me with this Paſſage, he added, That this Opinion of *Des-Cartes* was very well known in *Holland*, and that he had been told of it by ſeveral Perſons, who had had an Interview with that Philoſopher. He acquainted me likewiſe, 'That *Des-Cartes*'s 'Friends in *France* were not ignorant of this his 'Sentiment; and that the Abbot *Picot*, both his 'Diſciple and Martyr, was ſo ſtrongly perſuaded 'of his Maſter's great Skill in that Particular, that 'twas a long time before he could believe him 'to be dead; and when he was convinc'd of it, 'he

* Mr. *Baillet* was miſtaken in Mr. *Des-Cartes*'s Life, when he ſays, (*Tom. II. p.* 244.) *That Sir* Kenelme Digby *was an Earl and Knight of the Garter. I ſuppoſe he has confounded him with the Lord* Digby, *Earl of* Briſtol, *who died in* 1677. *He was alſo unacquainted with the Journey which*

' he cry'd out, *We are all undone, the World will ſoon* ' *be at an End.*

There was, at that time, a great Talk in *England*, about an *Iriſh* Man, *Greatrak's* by Name, who perform'd wonderful, and almoſt miraculous Things. He was of a good Family; had been a Lieutenant during the *Iriſh* War; had born ſome Offices in the County of *Cork*; and the apparent Simplicity of his Manners, was attended with a great ſhew of Piety and Religion. He has himſelf acquainted us, That in the Year 1662. an inward Inſpiration made him believe, that he had the Gift of curing the *King's-Evil*; which Perſuaſion grew ſo ſtrong in him, that he touch'd ſeveral People, and cur'd moſt of them. Three Years after, a feveriſh Diſtemper being become Epidemical in his County, a new inward Suggeſtion perſuaded him, that he might cure it; whereupon he try'd the Experiment, and he aſſures us, that he cur'd as many as were preſented to him. In the laſt Place, he had in the Month of *April* 1665, another ſort of Inſpiration, which inclin'd him to think, that he had likewiſe the Power to cure Wounds and Ulcers; which, he ſays, was ſtill confirm'd by Experience; and he even found, That he cur'd Convulſions, Dropſy, and ſeveral other Diſtempers. People flock'd to him from all Parts, and his Reputation encreas'd to that degree, that a Lady of great Quality in *England*, having been Sick a long while, engag'd him to come over to attend her. As he advanc'd towards that Lady's Country-Seat, the Magiſtrates of ſeveral Cities and Towns invited him to paſs thro' the ſame, to cure their Sick; and the King being inform'd of it, commanded the Earl of *Arlington*, Secretary of State, to order his immediate Repair to *Whitehall*. The Court gave no great Credit to his pretended Power of working Miracles: However, not being forbidden to go on 1665.

'bleſome Importunities. To apply this general 'Maxim to my own particular Caſe, I will ac- 'quaint you, that I ſuppoſe I have already heard 'from all thoſe that intereſt themſelves in my Be- 'half; and it wou'd be to no purpoſe to trouble 'thoſe with my Letters, who have not yet 'thought fit to let me have any from them. 'Among thoſe Friends, whom I have really found 'to be ſo in my ill Fortune, ſome I obſerv'd were 'full of Warmth and Tenderneſs; others did not 'want Friendſhip, but had a lively Senſe of their 'Incapacity of ſerving me; and as they were lit- 'tle concern'd to find themſelves without Credit 'upon this Occaſion, they fairly left me to bear 'all my Misfortunes by my ſelf. However, I am 'oblig'd to them for the good Opinion they have 'of my Patience, 'tis a Virtue to which we re- 'concile our ſelves as well as we can; but would 'willingly leave the Practice of it to our Enemies. 'In the mean time, we ought to be content with 'the Services that are done us, without complain- 'ing of thoſe that are left unperform'd; and di- 'veſt our ſelves as much as poſſible, of the Sug- 'geſtions of *Self-Love*, which make us think Peo- 'ple more obliged to ſerve us than really they are. 'Ill Fortune is not content with bringing us into 'calamitous Circumſtances, but makes us more 'tender, and more apt to receive the Impreſſions 'of every thing that offends us; and Nature, 'which ought to reſiſt her, is in Confederacy 'with her, and gives us a more exquiſite Senſe of 'our Misfortunes. In my preſent Condition, 'tis 'my greateſt Care to fortify my ſelf againſt ſuch 'Impreſſions. Altho' I ſhew Concern enough, I 'have, indeed, brought my ſelf to a kind of In- 'ſenſibility; and my Soul, which beholds the 'moſt doleful Accidents with Indifference, is af- 'fected with nothing but the good Offices, and

'conſtant Kindneſs of ſome of my Friends. For 'theſe four Years, ſince I came out of *France*, 'I have from ſix Months to ſix Months, un-'dergone new Hardſhips, which I alleviate as 'as much as I can, by bearing them. I don't 'love to make an unprofitable Reſiſtance, which 'inſtead of preſerving us from Miſery, does only 'retard that Familiarity, which, ſooner or later, 'we muſt contract with it.

'Beſides, thoſe in whoſe Power it is to do all 'they pleaſe, are not ſo ſevere upon us, as other-'wiſe they might be, when they ſee us patiently 'ſubmit to their Orders. Oppoſition does but 'inflame their Anger, without leſſening their Pow-'er. This Submiſſion to my real Superiours diſ-'poſes me inſenſibly to bear with thoſe who are 'not ſo. I hear my ſelf frequently cenſured 'without Reaſon, and after a ſlight Juſtification, 'becauſe I would not incenſe the World by too 'full a Vindication of my ſelf, I patiently expect 'that People will at laſt undeceive themſelves; 'and, in truth, while our Diſgrace is recent, 'tis much better to wait for a favourable time, 'than trouble the World with our Apology. 'Some think it a Trouble to make it, and others 'to hear it; but upon any Change either of 'Intereſt or Humour, a Man is ſometimes 'extolled to the Skies for that very thing, 'which occaſion'd his Misfortune. There are few 'Perſons at Court whoſe Reputation I have not 'obſerv'd to vary twice a Year, either through 'the Levity of our Judgments, or the Diverſity 'of their Conduct. I am ſo vain as to hope that 'the ſame thing may befal me; but rather by the 'Reflections of others, than any Alteration in my 'ſelf. One Day or other, perhaps, I ſhall be 'accounted a good *Frenchman*, for the very ſame 'Writing which has drawn an *Odium* upon me;

'and if the *Cardinal* were ſtill alive, I ſhould have 'the Satisfaction to know that he juſtified me in his 'Conſcience: For I have not ſaid one Syllable 'of him, which he has not ſaid inwardly to him-'ſelf a Thouſand times. As I was jealous of the 'King's Honour, and of the Glory of his Reign, 'I had a mind to deſcribe the Condition we were 'in before the Peace, that all other Nations 'might be ſenſible how much we were ſuperiot 'to them; and imputing the ill Succeſs of the 'Negotiation to a Foreigner, might reflect on no-'thing but our Advantages in the War.

'I ſhall conclude this melancholy Letter: 'Tis a 'common, but ridiculous Practice of People in 'Diſgrace, to infect all Diſcourſes with the Re-'cital of their Misfortunes; and as they are 'wholly taken up with theſe Thoughts, to endea-'vour to poſſeſs every Body elſe with them. 'The Company of My Lord *d'Aubigny*, which I 'am going to enjoy, ſaves me this Impertinence, 'and you the Fatigue, which you muſt otherwiſe 'have expected. With him Joy is of all Coun-'tries and Conditions; inſomuch, that by the In-'fluence of his Converſation, an unfortunate 'Man becomes too gay, and loſes that ſerious 'Air, which we ought, in good Manners at leaſt, 'to preſerve in our Misfortunes.

1665. Mr. *de St. Evremond* was thus alleviating the Sorrows of his Diſgrace, when he was ſeiz'd with Vapours that caſt him into a ſort of Melancholy which weakned him very much. The Phyſicians told him, that nothing but the changing of Air was like to do him any Good; and that if he could not go to *Montpellier*, he would do well, however, to croſs the Sea, and ſtay ſome time at the *Hague*. He cloſed the more eaſily with this laſt Advice, becauſe they began to be ſenſible at

London of that infectious Air, which ſoon after occaſion'd the moſt furious Plague that ever raged in *England*.

As ſoon as he was arriv'd at the *Hague*, he wrote a Letter to the Marquis *de Crequi*, wherein in the firſt Place, he tells him, That *after having lived in the Conſtraint of Courts, he takes up with the Comfort of ending his Days in the Freedom of a Commonwealth, where if nothing is to be hoped for, there's at leaſt, nothing to be feared.* He afterwards ſpeaks in Praiſe of the Government of *Holland*, and of the Penſionary *de Wit*; gives the Character of the *Dutch* Ladies, and makes a ſhort Deſcription of the fine Things and agreeable Places at the *Hague*. Nor does he forget the Prince of *Orange*, *who, at the Age of Fifteen*, gave early Indications of that Greatneſs of Soul and heroick Virtue, of which he gave ſuch noble and ſignal Proofs, in the Remainder of his glorious Life: *We go now and then*, ſays Mr. *de St. Evremond*, *to make our Court to the Young Prince, who will have Reaſon to complain of me, for telling you only, that a Perſon of his Age and Quality, was never Maſter of ſo good a Turn of Wit.*

My Lord *d'Aubigny* was ſome time before gone to *Paris*, and had written to Mr. *de St. Evremond*, that before he went back to *England*, he would take a Turn to *Holland*, from whence they Two would go to ſee the principal Courts of *Germany*: But in the mean time, as he had no leſs Intereſt in *France* than in *England*, ſuch earneſt Sollicitations were made in his Favour at the Court of *Rome*, that he was advanc'd to the Cardinalſhip, preferably to the Abbot *Montague*, who was alſo powerfully recommended. 'Tis true, he had not the Satisfaction to enjoy long his new Dignity: For he died in the Month of *November* 1665, not many Hours after the Arrival of the Courier, who brought him the Cardinal's Cap. Mr. *de St. Evre-*

mand was ſenſibly affected with my Lord *d'Aubigny*'s Death; and to give his Grief ſome Diverſion, he ſet down in Writing the Converſation he formerly had with the Duke *de Candale*, as was before mention'd. *I do not pretend*, ſays he in the Beginning of that Piece, *to entertain the Publick with my private Concerns. It little imports others to know my Affairs and Diſgraces; but 'twould be ill Nature not to allow me to reflect on my paſt Life, and to divert my Mind from melancholy Thoughts, to others not altogether ſo diſagreeable. However, as it is ridiculous for a Man ever to ſpeak of himſelf, altho' it were to himſelf, ſeveral Perſons will be introduc'd in this Diſcourſe, which will afford me more Satisfaction than I can find in any Converſation, now I have loſt that of my Lord* d'Aubigny.

1666. Mr. *de St. Evremond* was not long in *Holland*, before he made himſelf known to the Perſons of the higeſt Diſtinction in that Country. He alſo was intimately acquainted with Foreign Miniſters reſiding at the *Hague*, ſuch as the Baron *de Liſola*, the Emperor's Ambaſſador; Count *d'Eſtrades*, whom he had known in the War of *Guienne*, and who was then Ambaſſador of *France*; the Conde *de Melos*, Ambaſſador of *Portugal*; and, in particular, with Count *de Lionne*, Firſt Gentleman of the Horſe of the Great Stable, and Nephew to the Marquis *de Lionne*, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. This Lord was ſo taken with Mr. *de St. Evremond*'s Wit and engaging Ways, that he aſſur'd him, That as ſoon as he ſhould be in *France*, he would uſe his beſt Endeavours to procure him leave to return thither.

Mr. *de St. Evremond* took likewiſe a great deal of Pleaſure in converſing with ſome Learned Men, and celebrated Philoſophers, who were then at the *Hague*, particularly Meſſieurs *Heinſius*, *Voſſius*, and *Spinoza*. 'The latter (*ſaid he to me*

[redacted]

one Day) ‘ was of a middle Stature, and pleaſing ‘ Countenance: His Learning, Modeſty, and ‘ * Diſintereſtedneſs gain'd him the Eſteem and ‘ Affection of all the ingenious Perſons then at ‘ the *Hague*, who were fond of his Converſation, by ‘ which it did not appear that he had thoſe Senti- ‘ ments that were afterwards found in his POST- ‘ HUMOUS WORKS. He admitted a Being ‘ diſtinct from Matter, who had wrought Miracles ‘ by natural Means, and ordain'd Religion for the ‘ better practice of Juſtice and Charity, and for ‘ the enforcing Obedience: Which, added Mr. *de* ‘ *St. Evremond*, he afterwards endeavour'd to prove ‘ in his POLITICAL DIVINITY. This ſeems, indeed, to be the plain Drift of that Book: But, upon a ſtrict Examination, it will ſoon appear, that he ſtrikes at Religion it ſelf. 'Tis true, *Spinoza* was not preſently found out: For he ſtill us'd ſome Caution, in common Converſation, when Mr. *de St. Evremond* was in *Holland*: But, if we may credit Monſieur *Stoup*, not many Years after, *he ſaid openly, in Diſcourſe, That God is not an intelligent* † *Being*, &c. And I don't doubt, SIR, but you have obſerv'd the ſame Thing in his Works. His POLITICAL DIVINITY contains the Seeds of his *Atheiſtical Tenets*, tho' in ſome meaſure wrapt up and conceal'd; and 'tis only in his POSTHUMOUS WORKS where he may be ſaid to have caſt off the Mask. I know not whether you will be of my Opinion; but

* [illegible] Spinoza's *Life*, by [illegible] olerus, *a* Lutheran *Miniſter* [illegible]

[illegible] *ter* III. p. 65. *& ſeqq.* [illegible] *tten this Book, with deſign* [illegible] *ders, what he ſays is not al-* [illegible] *rticularly in Matters of Reli-* [illegible] *Mr.* Le Brun, *better known by* [illegible] *ritten to that* Libel.

but methinks this laſt Work of his cannot be confuted, without over-throwing his Grand-Principle, *viz. That there is but One Subſtance*: For this is the main Hinge his whole Syſtem turns upon; 'tis therefore on that ſide he muſt be attack'd; and whoever ſhall go about it another way, will never do him much Hurt. But what think you, SIR, of thoſe Philoſophers who maintain, *That we have no Idea of Subſtance, but only of its Modes and Relations?* Do you believe them as proper to encounter *Spinoza* as others? But Metaphyſicks are foreign to our Subject——.

1667. To return to Mr. *de St. Evremond*: Mr. *de Lionne* was no ſooner arriv'd at *Paris*, than he acquainted him, by Letter, that he had mention'd his Affair to ſeveral Perſons of Diſtinction, who ſeem'd diſpos'd to do him all manner of good Offices; naming, in particular, the Marquis *de Lionne*, and Count *de Lauzun*, who was then in Favour with the King. Some time after, Count *d'Auvergne* and Count *d'Eſtrades* having aſſur'd Mr. *de St. Evremond*, from the Prince *de Turenne*, that his Highneſs would be glad of an Opportunity to ſerve him: Mr. *de St. Evremond* did not fail to return him Thanks; and to beſeech him to continue him the Honour of his good Graces.

In the mean while Mr. *de St. Evremond* ſpent his Leiſure, partly in converſing with his Friends, partly in compoſing ſome little Work or other. He diverted himſelf with writing the Picture of an *accompliſh'd* Perſon; and choſe rather a WOMAN, than a *Man*, becauſe, as he himſelf ſays, 'There's ſtill wanting in the Converſation of 'Men, ſomething of that Sweetneſs which we 'meet with in that of *Women*; and becauſe it 'ſeems leſs impoſſible to find in a Woman the 'ſtrongeſt and ſoundeſt Reaſon of Men; than in

'a Man thoſe Charms and Endearments that are 'ſo natural to Women. Which Piece is entitled, *The* CHARACTER *of a Woman which is not to be found.* The Converſations he had with Monſieur *Voſſius*, gave him the Thought of writing ſome *Reflections* or OBSERVATIONS on *Salluſt* and *Tacitus*, which he addreſt to that great Man, whom he call'd his *Literary Friend.* Count *de Lionne*, who had ſeen ſome of theſe Pieces, deſir'd Mr. *de St. Evremond* to communicate the ſame to him; but he ſent him only at firſt, *The Character of the Woman that is not to be found.*

Mr. *de St. Evremond* ſpent ſome time at *Breda*, whilſt the Peace between *England* and *Holland* was negotiating at that Place. He went afterwards to the *Spaw*, and from thence to *Bruſſels*, where he ſaw the Princeſs of *Iſenghien*, and Don *Antonio de Cordua*, Favourite to Don *Juan*, and Lieutenant-General of the *Spaniſh* Horſe, who had a great deal of Wit. In his return to the *Hague*, he went through *Liege*, where he got acquainted with Mr. *Sluſius*, a Canon of *St. Lambert*, ſo Famous for his great Knowledge of the Civil Law, and the Mathematicks.

Some time after, Count *de Lionne* inform'd him, That he was charg'd, by the Marquis of that Name, to acquaint him, *That he was much concern'd at his Diſgrace:* Adding, That Miniſter advis'd Mr. *de St. Evremond* to write to him a Letter that might be ſhewn to the King; promiſing him, at the ſame time, to back it with his Majeſty. Hereupon Mr. *de St. Evremond* addreſs'd to that Miniſter the following Letter:

'DO not imagine, SIR, that I am over-fond 'of foreign Countries, becauſe you ſee 'me employ ſo little Care and Induſtry to pro-'cure my Return to my own. It proceeds not

'from

'from Supineneſs; neither is it occaſion'd by 'a great Affection to the Places I am in, or 'an Averſion to that where you are. The Truth 'is, I would not beg of the King the leaſt Alle-'viation, before I had ſuffer'd what I ought to 'undergo, for having been ſo unfortunate as to 'diſpleaſe him. But, after ſo many Years Miſ-'fortunes and Indiſpoſitions, I hope I may be 'allow'd to lay before you, in what manner I 'have fail'd; or, if I dare ſpeak it, clear my ſelf 'of an apparent Fault.

'As the blaming of thoſe that are oppoſite to 'us, is the moſt nice Commendation that can be 'given us, I thought I did artfully contribute to 'the Glory of the Genius that reigns at preſent, 'by expoſing the Weakneſs of that which go-'vern'd heretofore. Not but that the Cardinal '(*Mazarin*) had commendable Talents: But thoſe '*Qualities* which would have been applauded by 'Men, conſider'd in themſelves, are become con-'temptible by the Oppoſition of thoſe of the '*King*: From whence it comes to paſs, That to-'lerably great Actions are eclips'd by others 'more ſhining; That a leſs Merit, when ſet near 'a greater, looks like a Defect; and conſequently 'that the King's Glory ruins the Reputation of 'his Miniſter: So that to find Fault with the de-'ſpiſing what his Eminency has done, little dif-'fers from being ſorry, that what his Majeſty 'performs, is admir'd.

'I own, that if the Maxims that were then 'follow'd, were now put in practiſe, it would 'look as if an Approbation of them ſhould be 'requir'd; and we ſhould immediately give ours, 'out of reſpectful Duty: But ſince they are pur-'poſely laid aſide, and even the moſt oppoſite 'Schemes purſu'd, there's room for ſome ſcrupu-'louſneſs, in not approving what's avoided, and

'tis a Piece of Prudence to reject what ſo *Wiſe a* KING thinks not fit to do.

'Don't urge to me, that 'tis a Crime to attack the Reputation of a dead Perſon: For if that be admitted, he who ruins it, would be the firſt and the greateſt Criminal himſelf. When he humbles the Haughtineſs of the *Spaniards*, and the Pride of the *Germans*; when he checks *Rome*, and ſubmits himſelf to the Church; when he ſupports the Empire againſt the Power of the *Turk*, at the ſame Time that the King of *Spain* abandons the Emperor, and leaves the Dominions belonging to his Family expos'd to the Invaſion of the Infidels; when he makes War with ſo much Conduct and Valour, and Peace with ſo much Spirit and Wiſdom: What does he do, *I beſeech you*, but condemn by *his Actions*, what I have blam'd by *Writing*; and paſs a more ſevere and more poſitive Cenſure upon it before the whole World?

'Never doubt it, SIR, 'tis the KING himſelf who has done the Cardinal the Injury that is charg'd upon me: His Majeſty's ſhining and admirable Qualities; His Actions; His Adminiſtration; His Counſels; have ſuggeſted to me the ſmall Idea I have of his Eminence: So that in my preſent Condition, I muſt ask Pardon for a Thing which 'tis not in my Power to repent of. But what Subject-Matter of Complaint has the Cardinal, which is not common with him and all our *former* Kings? Have not their Reigns the ſame Fate with his Miniſtry? Are not their Atchievements drown'd, and their Reputation eclips'd, like his?

'In former Times, we thought it ſufficient to maintain our ſelves againſt one Nation in War with us: But now a-days, all *Europe*, if one may ſpeak it, in Confederacy, does not find it ſelf

'capable

'capable to reſiſt us. Heretofore we accounted 'that a glorious Peace, by which ſome Place or 'other was reſtor'd to us; now the *Spaniards* ſeek 'their Safety in the yielding up of whole Pro-'vinces: And if *Juſtice did not ever regulate our* 'Pretenſions, what they yield up would be more 'conſiderable, than what they retain. Formerly, 'our Allies murmur'd for being ill-ſupported in 'the War, or abandon'd in the Peace: But in 'our Days, thoſe who were fallen through their 'own Fault, have been rais'd up again by our 'Aſſiſtance; and the influence of our Power has 'made up the whole Greatneſs of others: To 'adhere to us, is a certain Advancement; to be 'divided from us, almoſt a certain Fall.

'As long as the KING ſhall act as he does, 'he authorizes me to ſpeak as I ſpeak: If they 'will have me recant, let him grow remiſs; a-'bandon his Allies, and ſuffer his Enemies to 'retrieve their Forces. In ſuch a Caſe, I ſhall 'become favourable to the Cardinal, and cry up 'the ſame Things I have run down: But at this 'time, when the Nations who adhere to our 'Friendſhip, behold with Pleaſure our *preſent Go-'vernment*; and, on the contrary, the Nations 'oppoſite to our Intereſt, regret, with Grief, our '*laſt Miniſtry*; all my Reflections confirm me in 'what I have ſaid; and my Mind being ſteady 'in its firſt Opinion, cannot be diverted to other 'Thoughts.

'If the KING's Tenderneſs continu'd to the 'Memory of a Perſon who was dear to him; if 'the Conſtancy of his Affection for a dead Man, 'have enclin'd him to take ill what I thought ſo 'much to his Advantage, I beſeech him to con-'ſider, that my Intentions were diſappointed. I 'did not think to offend the Niceneſs of his 'Friendſhip, but rather fancy'd, that I had ex-

1668. About the Beginning of the Year 1668, the Prince of *Tuſcany* came to *Holland*; and as he deſign'd to make ſome ſtay at the *Hague*, he hir'd there a Houſe, in which Mr. *de St. Evremond* had an Apartment, as well as ſome other Perſons of Quality, who thereupon were oblig'd to look for other Lodgings. Mr. *de St. Evremond* was preparing to remove like the reſt, but that Prince (the preſent Duke of *Tuſcany*) not only deſir'd him to ſtay, but likewiſe to uſe his Table, whilſt he continu'd at the *Hague*; and ever ſince honour'd him with his Eſteem and Affection: Inſomuch that he ſent him a yearly Preſent of the beſt Wines in *Italy*.

Count *de Lionne* us'd all his Endeavours to engage Mr. *de St. Evremond* to communicate to him all the Works he had compos'd in *Holland*; and, in particular, wrote to him a ſecond time, to deſire him to tranſmit to him his OBSERVATIONS *on* Saluſt *and* Tacitus; adding, that Mr. *de Lionne*, the Secretary of State, would be glad to peruſe them. Mr. *de St. Evremond*'s Modeſty being offended at the Praiſes with which his Requeſt was accompany'd, expoſtulated with the Count in this manner: 'I deſire you, *ſaid he*, not to jeer me at this rate, by beſtowing exceſſive Commendation upon Trifles, which are the reſult of *Idleneſs*, and on which I ſet no other Value, than with relation to the Amuſement they afford me, during ſome very tedious and melancholy Hours. I wiſh they may prove likeiſe an Amuſement to you: And ſuch as they are, I'll not fail ſending you by the next Poſt, the *Obſervations on* Salluſt *and* Tacitus, which I mention'd to you. The Firſt aſcribes all to Nature: With him all Events are the Effects of Men's Tempers; wherefore 'tis his chiefeſt Care to give us a true Knowledge of Men, by

'the admirable Characters he has left us. The 'Other, turns all into Politicks, and makes a 'Myſtery of every Thing, aſcribing all to Craft 'and Addreſs, and little or nothing to a Man's 'Conſtitution. From thence I conſider how dif-'ficult it is to find in the ſame Perſon a perfect 'Knowledge of Men, and a profound Skill in Bu-'ſineſs; and in eight or ten Lines I ſhew, that 'Mr. *de Lionne*, the Miniſter, has reconciled two 'Qualifications, generally divided, which are 'found in him in the higheſt Perfection. The OBSERVATIONS *on* Saluſt *and* Tacitus do not come ſhort of the beſt Performances of Mr. *de St. Evremond:* And if our 'Gram-'marians, *ſays a learned* * *Critick*, knew how to 'diſcourſe and write, after this manner, on the 'Ancients, they would beget in every Body a 'Deſire of ſtudying them; but their Science con-'ſifting in the Knowledge of Words, Cuſtoms, and, 'at moſt, of Chronology, with a blind Admira-'of all they read, gives Gentlemen a Diſguſt for 'Literature.

Mr. *de St. Evremond* ſent alſo to Mr. *de Lionne* the DISSERTATION he had made ſome time before on Mr. *Racine's* Tragedy, call'd *Alexander the Great*; deſiring him to communicate it to none but his intimate Friends, and above all things, not to ſuffer it to be copied out; but 'twas not long before Mr. *de Lionne* acquainted him, that that Piece had for ſome time, been handed about in Manuſcript; and that the Sieur *Barbin*, a famous Bookſeller, was about printing it, with ſome other Works that were father'd upon him. Adding, that Mr. *de Racine's* Friends were extreamly diſſatisfied with that critical Diſſertation, being apprehenſive that

* *Mr.* le Clerc *Bibliotheque choiſie*, Vol. IX. *p.* 328.

that it would injure his Reputation. Mr. *de St. Evremond* was very much ſurprized at this Piece of News: 'Madam *Bourneau, (ſaid he in a Letter to* 'Mr. de Lionne) has ſerv'd me a very ſcurvy 'Trick in ſhewing a confuſed Notion I had ſent 'her about the Tragedy of *Alexander*. This Wo- 'man, whom I often convers'd with in *England*, 'and who had a great deal of ſound Wit, ſent me 'that Piece of *Racine*, with a Deſire to give her 'my Judgment upon it; which I did in haſte, 'without allowing my ſelf ſufficient time to per- 'uſe that Play with Attention. I deſired her, as 'earneſtly as poſſible, not to ſhew my Letter: 'But being leſs ſcrupulous than your ſelf, in fol- 'lowing the Advice of Friends, I find ſhe has 'ſhewn it to all the World, and has now brought 'me into the Perplexity you mention. I hate 'extreamly, adds Mr. *de St. Evremond*, to ſee my 'Name toſs'd about, particularly with things of 'this Nature. I am unacquainted with *Racine*; 'but as he is a great Wit, I wiſh it were in my 'Power to ſerve him; and yet his greateſt Ene- 'nemies could not have done worſe, than what I 'have done without Deſign. However, *Sir*, if, 'as you tell me, 'tis not poſſible to hinder the 'printing of thoſe collected Pieces, 'tis better 'they ſhould be printed by the Copy you have, and 'as correctly as poſſible, than in ſuch a Confuſion 'as they have been handed about to the Printer: 'But pray take Care that my Name be not put to 'them. 'Tis very probable, that Mr. *de Lionne* had no manner of Share in the Edition of ſome of Mr. *de St. Evremond*'s Works, that came out about that time; for had he had a Hand in it, they would not have been ſo faulty; nor would he, undoubtedly, have ſuffer'd them to be both mangled, and ſtuffed with *Interpolations*.

To return to the *DISSERTATION on the Tragedy of* Alexander, I ſhall obſerve in few Words, That Mr. *de St. Evremond* owns, that there are in it lofty and bold Thoughts, and Expreſſions anſwerable to the Loftineſs of the Thoughts: But thinks that Mr. *Racine* has not hit well the Characters of *Porus* and *Alexander*. He finds that inſtead of conſulting their Temper, and making them ſpeak conſonantly to the Genius of their Age and Nation, he has given them the Temper and Manners of *French* Men; charges him with a Deſign of giving a greater Idea of *Porus* than of *Alexander*; and of having enſlav'd thoſe two Heroes to Chimerical Princeſſes; blames him for buſying *Porus* wholly with his Love, juſt before a Battle, which was to decide his Deſtiny; and for making *Alexander* quit the Field, when the Enemy begin to rally. In the ſame Piece he examines the Uſe that ought to be made of Love in Tragedy, and ſhews that *Corneille* has been no leſs ſucceſsful in that Particular, than in the Character of all his Heroes: Wiſhing that Mr. *Racine* would imitate him, and learn of him the Art of repreſenting Great Men. Mr. *Corneille* was ſo ſenſible of the Commendations Mr. *de St. Evremond* had given him on this Occaſion, that he thought himſelf oblig'd to return him his Thanks, which he did in a Letter of a nice and delicate Turn; and the Anſwer which Mr. *de St. Evremond* wrote to him, ſhews yet better than the Diſſertation before-mention'd, what Eſteem he had for that celebrated Poet.

About that time the Count *de Lionne* acquainted Mr. *de St. Evremond*, that his Letter had been read to the King, but without the Succeſs that was expected from it; that the Miniſters who had declar'd againſt him, could not be prevail'd upon; and that having a great Influence over the King;

they ſtill oppos'd his Return; but that however, there were ſome Hopes, his Majeſty having given no poſitive Anſwer. 'I knew nothing, (ſaid 'Mr. *de St. Evremond* in his Anſwer to the Count) of 'what you write to me, none of my Friends ha- 'ving been forward, any more than your ſelf, in 'giving me a melancholy Piece of News: But 'this Diſcretion, as obliging as it is, gives me to 'underſtand, that they have an ill Opinion of 'my Conſtancy. Seven full Years of Misfor- 'tunes ought, at leaſt, to have inur'd me to Suf- 'ferings, if they have not been able to form in 'me a Virtue ſuperior to them. To end a moral 'Diſcourſe, impertinent in him that makes it, and 'too ſevere for him we entertain, I'll tell you 'in few Words, that I ſhould have been glad to 'ſee again the pleaſanteſt Country I know of, 'and in it ſome Friends, as dear to me for the 'Demonſtrations of their Friendſhip, as in Con- 'ſideration of their Merit. However, a Man 'muſt not be driven to Deſpair becauſe he lives 'in a Nation where Delights are ſcarce. I con- 'tent my ſelf with *Indolence*, where I cannot en- 'joy *Pleaſures*. I had ſtill five or ſix [illegible] to re- 'liſh Plays, Muſick, and good C[illegible] I muſt 'take up with Policy, Order [illegible]any; 'and form to my ſelf a lang[illegible]ient 'from the Contemplation [illegible]Vir- 'tues. He promiſes in [illegible]anſ- mit to Mr. *de Lionne* [illegible]had made in *England*, [illegible]n *pure and ſolid Virtue*; [illegible]*leman, who keeps a* Med[illegible]*ot ought to enter civil In*[illegible]Titles he gives himſelf [illegible]

1669. Not lon[illegible]g acquaint- ed him, t[illegible]y to ſollici *all thoſe* [illegible]him, particu-

larly Madam ---- and Count *de Lauzun*, Mr. *de St. Evremond* return'd him Thanks for his good Offices; but, at the same time, desir'd him not to be too importunate with his Friends, in his Behalf. 'I am infinitely oblig'd, *said he*, to Ma-'dam ——— for her Kindness, and to you for 'your zealous Endeavours: But I should be glad, 'that, for the future, no body would stir up Count '*de Lauzun* to serve me; for I am sure he'll do, 'of his own accord, all that shall lie in his Pow-'er for me, without doing himself Hurt; and I 'should be sorry to draw upon him the least 'Mortification. He ought to entertain his Ma-'ster with nothing but what's agreeable; and 'hear nothing from him but what brings him some 'Satisfaction: For when a Master has once begun 'to refuse, he easily gets a Habit of not granting 'what's asked of him. I have heard a great 'Courtier say, that a Man ought very carefully 'to avoid the *first Repulse*; and I should be extream 'sorry to have occasioned one to a Person I ho-'noer so [illegible]hly as I do Count *de Lauzun*. Not 'but [illegible] under a sort of Necessity of going [illegible] Months, unless I will resolve [illegible] *Castle* I have there, and *All* that [illegible] in a foreign Country. There [illegible] about [illegible] Thousand Livres still [illegible] which [illegible] get nothing: How-[illegible] more th[illegible], the Relief of *Na-*[illegible] might [illegible] and to the ill Treat-[illegible] [illegible]ive [illegible] [illegible]ne.

[illegible] *Ev*[illegible] no other Thoughts 1678.
[illegible] to p[illegible] [illegible]mainder of his Days
[illegible] wh[illegible] [illegible]*am Temple* delivered to
[illegible] fr[illegible] of *Arlington*, by which
[illegible] Friends, and King *Charles*
[illegible] his Return to *England*.
[illegible] Sea once more: But tho'

they ſtill oppos'd his Return; but that however, there were ſome Hopes, his Majeſty having given no poſitive Anſwer. 'I knew nothing, (ſaid 'Mr. *de St. Evremond* in his Anſwer to the Count) of 'what you write to me, none of my Friends ha-'ving been forward, any more than your ſelf, in 'giving me a melancholy Piece of News: But 'this Diſcretion, as obliging as it is, gives me to 'underſtand, that they have an ill Opinion of 'my Conſtancy. Seven full Years of Misfor-'tunes ought, at leaſt, to have inur'd me to Suf-'ferings, if they have not been able to form in 'me a Virtue ſuperior to them. To end a moral 'Diſcourſe, impertinent in him that makes it, and 'too ſevere for him we entertain, I'll tell you 'in few Words, that I ſhould have been glad to 'ſee again the pleaſanteſt Country I know of, 'and in it ſome Friends, as dear to me for the 'Demonſtrations of their Friendſhip, as in Con-'ſideration of their Merit. However, a Man 'muſt not be driven to Deſpair becauſe he lives 'in a Nation where Delights are ſcarce. I con-'tent my ſelf with *Indolence*, where I cannot en-'joy *Pleaſures*. I had ſtill five or ſix Years to re-'liſh Plays, Muſick, and good Cheer, and I muſt 'take up with Policy, Order, and Oeconomy; 'and form to my ſelf a languiſhing Amuſement 'from the Contemplation of the grave *Dutch* Vir-'tues. He promiſes in the ſame Letter to tranſ-mit to Mr. *de Lionne* three little Diſcourſes he had made in *England*, *on ſordid and baſe Intereſt*; on *pure and ſolid Virtue*; with *the Thoughts of a Gentleman, who keeps a* Medium, *and draws from both, what ought to enter civil Intercourſe*. Theſe are the Titles he gives himſelf to theſe three Pieces.

1669. Not long after, Mr. *de Lionne* having acquainted him, that he continued powerfully to ſollicit all thoſe who were concern'd for him, particu-

larly Madam ——— and Count *de Lauzun*, Mr. *de St. Evremond* return'd him Thanks for his good Offices; but, at the ſame time, deſir'd him not to be too importunate with his Friends, in his Behalf. 'I am infinitely oblig'd, *ſaid he*, to Ma-'dam ——— for her Kindneſs, and to you for 'your zealous Endeavours: But I ſhould be glad, 'that, for the future, no body would ſtir up Count 'de *Lauzun* to ſerve me; for I am ſure he'll do, 'of his own accord, all that ſhall lie in his Pow-'er for me, without doing himſelf Hurt; and I 'ſhould be ſorry to draw upon him the leaſt 'Mortification. He ought to entertain his Ma-'ſter with nothing but what's agreeable; and 'hear nothing from him but what brings him ſome 'Satisfaction: For when a Maſter has once begun 'to refuſe, he eaſily gets a Habit of not granting 'what's asked of him. I have heard a great 'Courtier ſay, that a Man ought very carefully 'to avoid the *firſt Repulſe*; and I ſhould be extream 'ſorry to have occaſioned one to a Perſon I ho-'nour ſo highly as I do Count *de Lauzun*. Not 'but that I lie under a ſort of Neceſſity of going 'to *France* for two Months, unleſs I will reſolve 'to loſe the *Little* I have there, and *All* that 'makes me ſubſiſt in a foreign Country. There 'is, as I take it, about Forty Thouſand Livres ſtill 'due to me, of which I can get nothing: How-'ever, I fear more than Want, the Relief of *Na-'ture*, which might put an End to the ill Treat-'ments I receive from Fortune.

Mr. *de St. Evremond* had no other Thoughts than quietly to paſs the Remainder of his Days in *Holland*, when Sir *William Temple* delivered to him Letters from the Earl of *Arlington*, by which he was inform'd, that his Friends, and King *Charles* himſelf, earneſtly deſir'd his Return to *England*. Hereupon he croſs'd the Sea once more: But tho' 1670.

the King was ſo generous as to beſtow upon him a Penſion of Three Hundred Pounds a Year, yet Mr. *de St. Evremond* ſtill preſerv'd his Deſire of ſeeing his Native Country. 'I am return'd to a 'Court, *ſaid he to Count* de Lionne, after having 'lived four Years in a Republick, without Plea-'ſure or Entertainment; for, in my Opinion, the '*Hague* is the true Seat of *Indolence*. I know not 'how I put new Life into my Sentiments: But, 'however, the Fancy took me to feel ſomething 'more quick and lively; and a fond Imagination 'that I might return to *France*, made me pitch 'upon *London*, as a *Medium* between the *French* 'Courtiers, and the *Dutch* Burgomaſters. Hither-'to I was contented to take up with the *Heavineſs*, 'or to ſpeak more obligingly, the *Gravity* of the 'Gentlemen of *Holland*; but as I do not find my 'ſelf much nearer *France* than I was; ſo I find that 'the *Vivacity* I have ſtudied is very injurious to my 'Repoſe; ſince it draws me out of *Indolence*, without 'advancing me to *Pleaſure*. That, I mean, which I 'fancied to my ſelf in ſeeing you at *Paris*: For, to 'ſpeak the Truth, I find here a great deal of Di-'verſion, amongſt abundance of Men of Honour.

Madam *de Querouallle* being, about that time, come over into *England*, Mr. *de St. Evremond* ſent her a *Problem*, in Imitation of the *Spaniards*, wherein he puts the Queſtion, *Which of the Two is more Injurious to the Happineſs of the Fair Sex, either to abandon themſelves wholly to their Inclinations, or to follow all the Dictates of Virtue*; And *whether their indulging their Paſſions be attended with more Misfortunes, than they are depriv'd of Pleaſures, by the Conſtraint they lay on themſelves*. He adds, That as he has met with Amorous Ladies lamenting themſelves for the Contempt which Love had drawn upon them, ſo he had found *Prudes*, who groan'd under the Severities of *Virtue*; and *who endeavoured*,

by Sight, to eaſe their Heart of the ſecret Torment they endured by not daring to Love. He concludes, that *ſuch a Woman is happy, as knows how to behave herſelf diſcreetly, without laying any Conſtraint upon her Inclinations: For if it be a Diſgrace for one of her Sex to abandon herſelf to Love, without any Regard to her Fame; 'tis, on the other ſide, a great Mortification to paſs her Life without an Amour.* Then addreſſing himſelf to Madam *de Querouallle*, he aſſures her, That *to avoid this laſt Misfortune, ſhe'll do well to follow an Advice, which he deſigns freely to give her. Do not,* ſays he, *too ſeverely reject Temptations, which in this Country offer themſelves with ſuch Modeſty, that a Maiden may hearken to them without a Bluſh. You may, perhaps, be ſo vain as to be pleaſed with no Body but your ſelf, but you'll be ſoon weary of being pleaſed and loved by no body elſe; and whatever Complacency there be in* Self-Love, *you will ſtand in need of another's Love for your real Satisfaction and Entertainment. Yield therefore to the Sweets of Temptations, inſtead of conſulting your Pride. The latter would ſoon perſwade you to return to* France, *and* France *would throw you into ſome Nunnery, according to the Deſtiny of many others.* He afterwards lays before her the Inconveniencies that attend a Convent, and the Diſguſts ſhe would be ſure to have in ſuch a *melancholy Retirement*: But there was little Reaſon to fear that Madam *de Querouallle* would diſpoſe of herſelf that way. Thoſe who directed her Journey hither, had it far enough from their Thoughts to make a *Nun* of her; and it appear'd afterwards that ſhe was not unworthy of the Part ſhe was to act. The great Paſſion King *Charles* II. had for that Lady; the Title of *Dutcheſs* of *PORTSMOUTH*, which he beſtow'd upon her; the Treaſure he laviſh'd for her Entertainment; and the Deference he ſhew'd to her Counſels, even in his moſt important Affairs of State, are a pregnant Proof of it.

1671. In the Year 1671, Count *de Lionne* informed Mr. *de St. Evremond*, that the Marquess *de Lionne* was dead, and that Count *Lauzun* was * confined to the Citadel of *Pignerol*: At which News he was the more concern'd, in that he had a particular Esteem for those two illustrious Friends, and depended much on their Credit, and the Affection they bore him. The Mareschal *de Crequi* having, about that time, *asked* him *what Temper his Mind was in, and what he thought of Things in general in his Old Age?* He sent him a pretty long Discourse, containing several Reflections on the different Tempers of a Man's Mind, according to the different Periods of his Age; on the Reading and Choice of Books; on Poetry; on the best *Spanish*, *Italian*, and *French* Authors; on Conversation; on Literature, and Civil Law; on Ingratitude; and in the last Place, on the particular Spirit that distinguishes the *Roman* Catholick Religion from the Reformed. Of all the Works of Mr. *de St. Evremond*, none better expresses his Turn of Wit and Genius, than this excellent Piece.

1672. The next Year Mr. *de St. Evremond* wrote some Reflections *on the ancient and modern Tragedy*; wherein he observes, *That* Aristotle's *Treatise of Poetry is an excellent Work; but that there's nothing so perfect in it, as to be a Standard for all Ages, and Nations; That the Gods and Goddesses brought about every thing that was great and extraordinary on the Theatre of the* Ancients; but *that all those Miracles being now a-days look'd upon as fabulous*, if an Author, in Imitation of the Ancients, *would introduce Angels and Saints upon our Stage, he would offend the Devout, as prophane, and be accounted weak by the Libertines.* He adds,

* *This happened on Account of his endeavouring to marry*

adds, that even ſuppoſing, that this ſort of Subject ſhould be allow'd, yet they could not produce a good Dramatick Piece; becauſe *the Spirit of Religion is entirely oppoſite to that of Tragedy*; and becauſe *the Humility and Patience of our Saints, cannot conſiſt with thoſe Virtues which the Theatre requires.*

He is of Opinion, That the Hiſtories of the *OLD TESTAMENT* would ſuit much better to our Stage; but is apprehenſive that the Repreſentation of them would make them loſe part of their Dignity, and diminiſh that Veneration they ought to inſpire us with. He ſays afterwards, that tho' *he is not willing to compare the PHARSALIA* to the *ÆNEIS*, 'tis certain, however, that there is ſomething greater and nobler in the Ideas which *Lucan* gives us of Great Men, than in thoſe which *Virgil* gives us of his Deities. *The latter*, ſays he, *has cloath'd his Gods with our Infirmities, to adapt them to the Capacity of Men; the other has rais'd his Heroes ſo, as to bring them into Competition with the Gods themſelves.*

Victrix cauſa Diis placuit, ſed Victa Catoni.

In Virgil, continues he, *the Gods are not ſo valuable as the Heroes*; *in* Lucan, *the Heroes ballance the Gods.* Mr. *de St. Evremond* obſerves afterwards, *That the Tragedy of the Ancients might have ſuffered a happy Loſs in the Baniſhment of its Gods, Oracles, and Soothſayers; for it proceeded from thence that the Stage was ſway'd by a Spirit of Superſtition and Terror capable of infecting Mankind with a thouſand Errors, and overwhelming them with more numerous Miſchiefs.* For as Tragedy conſiſted in exceſſive Motions of *Fear* and *Pity*, the *Theatre became a School of Terror and Compaſſion, where a Man learn'd to be affrighted at all Dangers, and to abandon himſelf to Deſpair upon every*

Misfortune: Which ſoftned the Courage of the *Athenians*, and even occaſion'd ſometimes the Defeat of their Armies. 'Tis true, that *Ariſtotle* being ſenſible of the Prejudice which this Terror and Pity might do, endeavour'd to prevent it by eſtabliſhing I know not what *Purgation*, which no body has yet well explain'd: But Mr. *de St. Evremond* thinks, that it was ridiculous to form a Science, which *infallibly* cauſed the Diſtemper, only to ſet up another, which *doubtfully* endeavour'd to cure it. He afterwards extols the Advantange of our Repreſentations over thoſe of the Ancients, and ſhews that they are not ſubject to the ſame Inconveniencies; that the Motions of Pity and Fear are much better manag'd; and that even Love, which we mingle in the new Tragedy, contributes to its Pefection, provided we make not an ill uſe of this noble Paſſion; than which nothing excites us more to every thing that is generous. He adds, That our Stage has, at leaſt, this Advantage, that the Gods do *not either favour, or commit Crimes upon it, and that we are allow'd the Liberty to inſpire Horror for Vice, and Love for Virtue.* He concludes with what he calls *a bold and new Thought of his own*, which is, *That we ought in Tragedy, before all things whatever, to look after a Greatneſs of Soul well expreſs'd, that excites a tender Admiration; by which our Minds are in a kind of Raviſhment; our Courages elevated; and our Souls affected.*

He wrote alſo about that Time, ſome *Reflections on the Characters of Tragedies*, which he begins with a pretty remarkable Particular. *I formerly deſign'd*, ſays he, *to write a Tragedy; but what I found moſt difficult in it, was to defend my ſelf from a ſecret Suggeſtion of Self-Love, which will not eaſily ſuffer a Man to lay aſide his own Temper, to take up that of another. I remember that I drew my own Character, without either deſigning it; and that the Heroe dwindled inſenſibly*

into

into the little Merit of St. Evremond, *whereas* St. Evremond *ought to have raiſed himſelf to the great Virtues of his Heroe. It fell out with my Paſſions, as it did with my Character; for I expreſſed my own Motions, while I endeavoured to expreſs his. If I was in an amorous Fit, I turned every Thing upon Love; if I found my ſelf inclined to Pity, I was not wanting to provide Misfortunes for my Compaſſion. In ſhort, I made the Actor ſpeak whatever I found within my Breaſt at Home; and repreſented my ſelf under the Name of another.* From this he concludes, That *we muſt not quarrel with ſome Heroes of our Tragedies, for being too liberal of their Tears, which they ſhould only ſhed upon proper Occaſions; for they are only the Poet's own Tears, whoſe natural Temper being too compaſſionate, he cannot reſiſt the Tenderneſs he has form'd within himſelf.* He afterwards obſerves, that the Poet ought to ſhew an equal Management in the Affliction of the Heroe, and the Tenderneſs of the Spectators, and expreſs Paſſion in ſuch a manner, as that it be not too violent, nor too ingeniouſly counterfeit. He wonders, that in our Age, when all Dramatick Pieces turn upon Love, we ſhould be ſo groſly ignorant of its Nature and Motions, which laſt he reduces to Three principal Heads, *viz. To love, To burn,* and *To languiſh*; and, having critically explained them, ſhews that our beſt Tragick Poets employ ſometimes one Paſſion for another; making it to be *Grief,* where it ought only to be *Tenderneſs*; and *Deſpair,* when it ſhould be no more than *Grief.*

A certain Author having asked his Opinion of one of his Tragedies, Mr. *de St. Evremond* returned him an Anſwer, *That he would like it pretty well, if he had managed the Tears of his Heroin with more Frugality.* He afterwards ſhews how the Paſſions of Grief and Deſpair ought to be managed; and takes this Occaſion to beſtow great Com-

Commendations upon *Corneille*; *than whom*, he ſays, *no Man better underſtood Nature*; *tho' he has deſcribed it differently, according to the different Periods of his Life.*

1673. The Diſcourſe which Mr. *de St. Evremond* wrote upon the *French* Hiſtorians, cannot be read with too much Attention, by thoſe who apply themſelves to the Writing of Hiſtory. He obſerves, in the firſt Place, that moſt of our Hiſtorians are Men of ſuch indifferent Merit, that he once thought this Defect was to be charged upon our Language; but that he was of another Opinion, when he conſidered our excellent Tranſlations of *Latin* and *Greek* Authors, which make him believe, *That the Meanneſs of our Genius falls ſhort of the Majeſty of Hiſtory.* He adds, *That altho' we had among us ſome Perſons of an elevated Mind, and great Abilities*, yet they would want other Things that are no leſs Neceſſary, *and too many to be met with in one and the ſame Perſon.* A pure and noble Stile is not ſufficient: For, beſides that, an Hiſtorian ought to be thoroughly acquainted with the Laws, Cuſtoms, different Intereſts, State of Religion; and, in particular, all that belongs to the Military Art. All this he proves by a pretty long Detail; and ſhews, in relation to this laſt Particular, That the celebrated *Grotius*, after he had performed ſo well in all the other Parts of his HISTORY OF THE NETHERLANDS, had miſerably miſcarried, as *ſoon as he began to open the Scene of War, ſpeak of the Motions of Armies, deſcribe Sieges, and relate Battles.* He ſays afterwards, That the *Latin* Hiſtorians knew how to mingle admirably well all the different Parts of Knowledge, that are requiſite in an Hiſtorian; the Reaſon of which is, That *whereas now-a-days every Profeſſion takes up a Man entirely*, there were few great Men at *Rome*, that

did not ſucceſſively paſs through the Firſt Dignities of the Prieſthood, and the Senate, and the Command of Armies. He then ſhews with how much Art and Fineneſs the *Latin* Authors drew the Characters of Men; how agreeable their Narrations are; and how much Vehemence and Fire there is in their Speeches. They do not content themſelves with deſcribing Virtues and Vices, in general; but mark a certain Difference between each Virtue, or Vice. If, for Inſtance-ſake, they draw the Character of ſome ambitious and daring, or moderate and prudent Man, they deſcribe the particular Nature of the Ambition and Daringneſs, or of the Moderation and Prudence of ſuch a Man.

In the REFLECTIONS upon the *French* TRANSLATORS, Mr. *de St. Evremond* commends, in the firſt Place, the Tranſlations of Mr. *d'Ablancourt*, not ſo much on Account of their being faithful and exact, as by reaſon of the admirable Force, and Juſtneſs of his Expreſſions. However, he is of Opinion, That he is obliged for theſe Advantages to the Stile of the Ancients he tranſlates; for he does not find the ſame Beauties in his Prefaces and Letters, wherein he follows his own Genius. He afterwards makes ſome Reflections on the Uſefulneſs of *Tranſlations*; and adds, That the bare Talent of a *Tranſlator* merits no great Eſteem, unleſs it be attended by other Accompliſhments, that ſhew a Man has a ſufficient Stock and Capacity to make Compoſures of his own. Then Mr. *de St. Evremond* examines, in particular, Mr. *de Brebœuf*'s Tranſlation of *Lucan*'s PHARSALIA, and that of Mr. *de Segrais* of *Virgil*'s ÆNEIS: From whence he paſſes to the Character that *Virgil* gives of *Æneas*; and ſhews that it falls infinitely ſhort of that of true Heroes, who are deſcribed with great Elevation

tion and Nobleneſs by *Homer*; and concludes, with reflecting, *how much we ought to admire the Poetry of* Virgil, *ſince, in ſpite of the ſuperlative Virtues of the Heroes of* Homer, the beſt Criticks are of Opinion, that the *Latin* Poet is not inferiour to the *Greek*.

1674. Count *d'Olonne*, Mr. *de Vineuil*, the Abbot *d'Effiat*, and two or three more, having been baniſh'd the Court of *France*, in 1674. for having talked too freely of the King, as ſoon as Mr. *de St. Evremond* had notice of the Diſgrace of his Old Friend, Count *d'Olonne*, he wrote to him, to acquaint him with his deep Concern at it; and being, afterwards, informed, that he was permitted to leave *Orleans*, where he was, at firſt, confined, and to retire to his Country-Seat of *Montvirel*, near *Villers-Cotterets*, he ſent him a ſecond Letter, wherein he adviſes him to be carefully upon his Guard againſt Sorrow, and its melancholy Attendants, at a time when it was not in his Power to reliſh Joy. As he was thoroughly acquainted with Mr. *d'Olonne*'s Humour and Genius, ſo he adapts to them the Advice he gives him of Entertaining himſelf with the Converſation of polite Gentlemen; and if there were none in his Neighbourhood, to ſupply that Defect, by Good-Cheer, and the Reading of ſuch Books as may divert his Mind from all ſad and ſerious Thoughts, and give him none but pleaſant and agreeable Ideas: For which purpoſe, he thinks that *Petronius*, *Lucian*, and Don *Quixot*, are to be preferr'd before *Seneca*, *Plutarch*, and even *Montaigne*. He afterwards obviates an Objection which Mr. *d'Olonne* might have made: 'You will tell me, perhaps, (*ſays Mr.* de St. Evremond) That I was 'not of ſo gay a Humour in my own Misfortunes, as I appear to be in yours; and that 'tis 'ill-breeding in a Man to beſtow all his Concern

'upon

'upon his own Misfortunes, and be indifferent 'to, nay, and even merry with the Calamities of 'his Friends. I ſhould agree with you in that, if 'I behav'd my ſelf ſo: But I can honeſtly affirm 'to you, that I am little leſs concern'd at your 'Exile, than your ſelf; And the Mirth which I 'adviſe you to, is in order to have a Share of it 'my ſelf, when I ſhall find you capable of receiving any. As for what relates to my own Misfortunes, if I have formerly appear'd more afflicted 'under them, than I ſeem to you at preſent, 'tis 'not becauſe I was ſo indeed. I was of Opinion, 'That Diſgraces exacted from us the *Decorum* of a 'melancholy Air; and that this apparent Mortification was a Reſpect due to the Will of our 'Superiours, who ſeldom puniſh us without a 'Deſign to afflict us. But then you are to know, 'that under a ſad Outſide, and a mortified Countenance, I gave my ſelf all the Satisfaction I 'could find in my ſelf; and all the Pleaſure I 'could take in the Converſation of my Friends. He afterwards adviſes him about Good-Cheer, and the Choice of the moſt excellent Wines, and of the wholeſomeſt and moſt delicate Meats.

When the Marquis *de Croiſſy* was Ambaſſador at the Court of *England*, Mr. *de St. Evremond* deſir'd him to write in his Behalf to Monſieur *Colbert* his Brother, Prime Miniſter of *France*, which he did accordingly; But Mr. *Colbert* return'd him an Anſwer, *That having contributed to Mr.* de St. Evremond's *Diſgrace, and ever oppos'd his Return, he could not ſpeak in his Favour to the King; but, however, he would not be ſorry for his Return, nor oppoſe the Sollicitations of others in order to it.* Had Mr. *le Tellier* entertain'd the ſame Thoughts, Mr. *de St. Evremond*'s Diſgrace would ſoon have been at an End; but that Miniſter having no favourable Diſpoſition towards him, he was oblig'd to take up with Reſignation and Patience.

The

1675. The Dutcheſs of *MAZARIN* came, ſome time after, into *England*. You, undoubtedly, ſuſpect, SIR, that there was a Myſtery in her Journey, and that 'twas not meerly to be near the Dutcheſs of *York*, her Relation, that my Lady *Mazarin* came hither. Since your Conjectures ſo right, I will communicate to you what I know about it; but I muſt trace up Things ſomewhat higher, and put you in mind of what I told you before, concerning the great Intereſt the Dutcheſs of *Portſmouth* had at the Court of King *Charles* the Second. The natural Indolence of that Prince, and the paſſionate Inclination he had for the Fair Sex, entirely enſlaved him to his Miſtreſſes; but none had ſo great an Aſcendant over him, as the Dutcheſs of *Portſmouth*, who was the *Favourite-Miſtreſs*. She governed him, both in the Management of Affairs of State, and the Choice of his Miniſters. The firſt Places and Offices of the Kingdom, were given, or taken away, according to her Inſinuations; which thoſe who were not of her Cabal, and were thereby ſhut out of Employments, to which they had, at leaſt, as good a Title as her Creatures, could not obſerve without Concern and Indignation; nor were they leſs offended, to ſee that the Miniſters of State acted rather according to the Inſtructions which a Foreign Court ſent to the Dutcheſs of *Portſmouth*, than conſonant to the true Intereſt of their Native Country. After having try'd ſeveral Methods to remedy theſe Diſorders, and found them ineffectual, they, at laſt, concluded, that there was no other Courſe to take, than to work the Dutcheſs of *Portſmouth* out of the King's Favour, by ſetting up againſt her, a Rival who ſhould be in their Intereſt. The Dutcheſs of *Mazarin* was thought very fit for their Purpoſe; for ſhe out-ſhined the other, both

in Wit and Beauty; and King *Charles* had more than once demanded her in Marriage, while he was in *France*.

You know, SIR, that that exiled Monarch having repaired *Incognito* to *Fontarabia*, in the Year 1659. when the Peace between *France* and *Spain* was treating there, he could not engage Cardinal *Mazarin* to grant him an * Interview, and that all he was able to obtain, was, that his Eminency ſhould one Day meet, as by Chance, with the Marquis of *Ormond*, and confer with him. The Marquis made ſeveral Overtures to him, to incline him to eſpouſe the Intereſt of his Royal Maſter; and, among other Things, propoſed a Match between that Prince and *Hortenſa Mancini*, the Cardinal's Niece, afterwards Dutcheſs of *Mazarin*; but that Miniſter, who thought the King of *England*'s Reſtoration deſperate, would not hearken to it. However, King *Charles* II. was not diſcouraged by this Denial; and obſerving that the Cardinal had concluded the Peace ſo much to his own Satisfaction, he thought he would now be more tractable. The *French* Court was then returning to *Paris*; but King *Charles* would not wait till they had reached that Place; and as ſoon as they came to *Thouloufe*, he diſpatch'd Mr. *Berkley*, afterwards Earl of *Falmouth*, to the Cardinal, to propoſe the fore-mentioned Match a ſecond time. Mr. *Berkley* applied himſelf to Monſieur *de St. Evremond*, who introduced him to

* *See* HISTOIRE du Traité de la Paix concluë ſur la Frontiere *d'Eſpagne*, entre les deux Couronnes, en l'an 1659. p. 62. & ſeqq. *of the* Cologne *Edition of the Year* 1665. *See alſo* Clarendon's Hiſtory of the Rebellion, Vol. III. p. 538. *But 'tis to be wonder'd, that this Noble Hiſtorian takes no Notice of King* Charles's *Advances, to marry the Cardinal's Niece.*

to the Cardinal: But that Miniſter was ſo thoroughly perſuaded, that his *Britannick* Majeſty would never be reſtor'd to his Kingdoms, that he wav'd all Overtures of that kind. However, as ſoon as he ſaw him ſettled on the Throne of his Anceſtors, he repented the having rejected the Offer of a Match ſo glorious to his Family, and ſo advantageous to his Niece; and endeavour'd to renew the Negotiation about it. The better to ſucceed in it, he engag'd the Queen Mother of *England* to croſs the Sea, under Pretence of a congratulatory Viſit, upon the Reſtoration of the King her Son; but, in reality, to acquaint him, That the Cardinal was entirely diſpos'd to grant him all he could deſire. King *Charles* look'd upon this Change in the Cardinal, as an additional Happineſs, which Fortune had in Store for him; and entertain'd with no leſs Satisfaction, the Thoughts of a Portion of above Twenty Millions of Livers, than of enjoying one of the moſt beautiful Perſons of the Age; when he ſaw all his Hopes daſh'd of a ſudden. For a ſtrong Oppoſition was form'd, on this ſide, againſt that Match, as below ſo great a Potentate, and inconſiſtent with his Intereſt: So that, in ſhort, to uſe Mr. *de St. Evremond*'s † Expreſſions, *A King* Reſtor'd, *remembred the little Regard that had been ſhewn to a King Dethron'd; and they rejected at* London, *the Offer that was not accepted at* St. John-de-Luz.

Nevertheleſs, 'twas well known that King *Charles* ſtill preſerv'd an Inclination for that Lady; and the Dutcheſs of *Portſmouth* not enjoying then a perfect Health, his Majeſty ſeem'd not to have for her the ſame Paſſion as before. All theſe Circumſtances were induſtriouſly improv'd, to beſpeak

† *See Madam* de Mazarin's *Funeral Oration.*

beſpeak from him a kind Reception of Madam *Mazarin*, whom her Husband's Ill-uſage had forc'd to withdraw out of *France*, and, at laſt, to retire into the Duke of *Savoy*'s Dominions. She pitch'd upon *Chambery* for the Place of her Reſidence; and had, for the ſpace of three Years, liv'd there in a kind of Solitude, when ſhe had an Invitation to come to *England*, which ſhe accepted the more readily, by reaſon of the Death of the Duke of *Savoy*, that happened at that very time. We are informed in Madam *de Mazarin*'s MEMOIRS, That that Prince had formerly deſign'd to * marry her; and, indeed, he gave her, during her Exile, ſo many Marks of his Favour, that the Dutcheſs of *Savoy* conceiv'd ſome Jealouſy of it. *That Prince*, ſays † Mr. *de St. Evremond*, *had entertain'd the ſame Sentiments about her, as did All that beheld her. He had admir'd her at* Turin; *and this Admiration, with the Dutcheſs of* Savoy, *paſs'd for downright Love. A jealous and moroſe Impreſſion, produc'd a diſobliging Uſage of her who*

G *caus'd*

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* *I ſhall quote the whole Paſſage the more willingly, becauſe it confirms Part of what I ſaid.* Fortune, *ſays Madam* de Mazarin, who had a Mind to make me the moſt unfortunate Perſon of my Sex, began with a Shew of raiſing me to a Throne, and did all ſhe could to make me hate the Match ſhe deſign'd for me, by the Compariſon of thoſe with which ſhe flatter'd me at firſt. However, I may ſay, I was not dazzled by thoſe illuſtrious Matches that were offer'd me; and Mr. *Mazarin* dares not ſay, he ever obſerv'd in me the leaſt Vanity above my Condition. All the World knows the Overtures, which, at ſeveral Times, were made to marry me with the King of *England*; And as for the Duke of *Savoy*, you know what was mention'd about it, in the Journey to *Lions*; and that the Buſineſs broke off, only upon the ſcore of the Cardinal's obſtinate Refuſal to abandon *Geneva*, in Conſideration of this Marriage. MEMOIRES de Madame la Ducheſſe *Mazarin*, *p.* 11, 12.

† *See Madam* de Mazarin's *Funeral* Oration.

caus'd it; and this was a ſufficient Reaſon for Madam de Mazarin *to leave a Country, where the new Regent was abſolute.* She arriv'd in *England*, towards the End of the Year 1675. and the King no ſooner ſaw her, but he was ſtruck again by her Beauty, and more in Love with her than ever. He immediately beſtow'd upon her a Penſion of Four Thouſand Pounds a Year; and ſhe would ſoon have gain'd the Aſcendant over the Dutcheſs of *Portſmouth*, and her Cabal, if, through *a Weakneſs, which is but too common with her Sex*, ſhe had not been betray'd by her own amorous Inclination.

1676. The Prince of *Monaco* came about this Time into *England*; And being young, handſom, genteel, amorous, and accompliſh'd in all the little Arts of pleaſing the Ladies, he became a paſſionate Admirer of Madam *de Mazarin*. 'Twas not long before Mr. *de St. Evremond* obſerv'd, that he was not indifferent to her; and being, on the other Hand, privy to the Myſtery of the Dutcheſs's Journey hither, and even ſomewhat concern'd in it, he omitted nothing to prevent ſo fatal an Amour; and repreſented to Madam *de Mazarin*, in lively Colours, the Perplexities into which ſhe was going to plunge her ſelf. But, becauſe what we take in by Reading makes generally a deeper Impreſſion, than a tranſitory Converſation, he addreſs'd to her a Diſcourſe on FRIENDSHIP, wherein he artfully inſinuates himſelf into her Confidence, and endeavours to ſhew her what Courſe ſhe ought to ſteer. He illuſtrates, in the firſt Place, the Power of Friendſhip, by the Example of *Ageſilaus*, King of the *Lacedemonians*, who recommending his Friend's Caſe to another, deſir'd him, by all means, to acquit him. He thinks this Paſſage the more remarkable, in that he believes, that *the Diſtance between a Sovereign, and a*

Subject, does not admit that Union of Affections which is neceſſary to beget true Friendſhip; After which he explains the Nature of the ordinary Intimacy between Kings and their Courtiers; takes notice of the Reaſons which oblige Princes to have about them that ſort of *Friends* and *Confidents* call'd *Favourites*; and ſhews how tickliſh and dangerous it is to be a *Favourite*. From hence he proceeds to more particular Conſiderations on Friendſhip, and having enlarg'd on the Excellence of that Virtue, he declares how happy he was in the Confidence of his Friends. 'As I have, *ſays he*; 'no ſhining Merit to boaſt of, I hope I may be 'allow'd to mention one, upon which Men do 'ſeldom value themſelves; which is, the having 'gain'd the entire Confidence of my Friends; 'and the beſt *Counſel-Keeper* that ever I * knew, 'was only reſerv'd with others, that he might be 'the more open with me. He conceal'd nothing 'from me, as long as we convers'd together; 'and he would, perhaps, have been glad of an 'Opportunity to tell me every Thing, when we 'were aſunder. The remembrance of ſuch an 'endearing Confidence is very ſweet to me; but 'the Thoughts of the Condition he is in, is ſtill 'more grievous. I have contracted a Familiarity 'with my own Misfortunes, but never ſhall with 'his; And ſince I can beſtow nothing but Sorrow 'on his Diſgrace, no Day ſhall paſs, but I ſhall 'grieve, and lament it.

Mr. *de St. Evremond* ſhews afterwards, that *true Friendſhip* ought to be free from all Diſſimulation; and that 'tis no leſs *inconſiſtent with* too rigorous *Juſtice*, than with *over-cautious Wiſdom*. He does

* *I ſuppoſe Mr.* de St. Evremond *means Mr.* de Fouquet, *who died a Priſoner in the Citadel of* Pignerol, *in* 1680.

not find fault with Friends having different Opinions; But he would have *Diſputes* to be *Conferences to clear Doubts*, and not *exaſperating Contentions*. He thinks, however, that Friends ought not to have very claſhing Opinions in Religion; and *that a Man who ſubjects all to Reaſon, and one who depends wholly upon Authority, will hardly agree together*. Mr. *de St. Evremond* adds, that nothing could come in Competition with a friendly Intercourſe with a beautiful, ingenious, and judicious Woman, if one could depend on its Duration; and he is of Opinion, that the only Reaſon why the Fair Sex are excluded from the Management of publick Affairs, is becauſe they were thought to be *too weak, too irreſolute, and too much ſway'd by their natural Frailty. What would not*, continues he, *have Madam* de Chevreuſe, *the Counteſs of* Carliſle, *and the Princeſs* Palatine, *have brought about, had they not ſpoil'd, by their Inclination, all they might have done by their Wit?* He ſhews, that the Errors of Affection, are far more dangerous than the Extravagances of Imagination; he relates what Mademoiſelle *de l'Enclos* told him one Day, *That ſhe return'd God Thanks, every Night, for her Wit, and pray'd him, every Morning, to preſerve her from the Follies of her Heart*; And having commended Madam *de Mazarin's* Beauty, and elevated Mind, which made her deſpiſe falſe Gallantry, and the inſipid and tedious *Tittle-Tattle* of other Women, 'Add, Madam, *ſays he*, the 'Merit of the *Heart*, to that of the Soul and 'Mind: Defend that Heart of yours againſt 'officious *Fops*; thoſe buſie Fellows, who are ever 'ready to ſhut a Door or a Window, and to take 'up a Glove or Fan. Love does not hurt the 'Reputation of Ladies; but the ſlender Merit 'of their Lovers diſgraces them. You'd do me 'wrong, Madam, *continues he*, if you thought me

'an Enemy to Tenderneſs: For, as Old as I am, 'I ſhould be ſorry to be free from it. We Love 'as long as we can draw Breath. What I deſire 'in Friendſhip, is that Knowledge ſhould go 'before Affection, and that an Eſteem, juſtly 'form'd in the Mind, ſhould animate it ſelf in 'the Heart, and receive there ſuch Warmth as is 'neceſſary for *Friendſhip*, as well as *Love*. Love 'therefore, Madam, but Love no Objects but 'what are worthy of you. If my Wiſhes could 'take place, you ſhould be ambitious, and govern 'thoſe that govern others. Either become Miſtreſs 'of the World, or remain Miſtreſs of your ſelf; 'not in order to paſs tedious Days in that ſad 'and melancholy Indolence, which ſome would 'trump up for Virtue; but to have an abſolute 'Sway over your Affections, and over-rule your 'Pleaſures.

But all theſe Inſinuations were ineffectual: The Prince of *Monaco* had the Preference; And Madam *de Mazarin*, regardleſs of the great Part ſhe might have acted in the *Britiſh* Court, did ſo far engage with him, that the King's Patience was tir'd out; and that Monarch carried his Reſentment ſo far, as to cut off the Penſion he had given her. Mr. *de St. Evremond* jeer'd her very ingeniouſly about the Fickleneſs and Indiſcretion of her Conduct, in the following Verſes, which you could not have underſtood, without the foregoing Key:

Il ne vous reſtoit plus qu'à regner ſur les Mers;
Vôtre nouvel Empire embraſſe l'Univers,
Et de nos Iſles fortunées
Vous pourriez des Mortels régler les Deſtinées:
Plus puiſſante aujourd'hui que n'étoient les Romains,
Vous feriez des Sujets de tous les Souverains,

Si vous n'apportiez pas plus de soin & d'étude,
Pour votre Liberté que pour leur Servitude.

The Empire of the Sea alone remain'd,
And that you've in your New Dominion gain'd.
The Universe is yours; Our happy Isles
Their Fate attend, or from your Frowns or Smiles.
More Powerful than the *Romans* were of Old,
All Kings alike you'd in Subjection hold,
But that you strive, with greater Care and Pains,
Your Freedom to preserve, than fix their Chains.

However, the Sollicitations of her Friends, together with the Affection the King retain'd for her, prevail'd so far with that generous Prince, that he settled again the same Pension upon her; so that she appear'd at Court, with all the Splendor and Satisfaction she could desire. Her House was the usual Rendezvous of the politest Persons of both Sexes in *England*. The greatest Lords, the foreign Ministers, and the Ladies of the first Quality, met constantly there; and in these Assemblies the People of Fashion found an agreeable Amusement; and the Learned, an excellent Pattern of Politeness and Good-Breeding. Madam *M[illegible]* had bestow'd a great deal of Time upon Reading, during her Abode at *Chambery*, where she had with her the Abbot of *St. Real*, who compos'd her MEMOIRS, from the Particulars she told him of her Life. You* once thought, SIR, that she was herself the Author of them; but I can assure you, that she only furnish'd the Subject-Matter of them. She did not write well enough to digest them into Form; and if they are better

* [illegible] REPONSE aux Questions d'un Provin-

ter turn'd than the other Works of Mr. *de St. Real*, 'tis becauſe he beſtow'd more Pains and Study upon them: For Love makes every Thing eaſie.

My Lady *Mazarin* had a great and generous Soul, a juſt Diſcernment, a Memory well ſtored, and ſuch eaſie and graceful Carriage, that the moſt inſenſible were touched with the Charms of her Converſation. All manner of Subjects were diſcours'd upon at her Houſe: Philoſophy, Religion, Hiſtory, Poetry, Dramatick Pieces, other ingenious Compoſures, and the Niceties of the *French* Tongue, afforded Matter of Debate; And theſe witty Converſations gave Mr. *de St. Evremond* occaſion to write ſeveral Pieces; ſuch as, his DEFENCE of ſeveral Plays of Mr. *Corneille*; his REFLECTIONS on the *French*, *Spaniſh*, *Italian*, and *Engliſh Tragedies* and *Comedies*; and on *Operas*; his COMEDY of the *Opera*; A DISSERTATION *on the Word* VAST; and ſeveral others, which I ſhall mention hereafter.

He begins his REFLECTIONS *upon Tragedies*, with commending thoſe of *Corneille*, and even prefers ſome of them before all thoſe of Antiquity. He adds, That the Ancient Tragick Writers were far more ſucceſsful in expreſſing the Qualities and Accompliſhments of their Heroes, than in repreſenting the Majeſty and Magnificence of Great Kings; And more happy in the drawing of Characters, than in diſcovering the hidden Springs of the Motions of the Heart, and the Principles of Men's Actions; which is one of *Corneille*'s Excellencies. However, he does not pretend, that none but his Pieces deſerve Applauſe on our *(French)* Theatre. He owns, the Publick have been pleaſed and affected with the MARIANA of *Triſtan*; the SOPHONISBA of *Mairet*; the ALCYONEA of *Du Ryer*;

the WENCESLAUS of *Rotrou*; the STILICO of Mr. *Corneille*, Junior; the ANDROMACHE and BRITANNICUS of Mr. *Racine*, and ſeveral others. He ſays afterwards, That the Tragedies of the *Italians* are ſo very mean, that 'tis not worth the while to ſpeak of them; and obſerves, that there are ſome old *Engliſh* Tragedies, (ſuch as the *Catiline* and *Sejanus* of *Ben. Johnſon*) which, by the Retrenching of a few Things, might be made admirable Plays. He diſallows the Condeſcenſion which the *Engliſh* Dramatick Writers have for the People, in preſenting them with bloody Objects; and concludes with this Obſervation, That if, on the one hand, the *French object to the* Engliſh, *upon very good Ground, that they allow too much to their Senſes upon the Stage; They muſt alſo*, on the other hand, *bear with the Reproach the* Engliſh *return upon the* French, *of paſſing to the other Extream, when they admire Tragedies for the little Tenderneſs of Paſſion, which make not an Impreſſion ſtrong enough upon the Mind.*

In his OBSERVATIONS *upon our Comedies*, Mr. *de St. Evremond* takes care to adverti ſe his Readers, in the very Title, That his Criticiſms are not levell'd againſt *thoſe of* Moliere, *wherein*, ſays he, *the true* Spirit *of* Comedy *is found.* As for the other *French* Authors, he takes notice, that altho' *Comedy ought to be the Repreſentation of Human Life; they have made it run altogether upon Gallantry, in Imitation of the* Spaniards. He afterwards compares the *French* and *Spaniſh* Comedies, and ſhews, that our Poets having borrow'd moſt of their Plots from the *Spaniards*, have been oblig'd to fill them with paſſionate and amorous Diſcourſes, to adapt them to the Humour and Manners of our Nation. This gives him occaſion to relate a witty Story, which he heard from the Princeſs of *Iſenghien*; *A Spaniſh Lady*, ſays he, *not long ago, was*

reading the Romance of CLEOPATRA, *and after a tedious Recital of Adventures, falling upon a nice Converſation between a Lover and his Miſtreſs, who were alike paſſionate,* What a deal of Wit ill-employ'd is here, *ſaid ſhe*; and to what end ſo many fine Speeches, when they are got together? *This,* continues Mr. *de St. Evremond, was one of the prettieſt Reflections that ever I heard made in all my Life*; *and* Calprenede, *tho' a* French-*Man, ought to have remembred, that Lovers, born in a hotter Climate than that of* France, *need but few Words on ſuch Occaſions.* He afterwards affirms, That there is more Regularity and Probability, in the Gallantry of *French* Comedies, than in that of the *Spaniards*: Which ſtill proceeds from the different Manners, and Cuſtoms, of thoſe two Nations; And, in the laſt Place, he obſerves, That as *Comedy* is mainly *calculated to pleaſe,* Poets ought not to be crampt by too exact and rigid Rules.

Mr. *de St. Evremond* proceeds afterwards to the *Italian Comedy,* and having acquainted his Reader, That he will not ſpeak of the *Amynta, Paſtor-Fido,* and other Comedies of that Nature, he adds, That what was ſeen 'in *France* upon the *Italian* 'Stage, was not, properly, *Comedy,* ſince there 'was no true Plot; no Coherency in the Subject; 'no Character ſtrictly obſerv'd; nor any Compo-'ſition wherein a happy Genius is, at leaſt, gui-'ded by ſome Rules of Art. *In ſhort,* ſays he, *'tis nothing but a kind of ill-form'd Conſort amongſt ſeveral Actors, each of whom furniſhes, out of his own Head, what he judges proper for the Part he acts: To take it rightly, it is no more than a Medley of impertinent* Concetti (pointed-Witticiſms) *in the Mouth of Lovers, and ſilly Buffoonries in that of their* Zanies, *or* Harlequins. He *grants that their Buffoons* are inimitable; but is of Opinion, That, at long run, they grow no leſs tireſom than all the other *Italian*

lian Parts, which are always forc'd, except that of *Pantalon*. Mr. *de St. Evremond* gives afterwards, in few Words, the Hiſtory of the Tragedy and Comedy of the ancient *Romans*; marks their Origin, Progreſs, and Declenſion; and, having obſerv'd how vaſtly the Genius of the *Italians* differs from that of their Anceſtors, he commends the Actors of the *Italian* Company of Players, that acted then in *Paris*.

From the *Italian*, Mr. *de St. Evremond* paſſes on to the *Engliſh Comedy*; and, in the firſt Place, takes notice, *That there is none more conformable to that of the Ancients, in what relates to the Manners. It is not*, ſays he, *a meer Piece of Gallantry, full of Adventures, and amorous Diſcourſes, as in* Spain *and* France; *it is the Repreſentation of the ordinary Way of Living, according to the various Humours, and different Characters of Men.* He ſays afterwards, That in the Opinion of the *French*, theſe Characters are carried on too far, as thoſe that are to be ſeen upon our Stage, are a little too faint to the Reliſh of the *Engliſh*; and ſhews, that the Reaſon of that is, becauſe the *Engliſh* think too much, and the *French*, commonly, not enough. *The Truth is*, adds he, *I never ſaw Men of better Underſtanding, than either the* French, *who conſider Things with Attention; or the* Engliſh, *that can diſingage themſelves from their too deep Meditations, and attain that Facility of Diſcourſe, and Freedom of Wit, which, if poſſible, a Man ſhould always be Maſter of. The fineſt Gentlemen in the World*, continues he, *are the* French *that think, and the* Engliſh *that ſpeak.* After this, Mr. *de St. Evremond* proceeds to the Difference that is to be found between the *Engliſh* and the *French* Comedies; and ſhews, that the firſt are as agreeable and entertaining, tho' not ſo regular and exact, as the latter.

Mr.

Mr. *de St. Evremond* compos'd, about this time, an IDYL, which he ſet himſelf to Muſick; and this Piece was ſung at Madam *Mazarin's*, before a great many Perſons of Diſtinction. This gave, afterwards, the Company occaſion to talk of Plays with muſical Entertainments, and in particular of OPERAS, which made then ſo much Noiſe in *France*. Mr. *de St. Evremond* gave but an indifferent Character of thoſe Compoſitions; but not having had time to ſpeak fully his Thoughts about them, he wrote, a few Days after, a Diſcourſe upon that Subject, which he addreſs'd to the Duke of *Buckingham*, who had his Share in that Converſation. But before I give you the Subſtance of that Piece, give me leave, *Sir*, to ſet down here a ſhort Account of the Settlement of our *Operas*.

OPERAS, that is, Dramatick Pieces ſet to Muſick, accompanied with Dances, Machines, and Decorations, or fine Scenes, are come from *Italy*. Cardinal *Mazarin* endeavour'd to introduce them into *France*, whither, in 1647. he ſent for a Company of Players from beyond the *Alps*, who acted an Opera in *Italian* Verſe, call'd ORPHEO E EURYDICE. This Shew was no leſs ſurprizing by its Novelty, than by the Excellence of the Voices, the Variety of Airs, the Shifting of Scenes, the wonderful Turns of Machines, and the Magnificence of the Cloaths. The Succeſs that attended this Piece, occaſion'd the Preſentation of another of the ſame kind, at the King's Eſpouſals in 1660, under the Title of ERCOLE AMANTE, which was printed with a *French* Tranſlation, in favour of thoſe that did not underſtand *Italian*. This rais'd a general Deſire to ſee *French* Operas; but as they wanted good Muſicians, and fine Voices, ſo they were prepoſſeſs'd, that *French* Words did not admit of the

the ſame muſical Graces and Ornaments as the *Italian*. However, the Abbot *Perrin*, who had been Maſter of the Ceremonies to *Gaſton* of *France*, Duke of *Orleans*, undertook to ſurmount all theſe Obſtacles; and, in order to that, compos'd a Paſtoral, which he caus'd to be ſet to Muſick by *Cambert*, Maſter of the Muſick to the Queen Mother, and Organiſt of *St. Honore*'s Church. This Piece was firſt ſung at *Iſſy* in the Year 1659; but without either Machines or Dances; notwithſtanding which, it met with ſo univerſal an Applauſe, that Cardinal *Mazarin* caus'd it to be preſented ſeveral Times before the King at *Vincennes*. *This was*, ſays, Mr. *de St. Evremond*, *as it were, an Eſſay of an* Opera, *which pleas'd by its Novelty*; *But*, adds he, *what was ſtill better, was the Conſorts of Flutes, which had not been heard upon any Stage, ſince the* Greeks *and* Romans. This Piece was ſoon follow'd by another, entitled ARIADNE, the Verſes whereof, compos'd by the Abbot *Perrin*, were but indifferently well lik'd. It was rehearſed ſeveral times, but the Cardinal's Death hindred its being acted; and, for ſome Years, ſuſpended the Progreſs of the New-born Operas. In the mean time, the Abbot *Perrin* left no Stone unturn'd, to bring to bear an Undertaking, which had been ſo happy in its Beginning; And, in the Year 1669, obtain'd Letters Patent, for the Erecting *of an Acedemy of Operas in the* French *Language*; But not being able to bear alone the Trouble and exceſſive Expence of ſuch a Settlement; he took in Partners, *viz.* *Cambert*, for the Muſick; the Marquis *de Sourdeac*, for the Machines; and one *Champeron*, for the neceſſary Charges. As ſoon as this Agreement was concluded, they ſent for the moſt celebrated Muſicians from ſome Cathedrals in *Languedoc*, with whom *Cambert* join'd the beſt Voices he could find in other Pla-

ces; and ſo the Opera of POMONA was preſented at *Paris* on the Theatre of *Guenegaud*, in the Year 1671. The Verſes were alſo of the Abbot *Perrin*'s compoſing, but were not better lik'd than thoſe of *Ariadne*. However, that Piece was preſented eight ſucceſſive Months, with a general Applauſe: But, during that Interval, the Marquis *de Sourdeac*, under Pretence of the Money he had advanc'd, ſeiz'd upon the Theatre; and to make ſhift without the Sieur *Perrin*, employ'd Mr. *Gilbert*, who compos'd the Opera call'd LES PEINES ET LES PLAISIRS DE L'AMOUR, (*The Pains and Pleaſures of Love*) which was afterwards acted on the ſaid Theatre of *Guenegaud*. In the mean time, *John-Baptiſt-Lully*, a Native of *Florence* in *Italy*, Super-intendant of the King's Muſick, taking Advantage of the Miſunderſtanding that was crept among the Partners of the Opera, obtain'd, by the Intereſt of the Marchioneſs of *Monteſpan*, that the Abbot *Perrin* ſhould make over his Patent to him, for a certain Sum of Money: Which Alteration oblig'd *Cambert* to go over into *England*, where he died in 1677, Super-intendant of King *Charles* the Second's Muſick. *Lully* took into Partnerſhip the Sieur *Vigarini*, the King's Machiniſt, and fix'd his Theatre at the Tennis-Court of *Bel-Air*; where, in the Year 1672. he preſented the Publick with LES FESTES DE L'AMOUR ET DE BACCHUS: (*The Feſtivals of Love and Bacchus*;) Which was a Paſtoral, made up of Fragments of ſeveral Interludes; the Muſick whereof was compos'd by *Lully*, for the King, to Words made by Mr. *Quinault*. This Piece was follow'd by the Operas of CADMUS, ALCESTE, THESEUS, ATIS, ISIS, and a great many others, that need not be mention'd here. Let's return to Mr. *de St. Evremond*.

He

He begins his Obſervations on *Operas*, with ſaying, That though the Senſes be agreeably ſurpriz'd by the Pomp and Magnificence of thoſe Spectacles, yet, as the Mind finds nothing in them, that can either affect it, or fix its Attention, it is impoſſible not to be tir'd with ſuch an Entertainment. But what offends Mr. *de St. Evremond* moſt, in *Operas*, is *the ſinging of the whole Piece, from the Beginning to the End; as if the Perſons repreſented, had ridiculouſly agreed to treat in Muſick, both the moſt common, and the moſt important Affairs of their Lives. Is it to be imagin'd*, adds he, *That a Maſter calls his Servant, or ſends him on an Errand; That one Friend imparts a Secret to another; That Men debate in Council; in ſhort, That Orders are given in Battle*, SINGING; *And that Men are melodiouſly kill'd with Swords and Darts?* Not that he pretends to baniſh all manner of ſinging from the Stage: For he very judiciouſly obſerves, that all that relates to the Service of the Gods, was ever ſung; and that the Paſſion of a Lover; the Irreſolution of a Soul toſs'd by different Motions; and other Subjects of this Nature, are proper enough for Muſick; But he is of Opinion, 'That 'all that belongs to Converſation and Confe-'rences; all that relates to Intrigues and Affairs; 'all that concerns Counſel and Action, is proper 'for Actors to rehearſe, and ridiculous in the 'Mouth of Muſicians that ſing it. The *Grecians*, 'adds he, made admirable Tragedies, where they 'had ſome Singing; the *Italians*, and the *French*, 'make bad ones, where they ſing all. This gives him occaſion to define an *Opera*, *an odd Medley of Poetry and Muſick, wherein the Poet and Muſician, equally confin'd one by the other, take a world of Pains to compoſe a wretchd Performance.* He ſhews afterwards, how Comedies might be contriv'd, *where Dances and Muſick might be introduc'd, that would not*

in

in the leaſt hurt the Repreſentation: And then proceeds to ſome Reflections on the different Genius of *Lully* and *Cambert*. He compares the *Italian* with the *French* Operas, and maintains, that as for the manner of Singing, which we call in *France, Execution,* (or *Performance*) *no Nation can juſtly vie with us.* He afterwards examines the different Manner of Singing of the *Italians,* the *Spaniards,* and the *Engliſh,* and concludes, That *Solus Gallus cantat,* none but the *French*-Man ſings. He backs his Opinion by the Authority of the famous *Luigi,* who could not endure that the *Italians* ſhould pretend to ſing his Airs, after he had heard them ſung by the beſt Voices of *Paris*; and ſaid openly in *Italy,* that *to make fine Muſick,* Italian *Airs muſt come out of a* French *Mouth.* Mr. *de St. Evremond* acknowledges, at the ſame time, *That no People have a ſlower Comprehenſion, both for the true Senſe of Words, and for humouring the Thought of the Poet, than the* French; and *that there are but few that leſs underſtand the Quantity, and that with greater Difficulty find out the Pronunciation; But when, by long Study, they have ſurmounted all theſe Difficulties, and are Maſters of what they ſing, nothing takes like them.* He then proceeds to the Machines of Operas, and ſpares them no more than the other Irregularities he has obſerv'd in thoſe Muſical Repreſentations; and concludes, *That the Conſtitution of our Operas muſt appear altogether extravagant to thoſe who are true Judges of the* Probable *and the* Wonderful. 'Nevertheleſs, adds he, one 'runs a Riſque of having his Judgment call'd in 'Queſtion, if he dares declare his Good-taſte; 'and I adviſe others, when they hear any Diſ-'courſe of *Operas,* to keep their Knowledge a 'Secret to themſelves. For my part, (continues 'he) who am paſt the Age and Time of ſigna-'lizing my ſelf by any new Modes or Fancies, I 'am

'am reſolv'd to ſtrike in with Good-ſenſe, and to 'follow Reaſon, tho' in Diſgrace, with as much 'Zeal, as if it were ſtill in as much Vogue as 'formerly.

Mr. *de St. Everemond* was ſo offended, to ſee that every Thing, even the moſt familiar Diſcourſes, and the moſt trivial Affairs, were ſung in *Operas*, that the better to expoſe the Ridicule of ſuch a Practice, he diverted himſelf with the Writing a Comedy, called the OPERA, wherein he introduces a young Woman, who by the Reading and Singing of *Operas*, is arrived at that paſs, that ſhe will not condeſcend to ſpeak with any Body, but in Metre, and Singing. In a Scene of this Piece, he brings in a ſhort Criticiſm on the Operas that had then been repreſented, ſuch as the Paſtoral of ISSY, POMONA, THE PAINS AND PLEASURES OF LOVE, ARIADNE, CADMUS, ALCESTA, THESEUS, and ATHYS. He gives, at the ſame time, the Character of *Cambert*, and does not omit giving Mr. *Quinault* the Praiſes he has ſo well deſerved.

I ſhall add in this Place, that ſome great *Italian* Muſicians being come into *England* not many Years after, ſome of Mr. *de St. Evremond*'s Friends endeavoured to engage him to recant what he had ſaid in his Reflections on Operas, in favour of the *French* Singing: Whereupon he wrote a ſmall Piece, entitled, AN ECLAIRCISMENT; but with ſuch an ironical Turn, that he does but confirm what he had before advanced.

1677. I ſhall now acquaint you how he came to write his DISSERTATION *on the Word* VAST. Some Body having, amongſt other Praiſes, ſaid of Cardinal *de Richelieu*, that *he had a* vaſt *Mind*, or *Genius, without adding any other Epithet*, Mr. *de*

St. Evremond maintain'd, That that Expreſſion was not juſt; That a VAST GENIUS was taken either in a good or bad Senſe, according to the other Adjectives that attended it; That *a vaſt, wonderful, and penetrating Genius*, denoted an admirable Capacity; and that, on the contrary, *a vaſt and immoderate Genius*, was a Genius that loſt it ſelf in rambling Thoughts; in fine, but airy Ideas; in Deſigns too great, and not at all proportion'd to the Means that may render 'em Succeſsful. The Dutcheſs of *Mazarin* oppos'd Mr. *de St. Evremond's Opinion*; and after a long Diſpute, they both agreed to refer the Matter to the Deciſion of the Gentlemen of the *French* ACADEMY. The Abbot *de St. Real*, who after he had accompanied that Lady into *England*, and ſtaid here a few Months, was return'd to *Paris*, having been deſired to conſult them, they gave their Judgment in favour of My Lady *Mazarin*: But altho' Mr. *de St. Evremond* had already paſs'd Condemnation, yet when he ſaw their Deciſion, he declared, *That his Recantation was not ſincere, but a meer Effect of Complaiſance, and a voluntary Submiſſion of his Thoughts to thoſe of Madam* Mazarin. Hereupon, he not only reſum'd the Opinion he had at firſt maintain'd, but abſolutely denied that the Word *Vaſt* can ever be a Commendation, and aſſerted, *That nothing is capable of rectifying that Quality.* He urged that, Great *is a Perfection in Mind*, Vaſt, *always a Reproach*; *That a juſt and regulated Extent made the* Great; *and an immoderate Greatneſs the* Vaſt. All this he proves by Examples drawn out of the beſt ancient Writers; after which, he Examines the VAST GENIUS which is aſcrib'd to *Homer* and *Ariſtotle*; and the VAST SOUL which is attributed to PYRRHUS, CATILINE, CHARLES V. and Cardinal *de* RICHE-

LIEU; and then ſhews, that the beſt Works of thoſe celebrated Authors, and the moſt ſhining Atchievments of thoſe great Captains, ought to be aſſign'd to the other Qualities of their Minds; and their Errors and chimerical Deſigns, imputed to that of *Vaſt*. Thus Mr. *de St. Evremond* found an ingenious Way of inſerting the Characters of thoſe Great Men, in a Work which any but himſelf would have fill'd up with bare Grammatical Enquiries and Remarks.

1678. The Duke of *Nevers* uſed frequently to ſend to the Dutcheſs of *Mazarin*, his Siſter, ſome Copies of Verſes of his own making; having a Genius for Poetry, tho' he gave too great a Looſe to his rapturous Fancy, and did not ſufficiently correct his Compoſures. Nevertheleſs, there being ſomething New in his Thoughts, and in the Turn he gave 'em, his Works were agreeable and entertaining. Madam *Mazarin* having communicated to Monſieur *de St. Evremond* an Epiſtle, which the Duke of *Nevers* had addreſs'd to the *Abbé Bourdelot*, deſiring him to give her his Judgment upon it; Mr. *de St. Evremoud* return'd her an Anſwer, *That there were in that little Piece, ſome Verſes of as high and noble Strain, as he had ſeen a long while before in our Language. I Value them the more*, adds he, *becauſe there's Novelty and good Sence; which are not eaſily match'd. For our Novelties have often a Caſt of Extravagance; and the good Sence which is found in our Writings, is generally borrow'd from Antiquity, rather than of our own Growth. I could wiſh We ſhould be inſpir'd by the Wit of the Ancients, but would not have us ſteal it, and paſs it for our own. I would have 'em teach us to think well, but hate to make uſe of their Thoughts. What remains of their Works had the Advantage of Novelty, when they wrote it; whereas, what we borrow from them now, is grown Obſolete from Age to Age; and is fallen, as it were, dead and*

extinguiſh'd into the Brain of our Authors. What have we to do with a New Author, who puts forth nothing but Old Productions; who ſets himſelf out with the Fancies of the Greeks, *and impoſes on the World their Knowledge for his own? A vaſt number of Rules, made Three Thouſand Years ago, are ſet up to be the Standard of what's Writing now-a-days; without conſidering, that neither the Subjects to be treated, nor the Genius to be regulated, are the ſame. If we ſhould make Love, like* Anacreon *and* Sappho, *nothing would be more Ridiculous; if like* Terence, *nothing more Plebeian, or Citizen-like; and if like* Lucian, *nothing more Groſs and Lewd. All Ages have a peculiar Character proper to themſelves: They have their Politicks; their Intereſts; their Affairs; and in ſome meaſure their Morals, having their particular Virtues and Vices. I own 'tis all Humanity ſtill; but Nature is various in Men; and Art, which is nothing but an imitation of Nature, ought to vary as that does. Our Impertinencies are not the ſame which* Horace *ridicul'd; nor are our Vices the ſame which* Juvenal *rebuked: We muſt therefore, make uſe of other Banters and Reproofs.*

After the Peace of *Nimeguen*, Mr. *de St. Evremond* wrote an EPISTLE in Verſe to the King, wherein he indirectly asks Leave to return to his Native Country. Count *D'Olonne* having beſtow'd great Praiſes on that Piece; 'I know not, 'ſays Mr. *de St. Evremond*, in his Anſwer to him, 'why you ſhould admire my Verſes, ſince I don't 'admire 'em my ſelf: For I muſt inform you, 'That in the Opinion of a celebrated Maſter * in 'the Art of Poetry, a Poet is always the moſt 'Affected with his own Compoſures. For my 'part, I find a great many Faults in mine, which 1679.

'I might Correct, if Exactneſs were not extream-
'ly Troubleſome to my Humour, and did not
'take up more Time than a Perſon of my Age
'can ſpare. Beſides, I have another Excuſe to
'make, which, if I am not miſtaken, you will ad-
'mit of. *Eſſays* are ſeldom *Maſter-Pieces*; and the
'Praiſes I beſtow upon the King, being the firſt
'true and ſincere Commendations I ever gave, it
'can be no Wonder I had no better Succeſs. As
'for thoſe you beſtow upon me, they are an in-
'genious *Irony*, of which Rhetorical Figure, I was
'formerly ſo great a Maſter, that the Mareſchal
'of *Clerembaut* thought no Body but my ſelf capa-
'ble to vye with you in it. *However*, You ought
'not to have employ'd it againſt a Man, who has
'loſt the Uſe of it, and who is ſo entirely your
'Humble Servant as I am.

1680. He afterwards compos'd a little Piece upon FRIENDSHIP, which Madam *Mazarin* cauſed to be printed in *London*, and maliciouſly Entiled it, *FRIENDSHIP without Friendſhip, Dedicated to the Earl of St.* Albans. Mr. *de St. Evremond* enquires, in the firſt Place, into the Reaſon why the greateſt Men of Antiquity, ſuch as *Alcibiades*, *Ageſilaus*, *Alexander*, *Scipio*, and *Julius Cæſar*, were ſo little addicted to the Love of the Fair Sex; whilſt that Wiſe and Learned King, *Solomon*, made it the *conſtant Amuſement of his Life*. He afterwards endeavours to Juſtify that Prince's Conduct; and ſupports his Arguments by the Examples of *Syphax*, the Emperor *Auguſtus*, Mr. *de Senecterre*, and the Mareſchal *d' Eſtrées*, who, even in their Old Age, abandon'd themſelves to the Love of Women. *However*, adds he, *notwithſtanding theſe Abſurdities, I ſhould highly Value a Man, who ſhould have ſuch ſtrength of Judgment, as to preſerve the Reliſh of Liberty to the end of his Life. Not that an abſolute Independance is commendable neither: For it generally pro-*

duces Indifference and Ingratitude. Let us therefore equally avoid Slavery, and entire Liberty, and content our ſelves with a ſweet and civil Affection, as agreeable to our Friends, as to our ſelves. If one requires of me more than a warm Concern, for the Intereſts of thoſe I Love; more than my little Aſſiſtance, as inconſiderable as it is, in their Neceſſities; more than Diſcretion in Converſation, and Secrecy in Confidence; let him court other Mens Friendſhip; for mine can afford nothing more. He ſhews afterwards, what Diſorders are ſometimes produc'd by what is call'd *Friendſhip*; and makes it appear, that there are different ſorts of Friends, equally dangerous and troubleſome. He gives the true Character of Friendſhip; and obſerves how much that Virtue has been recommended by the Philoſophers and good Men of all Ages. In the laſt Place, he takes Notice of the Inconveniencies that ariſe from too great a Number of Friends; both in relation to our ſelves, and with reſpect to thoſe we profeſs to love.

Mr. *de St. Evremand* uſed to paſs the Summer Seaſon with the Court at *Windſor*; where he often convers'd with Mr. *Voſſius*, who being come over into *England*, in the Year 1670, had receiv'd his Degrees of Doctor at Law, and whom the King made one of the Prebends of *Windſor*, in 1673. Madam *Mazarin* was alſo very much pleas'd with the Converſation of that Learned Man; who often eat at her Table, and of whom She uſed to ask Queſtions, on all manner of Subjects. I ſhall take this Opportunity to give you a Sketch of *Iſaac Voſſius*'s Character, which you have deſir'd of me. He Underſtood moſt *European* Languages; and Spoke well none of them. He had an immenſe Stock of Learning; a critical and profound Knowledge of the Genius and Cuſtoms of ancient Nations: But was entirely Ignorant of the Man-

ners of his Cotemporaries. He was Pedantick and Unpolite, even in his ordinary way of Speaking; expreſſing himſelf in Converſation, as he might have done in a Comment upon *Juvenal*, or *Petronius*. At the very time he was Writing Books to prove that the Verſion of the *Septuagint* was of *Divine Inſpiration*, his private Diſcourſes intimated, that he believed no Revelation at all. The unedifying manner in which he * died, leaves no room to doubt his being of that impious Opinion: For notwithſtanding all the Care and Endeavours that were uſed, he could never be induced to acknowledge, tho' in general Terms, the Truth of Chriſtianity; about which he obſtinately preſerv'd a profound Silence. And yet, which is hard to be comprehended, *He had a childiſh and fooliſh Credulity for any thing that was uncommon, fabulous, and paſt Belief.* Theſe are the very Words of Mr. *de St. Evremond*, † who had long enough convers'd with *Voſſius*, to know him thoroughly. After this, how can any one pretend, That the Free-Thinkers, have refined Minds; wean'd from Prejudice; and which admit nothing but what is exactly True, and palpably Evident!

1681. Mr. *Juſtel* retir'd, with his Family, into *England*, towards the end of the Year 1681, in order to enjoy here the Liberty of his Conſcience; and was, ſome Time after, made the King's Library-Keeper at St. *James's*. Nevertheleſs, he ſtill regretted the Sweets of Life he had left behind him in *France*, and often lamented himſelf upon

* *Iſaac Voſſius* died at *London*, the 20th of *Febr.* 1688. Mr. *Wood* is miſtaken in his *Athenæ Oxonienſes*, wherein he ſays, he died at *Windſor*.

† *In his Diſcourſe to the Mareſchal de* Crequi, *before-mention'd.* Pag. LXX.

upon that Subject; which gave Mr. *de St. Evremond* occaſion to write to him a pretty long Letter, wherein he defends the *Romiſh* Church like a Gentleman, with a great deal of Wit and Politeneſs; and without engaging himſelf in the litigious Subtleties of the Divines.

Not long after, Mr. *Morin*, a Man of obſcure Birth, and who had no other Merit, than his being a great Gameſter, brought over *Baſſet* into *England*; and generally kept a Bank at the Dutcheſs of *Mazarin's* who loved that Game paſſionately. Mr. *de St. Evremont* wrote thereupon ſeveral Pieces, wherein he complains, That *Baſſet* ſuppreſs'd the Reading of Good Books, and ſpoil'd agreeable Converſation. Here follow ſome of thoſe Verſes, wherein you will find the Characters of the Learned Men, who then made up part of that Lady's Court. 1682.

HAPPY the Time when Reaſon *rul'd your Houſe,*
The kind Companion of your ſofter Vows:
Wiſdom and Pleaſure, did your Hours employ,
To Learning thoſe were giv'n, and theſe to Joy.
Of China, * Voſſius *a grave Treatiſe brings,*
Divine the Nation, and her Thouſand Kings:
Old Rome, *as in his ſpacious Chart deſign'd,*
You Forty Times as big as Paris *find.*
Juſtel *crys up the Critick, Learn'd and Clear,*
Where the Dark Prophets in ſuch Light appear,
That the Old Law *may Vindicate the* New;
Invited by your Fame, applies to you.

* Mr. *Voſſius* was extreamly prepoſſeſt in favour of *China*; pretending, That the *Chineſe* excell'd all the *Europeans* in Wit, Arts, and Sciences. Nor was his Prejudice leſs extraordinary as to the Bigneſs and Number of Inhabitants of ancient *Rome*.

Here ſafe Pere Simon's † *Works he may diſplay,*
And give to Light, what France *forbad the Day.*
Leti * *the Life of the Fifth* Sixtus *brings,*
For you th' Hiſtorian Writes, and Poet Sings;
From Leti *you may Hope another Name;*
His narrow Talent will enlarge your Fame.
What do theſe Scholars by their Learning gain?
What by the Labours of their working Brain?
Of late a Nod they ſcarce receive, and now
'Tis much, if they a Curts'y meet, or Bow:
Neglected now on Mazarin *they look,*
For now Baſſet's, *alas! her only Book.*
She knows them not, and if ſhe knows, regards;
Baſſet's *her Study, and her Book's the Cards.*
Aſide are Plutarch, *and Don* Quixot *thrown,*
Racine *diſguſts, and* Montaign's *Credit's gone;*
Patru's *Impertinent, and* la Fontaine,
Has the ſame Fortune, with his ſporting Vein.

There happen'd in the Year 1683, an Accident, with which the Dutcheſs of *Mazarin* was extreamly affected. Baron *Banier*, a *Swediſh* Gentleman, fell paſſionately in Love with that Lady, who was not Cruel to him: At which Prince *Philip* of *Savoy*, her Nephew, conceiv'd ſo great Jealouſy, that he fought a Duel with the *Swediſh* Baron, and gave him a Mortal Wound, of which he died a few Days after. His Relations fail'd not Proſecuting Prince *Philip*, who was poſſeſs'd of

† *The* CRITICAL HISTORY OF THE OLD TESTAMENT *was in the Year* 1678, *prohibited at* Paris; *and Father* Simon *deſpairing to obtain a Priviledge for his* CRITICK *on the New Teſtament, deſign'd to ſend it to his good Friend Mr.* Juſtel, *to have it Printed at* London.

* *Signior* Gregorio Leti, *Author of the Life of* Sixtus the Vth, *and an infinite Number of other Hiſtorical and Political Pieces, was at that time in* London.

of ſeveral great Benefices in *France*; ſo that as Madam *Mazarin* was diſconſolate for the Loſs of her Lover, ſhe was no leſs apprehenſive for her Nephew, leſt he ſhould be condemn'd, and loſe all his Church Preferments. She caus'd her Apartment to be hung with Black: and hardly admitted the Viſits of her beſt Friends. In ſhort, ſhe expreſs'd ſuch a ſolemn Sorrow, that Mr. *de St. Evremond* did make no doubt of her leaving *England*, in order to return into *Spain*, and paſs the remainder of her Life in the ſame Convent with the Conſtable *Colonna*'s Lady, her Sifter. This appear'd the more likely, becauſe the Duke of *Mazarin* had ſent over into *England*, Mademoiſelle *Du Ruz*, formerly a Retainer to his Dutcheſs, who uſed all her Endeavours to entertain and cheriſh her Grief, and engage her to retreat into a Monaſtery: Whereupon, Mr. *de St. Evremond* wrote Three or Four Letters to Madam *Mazarin*, wherein he omitted nothing that might afford her Comfort, and divert her Thoughts from a Deſign ſo inconſiſtent with her Happineſs and Repoſe. He made to her a lively Repreſentation of all the Inconveniencies and Diſguſts of ſuch a Solitude; and told her, That in the preſent Diſpoſition her Mind was in, it would be impoſſible for her to bear with them. 'Indeed, *ſays he*, if you 'were touch'd and acted by a particular Grace, 'that ſhould devote you to GOD's Service, the 'Hardſhip of your Condition might be excus'd 'by the Ardour of your Zeal, which would make 'every thing inſupportable to you: But you 'are neither Convinc'd, nor Affected; and you 'muſt even learn to believe in him whom you are 'going to ſerve ſo auſterely. You will not only meet 'with all the Hardſhips that attend Nuns, but 'will miſs the Spouſe that comforts them. The 'being one Day in Doubt about the Happineſs

'of

'of another Life, is ſufficient to caſt into De-
'ſpair the chaſteſt Maid in a Nunnery: For,
'Faith alone ſtrengthens her, and makes her ca-
'pable to ſupport the Mortifications ſhe under-
'goes. Who knows, Madam, whether you will
'believe but one Quarter of an Hour, what ſhe
'muſt ever believe to avoid being Unhappy?
'Who knows whether the Idea of a promis'd Fe-
'licity, will ever be powerful enough to bear
'you up againſt the Senſe of preſent Ills? 'Tis
'in the midſt of the Univerſe where the Con-
'templation of the Wonders of Nature will lead
'you to his Knowledge, on whom it depends.
'The Sight of the Sun will make you compre-
'prehend the Greatneſs and Magnificence of Him
'that form'd it; That wonderful and juſt Order
'which knits and entertains all Things, will
'bring you acquainted with his Wiſdom. In
'ſhort, Madam, in this World which you deſign
'to quit, GOD lies all open and ready explain'd
'to our Thoughts: *Whereas* He lies ſo cloſe in
'Monaſteries, that He rather conceals, than diſ-
'covers Himſelf; and is ſo diſguis'd by the mean
'and unworthy Forms under which He is repre-
'ſented, that the moſt Inlighten'd, have much
'ado to Know Him.

You will not Wonder, SIR, to find, that Mr. *de St. Evremond* allows the Dutcheſs ſo ſmall a Stock of Devotion, if you reflect that in her MEMOIRS we are aſſured, That Cardinal *Mazarin* had early perceiv'd her Inclination to Irreligion. *One of the things*, ſays the Dutcheſs, *he was moſt diſſatisfied with us* * *for, was Devotion. You cannot*

* *Meaning, the Dutcheſs of* Mazarin, *her ſelf; her Siſter, who afterwards married the Conſtable* Colonna; *and her Brother the Duke of* Nevers.

cannot imagine how much he was concern'd at our having ſo little on't; Nor did he omit any Argument he thought proper to Inſpire us with it. Among the reſt, complaining once to us, becauſe we did not hear Maſs every Day, he told us, we had neither Piety, nor Honour: At leaſt, *ſaid he,* if you don't hear it for GOD's ſake, hear it for the † World's. But if theſe were the Dutcheſs of *Mazarin*'s Sentiments, when ſhe was hardly paſt a Child, there's no doubt to be made, but her Irreligion increas'd by the Duke her Husband's extream Bigotry and fantaſtical Superſtition; and afterwards gather'd Strength in her Travels, by her Converſation with Men of Wit and Learning, who entertain'd very free Thoughts about Religion. 'Twas, therefore, upon good Ground, that Mr. *de St. Evremond* repreſented to her, That ſhe had need of more Knowledge and Grace, before ſhe ſhould think of turning Nun. She follow'd the Advice that was given her; her Nephew was clear'd; and Time having moderated her Sorrow, ſhe had no further Thoughts of leaving *Great-Britain.*

The Dutcheſs having recover'd a great Fit of Sickneſs in 1684, ſaid one Day, jeſting, She ſhould be glad to know, what People would ſay of her, after her Death? This was ſufficient to engage Mr. *de St. Evremond* to write her Panegyrick, under the Title of *FUNERAL ORATION on the Dutcheſs of* Mazarin: Wherein he takes notice of her Birth; of the Illuſtrious Perſons that demanded her in Marriage: Of the Motives that induc'd the Cardinal, her Uncle, to beſtow 1684.

† *See Madam* Mazarin's *Memoirs.* pag. 15, 16.

beſtow her on the Duke of *la* * *Meilleraye*, and what Judgment the Court paſs'd upon it; of that Duke's fooliſh and ridiculous Devotion; of the ill Uſage Madam *Mazarin* receiv'd at his Hands, which at laſt, forc'd her to go away from him, and to ſacrifice all her Riches to her Liberty and Reaſon; of the ſeveral Journeys ſhe was oblig'd to take; of her return to *Chamberry*; of her coming into *England*; of her kind Reception, and of her noble and agreeable Way of Living here. 'Madam *Mazarin*, ſays he, is no ſooner arriv'd in 'one Place, than ſhe ſets up a Houſe in it, which 'cauſes all the others to be abandon'd: One finds 'there the greateſt Freedom in the World, and 'yet all obſerve an equal Diſcretion: Every one 'has there more Conveniencies than at Home, 'and more Reſpect paid him than at Court. 'Tis 'true, People diſpute there often; but with more 'Knowledge than Warmth: Not ſo much with 'deſign to contradict Perſons, as to clear Matters; 'and rather to enliven Converſation, than raiſe 'the Spleen. What they play for is inconſiderable; 'and as they play only for Diverſion, you 'cannot diſcover in the Faces of thoſe that play 'there, either the Fear of Loſing, or the Sorrow 'for having Loſt. Nay, ſome are ſo far diſintereſted, that they are found Fault with for Rejoycing at their Loſſes, and concern'd at their 'Winnings. Gaming is relieved by moſt delicious Repaſts; in which one finds all that comes 'from *France*, for the Nice; all that's brought 'from the *Indies*, for the Curious; and the moſt 'common

* *He did it on Condition, that he ſhould take the Name and Coat of Arms of* Mazarin.

'common Meats become Rarities, by the exqui-'ſite Way in which they are dreſs'd.

He wrote afterwards Two little Diſcourſes on RELIGION: In the firſt of which, he ſhews the unhappy State of thoſe who live in Doubt; the Advantages of the ſincerely Devout; and the various Judgments that are paſs'd on thoſe who leave the World, for a retir'd or recluſe Life. He endeavours to ſhew in the other Piece, That *Religion is our laſt Love*; and that a Converted Sinner, generally intermixes the Idea of his worn-out Paſſions, with the moſt tender Sentiments of his Devotion.

Mr. *de St. Evremond* made about that Time ſome OBSERVATIONS *on the Taſte and Judgment of the* French. He obſerves in the firſt Place, *That tho' the Genius of the* French *ſeems generally to be but mean, it is certain, that thoſe who diſtinguiſh themſelves among them, are capable of the moſt Noble Productions: But*, adds he, *when they know how to perform, we know not how to admire them; and if we have done Juſtice to ſome excellent Work, our Levity does not ſuffer it to enjoy long the Reputation we have given it.* He wonders, that in ſo Polite a Court as that of *France*, Good and ill Taſte, True and Falſe Wit, ſhould, like Faſhions in Cloaths, be in Vogue by turns. He gives ſome Inſtances of theſe odd and unaccountable Changes; adding, That the Ignorant or prejudic'd Multitude, generally drowns the ſmall Number of true Judges. *There is no Country*, continues he, *where Reaſon* (or Sence) *is ſcarcer than in* France; *but when 'tis found there, none purer in the whole Univerſe.* He ſays afterwards, That the Caprice of the *French* has ſomething ſo Noble in it, that Foreigners forego their good Sence, to follow that; and takes notice of the conſiderable Advantages *France* draws from that Prepoſſeſſion *in their* Favour.

Mr.

Mr. *de St. Evremond* ſuſtain'd a great Loſs by the Death of King *Charles* II.; and as he did not ſo much rely on the Affection of King *James*, altho' this Prince had ſhewn himſelf extream Kind to him, he deſired his Friends to renew their Endeavours to procure his Return to *France*. The Mareſchal *de Crequi* adviſed him to write to the King, and promis'd to deliver his Letter, and to back it to the utmoſt of his Power; but it had no more Effect than the former. We did not find that Letter in Mr. *de St. Evremond's* Papers; but here follows that which he wrote, at the ſame time to the Mareſchal *de Crequi*.

'I ſend you herewith, my Lord, the Letter you 'have adviſed me to write to the King, and 'which you have ſo obligingly, promis'd me to 'deliver to His Majeſty. You will find in it a 'perfect Submiſſion, and a ſincere Repentance of 'a Fault, of which I have no other Knowledge, 'than by the Puniſhment I undergo for it. This 'alone, is to me a Conviction of my Crime: If 'I did not know that the King puniſhes no Body 'that has not deſerv'd it, I ſhould be ſtill unſenſenſible of my having offended. As the Affections of the Heart caſt a Cloud before the Underſtanding; ſo the Zeal I felt within me for 'every thing that concerns the King, did not 'ſuffer me to believe that I could diſpleaſe him. 'A little leſs Confidence in my Zeal, and more 'Precaution, would have made me ſtay in *France*, 'where I ſhould have had the Honour to converſe with your Lordſhip; which would have 'been the greateſt Happineſs of my Life. But a 'Man muſt adapt himſelf the beſt he can to the 'State he is in, without ſeeking a vain Comfort 'in the Remembrance of his paſt Condition. 'After all, I cannot account my ſelf very Unhappy: If Fortune has depriv'd me of a ſmall

'Eſtate,

'Eſtate, ſhe has afforded me a glorious Trial: 'I mean, my Lord, the Proofs I receive of your 'Friendſhip, which I find as Warm and Hearty, 'after Five and Twenty Years Abſence, as it 'could have been if I had the Honour conſtant-'ly to be with your Lordſhip.

'As for the Advice you give me to Praiſe 'HIS MAJESTY, you will give me Leave 'not to follow it. Your Affection for me, makes 'you fancy, that I could give an agreeable Turn 'to his Praiſes: But I know how dangerous it 'is to commend a Prince, who has more Taſte 'and Diſcernment, than thoſe who commend 'him have either Wit or Genius. Moſt Praiſes 'are Groſs, and therefore Fulſome; Affected, 'and ſo Diſagreeable; Far-Fetch'd, and conſe-'quently Ill-Suited with the Subject: I muſt 'have fallen into one or other of theſe Inconve-'niencies; and I chuſe rather not to praiſe at 'all, than not praiſe well. 'Tis a great Pre-'ſumption for a Man to think, he can ſet off 'Things, that ſufficiently ſet off themſelves. 'They need but be named, to make an Impreſ-'ſion on Men's Minds. When ever they are men-'tion'd, I am the firſt that's affected with them; 'But I do not venture to launch out into Prai-'ſes, that might wrong them; and I think I do 'more in their behalf, by carefully avoiding to 'daub them, than others by curiouſly endeavour-'ing to heighten them.

Mr. *de St. Evremond* wrote about this Time, his REFLECTIONS *on the Poems of the Ancients*, and on *the Wonderful which is found in them*. He ſhews in that firſt Piece, That how admirable ſoever *Homer*'s Poems be, yet a Man would be ridiculous if he ſhould write one after that Model in our Age, wherein every thing is chang'd, as Religion, Politicks, Manners, Taſte, and Ways

of

of Living. In the other Piece he ſhews, That the *Wonderful* in the Poems of the Ancients, abſtractedly conſider'd in it ſelf, is little leſs ſtrange and odd, than that of *Knight-Errantry*; and that the Poets have committed the moſt infamous Actions to the Management of their Gods and Goddeſſes. This gives him occaſion to examine Two Maxims, that ſeem to contradict one another: The one, *That Poetry is the Language of the Gods*; the other, *That there is not ſuch a Fool in Nature, as a Poet.*

Mr. *Bernier* came about this Time into *England*, and Converſing often with Mr. *de St. Evremond*, the Eſteem they had both for *Gaſſendi*, the Reſtorer of the Philoſophy of *Epicurus*, generally led their Diſcourſe to the Doctrine of that ancient Philoſopher. This gave Mr. *de St. Evremond* occaſion to write a little Piece, wherein after having acknowledg'd, That of all the Opinions of the Philoſophers about the *Summum Bonum*, or the *Supreme Good*, none appears to him ſo reaſonable as that of *Epicurus*: He adds, that it is, however, no eaſy matter to determine, what he meant by the Word *Voluptuouſneſs*: Such is the variety of Opinions among the Ancients, about the *Morals of that Philoſopher.* He afterwards relates the Judgments that have been paſs'd upon him, both by his Enemies and Partiſans; and without giving abſolute Credit to either, examines himſelf what can be moſt rationally aſſerted upon that Subject. He does not believe that *Epicurus* deſign'd to introduce an auſtere and inſenſible Voluptuouſneſs, conſiſting in the Mortification of the Senſes: For he thinks that ſuch a Voluptuouſneſs is *more rigid than the Virtue of the Stoicks*; and he cannot apprehend, That a Philoſopher, *who did not believe the Immortality of the Soul*, and knew no other Felicity than that of this World, ſhould be willing to mortify his Senſes, and *chuſe*

to Diet upon Bread and Water, in order to attain the Supream Happineſs of Life. I wonder, adds he, *they don't determine the Voluptuouſneſs of ſuch an* Epicurus *in Death; For to conſider the Miſery of his Life, one would be apt to think that his Supream Good muſt be the Ending of it.* Mr. *de St. Evremond* is of Opinion, that 'Epicurus was a very wiſe Philoſopher, who, 'according to different Times and Occaſions, 'loved either Voluptuouſneſs in *Quiet*, that is In-'dolence; or Voluptuouſneſs in *Motion*: And 'that this difference of *Voluptuouſneſs*, has occaſi-'on'd the various Reputation, that Philoſopher 'has undergone. He afterwards takes notice of the great Changes which Age and Reflection produce both in our Opinions and Humours; and adds 'tis no wonder, that *in ſo great a variety of Views, and Paſſions,* Epicurus *who has written more than any other Philoſopher, hath variouſly treated the ſame Subject, according as he has differently view'd it, or been affected with it.* He is therefore of Opinion that we ought to conſider him differently, when in Health and the vigour of Youth, from what he was in Sickneſs and old Age. In the firſt State he enjoyed with Economy the moſt lively and moſt rapturous Pleaſures; and when he became Infirm and Languid, he had no reliſh but for the Indolence and Tranquility of Mind, in which the Happineſs of old Age conſiſts. Monſ. *de St. Evremond* had addreſs'd this Piece to Monſ. *Bernier*; but Madam *L'Enclos* having ſome time after deſired to know of him, whether he was the Author of ſome REFLECTIONS *on the Doctrine of* Epicurus, that were printed at *Paris* with his Name, he ſent her that Diſſertation; and Monſ. *Bernier* being lately Dead, he addreſs'd it to that Lady, under the Name of the *Modern Leontium.* She deſir'd to know of him likewiſe, what diſpoſition

his Mind was in, at that time, whereupon he ſent her the following Sonnet:

The ſweeteſt Moments I enjoy,
Are when good Books my Thoughts employ:
When I apply my ſelf to write,
'Tis not my Buſineſs, but Delight.

My Toſte of Satyr is no more,
And I malicious Praiſe give o're:
But when with Truth I can commend,
'Tis pleaſant then to pleaſe a Friend.

Far from France *my Life I lead,*
Far from Plenty, far from Need;
With my vulgar Fate Content,
And the little Heav'n has Lent.

Vertue, if not ſow'r, I chooſe;
Pleaſure, if not wild and looſe,
Life I love, but do not fly
At Death's Approach, nor fear to die.

Monſieur *de* St. *Evremond's* Friends in *England*, had a mind to procure him an Employment at the Court of King *James* II; and thereupon the Earl of *Sunderland*, Preſident of the Council and Secretary of State, propos'd to that Prince to create in his favour a Place of Secretary in Extraordinary to His Majeſty, whoſe Province ſhould be to write Letters in *French* to the other Princes and States of *Europe*. The King approv'd my Lord *Sunderland's* Motion: But Monſ. *de St. Evremond*, who thought it did not become him to accept ſuch an Office, did handſomely decline it, telling that Prime Miniſter, he was oblig'd to him for his Kindneſs; and deſired him withal, to return His Majeſty his humble Thanks for the

the Honour He intended him: adding, he would account himſelf very Happy to be able to ſerve Him; but that a Man of his Age ought to think of nothing, but to Husband well the ſmall Remainder of his Days, and ſpend it in Eaſe and Tranquility.

The Diſcourſe he compos'd at that Time, *On Retirement*, contains ſeveral *Reflections on the ordinary Defects of old Men*, and on the *Reaſons that ought to induce them to leave the World*. Monſ. *de St. Evremond* obſerves, that of all Retiretments, none were preferable to a Monaſtery, if *there were allow'd the neceſſary Conveniences for the Body, and a reaſonable Satisfaction for the Mind*. He wiſhes there were eſtabliſh'd Societies, whither Gentlemen might retreat, after they have done the Publick all the Service they are able; and where they might Reliſh both the Joy of a Pious Solitude, and the Innocent Pleaſure of a polite and agreeable Converſation. He afterwards relates what the Mareſchal *de Clerembault* thought about Retirement; adding, that as for himſelf, 'altho' he be perſuaded, that there are Times, wherein 'tis the higheſt Pitch of Wiſdom for a Man to retreat; nevertheleſs he truſts more to Nature than to Reaſon for his Retirement. *'Tis by her Impulſe*, continues he, *that amidſt the World I now retire from the World it ſelf. I am ſtill in it, as to what pleaſes me in it; but am out of it, as to what Incommodes me. I daily ſteal away from troubleſome Acquaintance, and tireſome Company: I daily ſeek a ſweet Intercourſe with my Friends, and place my greateſt Delight in their Nice Converſation. After the Rate I Live, 'tis neither a full Society, nor yet an abſolute Retreat; but an Innocent Confinement to what ſuits beſt with me. Diſguſted with Vice as too groſs, and Offended with the Practice of Vertue as too auſtere, I take up with harmleſs Diverſions, agreeable to the Repoſe of Old*

Age, and affecting me only in Proportion to the degree of the pleasurable Sensibility I am capable of. He says much the same Thing in the *Stanza's* he made on the Happy Beginning of King *James* the II's Reign.

1687 The Dutchess of *Bouillon* being come over into *England* in the Year 1687, to give a Visit to the Dutchess of *Mazarin*, her Sister, the celebrated Mr. *de la Fontaine* wrote to her a very genteel and witty Letter; which, at her Desire, Mr. *de St. Evremond* answer'd for her: And this was Acknowledg'd by a Letter of Thanks from Mr. *de la Fontaine*, no less valuable than the other. That Author (I mean Mr. *de la Fontaine*) had gain'd so great a Reputation in this Country, that My Lady *Harvey*, and some other Persons of extraordinary Merit, having, some Years after, been inform'd, that his Circumstances were but indifferent at *Paris*; they resolv'd to Invite him hither, where he should have wanted nothing; and tis very likely he would have come over, had he not been hindred by the Infirmities of old Age. The next following Year, Mr. *de St. Evremond* wrote to Dr. *Le Fevre*, a *London* Physician, his intimate Friend, what he thought concerning the Accounts of *Siam* of the Chevalier *de Chaumont*, Father *Tachard*, and the *Abbé de Choisi*. By this Piece it appears, that he had no great Idea, either of *Confucius*, or of *China*; but he speaks more particularly of that Country, in the Letter he wrote about that Time to Monsieur *Justel*, upon occasion of the Dispute between Mr. *Limborch* and the Jew *Orobio*.

You know *Sir*, that in the Year 1685 there was publish'd the *Life* of the Mareschal *de Varenne*, said to be written by Mr. *de Boisson*, first Captain, and Major of the Regiment of *Verdelin*.

lin *. That Officer's Friends caus'd it to be diſown'd in the *Journal des Savans*; and the Houſe of *Turenne* was ſo diſatisfied with it, that they reſolv'd to pitch upon ſome good Pen, to write the Life of that Great Captain. The Cardinal *de Bouillon*, who was not ignorant that Mr. *de St. Evremond* was Skill'd in the Military Art, and doubted not but he had Studied the Genius of the moſt celebrated Commanders of his Time, deſired him to ſend him the Mareſchal *de Turenne*'s Character, that it might be made uſe of towards his Hiſtory. Mr. *de St. Evremond* wrote thereupon a little Piece, where in the firſt Place he mention'd by what ſteps the Mareſchal *de Turenne* rais'd himſelf to the Command of an Army. He ſhews what particular Eſteem the Prince of *Condé* had for him, and with what Application he endeavour'd to improve himſelf, not only by his Actions, but alſo by his Converſation and Reflections. 'I remember, *ſays* 'he, he ask'd him one Day, *how he would manage* 'the War in Flanders? Make but few Sieges, 'anſwer'd the Mareſchal *de Turenne*, and give 'frequent Battles. When you have once render'd 'your Army Superior to the Enemy's, both by 'the Number and Goodneſs of the Troops; '(which you have almoſt done by the Battle of '*Rocroy*;) when you are once Maſter of the open 'Country, Villages will ſerve you inſtead of forti-'fied Towns; But Men rather Place their Honour 'in Reducing a Fortreſs, than in the means of

* *See* Mr. *Bayle*'s Reponſe aux Queſtions d'un Provincial. *Tom.* 1. p. 224.

† *'Tis ſaid for certain, that the* Abb' Raguenet *is about it; and as he will, undoubtedly, be furniſh'd with Good Memoirs, that Life, will in all probability, be quite different from that he has given us of* Oliver Cromwell, *in which there are ſcarce fewer Falſities than* Periods.

'making an eaſie Conqueſt of a whole Province. 'If the King of *Spain* had laid out in Maintain-'ing Troops, what he has Expended, both in 'Men and Money, to make Sieges, and Forti-'fying Places, he would by this time, be the 'moſt potent King on Earth. Mr. *de St. Evremond* mentions ſome of the Mareſchal *de Turenne*'s great Actions; ſhews what important Services he had done the Court during the Civil Wars; and makes afterwards ſome Reflections on his Zeal and Affection for the Publick Good, and the Honour of his Country; on his improvement of the Military Diſcipline; on his Conduct in relation to Cardinal *Mazarin*; and, in the laſt Place, on the Marks of Eſteem and Gratitude with which the King Honour'd him, even after his Death; His Majeſty having order'd him to be Interr'd at St. *Dennis*, in the Vault of the Kings of *France*. Mr. *de St. Evremond* acquaints us in that Piece, with a Particular which perhaps you will be glad to find in this Place; which is, that the Mareſchal *de Turenne* allow'd Fortune no Share in Events of War, but was of Opinion that the Loſs of a Battle was ever to be aſcrib'd to the ill Conduct of the Generals. *When a Man boaſts*, ſaid he, *that he has committed no Faults in War, he perſwades me that he has not been long a Soldier.* He ſaid likewiſe, that he loſt the Battles of *Mariendal* and *Rhetel* only for not ſtrictly obſerving the Maxims of War. Are not you, Sir, extreamly pleas'd with ſo Noble and ſo Elevated a Sentiment!

Mr. *de St. Evremond* reviſed at that time, the *Parallel* between the Prince of *Condé* and the Mareſchal *de Turenne*; which he had rough-drawn during his ſtay in *Holland*. A Fragment of it had been inſerted in the *Memoirs towards the Life of the Prince of* Condé, which were printed in *Paris* five Years

Years ago, in a Collection of *Miſcellanies* publiſh'd under the Name of Mr. *de St. Evremond*; But you will find that Piece entire in the Genuine Edition of his Works we have publiſh'd.

The moſt Chriſtian King intending to declare War againſt *England* in the Year 1689, ſaid to Count *de Grammont*, that Mr. *de St. Evremond might return to* France, *and he would be welcome.* Thoſe who had powerfully oppos'd his Return were dead and gone: And the King being at Liberty to follow his Natural Inclination, did, at laſt Mr. *de St. Evremond* the Juſtice he deſerv'd. Beſides, His Majeſty was apprehenſive, that it might be dangerous for him to ſtay in *England*; and thought *France* was the only State he could retire to, all the reſt of *Europe* being in Confederacy againſt him. Count *de Grammont* acquainted him with this good News; his other Friends Congratulated with him upon it, and preſs'd him to come over into *France*: But they were very much ſurpriz'd, when they ſaw he excus'd himſelf. He anſwer'd Count *de Grammont*, that he had a deep Senſe of Gratitude for the Favour his Majeſty intended him, and would have readily accepted it, were he in a condition to enjoy it; but that the Infirmities inſeparable from old Age, did not permit him to undertake ſuch a Journey, and to leave a Country, where, after all, he lived very agreeably and comfortably. He had Reaſon to ſay ſo: For King *William* ever honour'd him with his Protection and Kindneſs; made him often a Sharer of his Pleaſurable Entertainments; and gave him, more than once, ſolid Marks of his Favour. That Prince had alſo a great Regard for the Dutcheſs of *Mazarin*, who, at that time, found her ſelf in very hard Circumſtances. Some Parliament-Men would fain have had her ſent out of *England*: But the King took 1689.

her under his Protection, and allow'd her a Penſion of two Thouſand Pounds a Year. 'Tis true the Duke of *Mazarin* powerfully ſollicited her to return to *France*, which ſhe would readily have acquieſc'd in: But ſhe could not leave *England*, without either paying the Debts ſhe had Contracted here, or, at leaſt giving Security. In the mean time, the Duke of *Mazarin* enter'd an Action againſt her; and upon a Suppoſition that ſhe was free to leave *England*, if ſhe pleas'd, ſhe was caſt by a Decree of the Great Council. She might, perhaps, have ſecretly retir'd out of this Country; but ſhe was too generous to leave her Creditors in the Lurch. The PLEADING which Monſieur *Erard*, the Duke of *Mazarin*'s Council at Law, made againſt her, was printed at *Paris* ſome time after the Tryal of that Cauſe was over; and bore three or four Editions; but did not come to the Dutcheſs's Hands till the Year 1696. She was ſo enrag'd at the virulent Manner in which ſhe was expos'd in that Writing, that ſhe caus'd an Anſwer to be written to it; but having communicated the ſame to Mr. *de St. Evremond*, he found it too long and too paſſionate, and took upon him to new model it. He deſign'd to have retrench'd all violent Expreſſions againſt the Duke of *Mazarin*; but the Dutcheſs oppos'd it, ſaying, *ſhe knew very well, a Wife ought not to go from her Husband; and therefore nothing but a lively Repreſentation of his Exorbitancies could juſtifie her to the World.* Nor would ſhe ſuffer the Duke's Council to be ſpared, *for having*, added ſhe, *tranſgreſs'd the Laws of Truth, Judgment, and Decency, in relation to her.* Moreover, ſhe complain'd of him to the Dutcheſs of *Bouillon*, who having caus'd Mr. *Erard* to be tax'd with it, he endeavour'd to excuſe himſelf in a Letter to the Duke of *Caderouſſe*, which was tranſmitted to Ma-

Madam *de Mazarin*. Mr. *de St. Evremond*'s Anſwer to Mr. *Erard*'s Pleading, was publiſh'd in *London* in the Year 1696; with a Preface written by the Reverend *John* * *Dubourdieu*, containing a genteel Encomium on the Dutcheſs of *Mazarin*; tho' ſomewhat abridg'd and amended by Mr. *de St. Evremond*.

The latter wrote about that time a Copy of Verſes on the War then Raging in *Europe*. After having mention'd the ſeveral Potentates who had entred into a Confederacy againſt *France*, and taken notice of the different Motives that united them; he preſages that whatever Efforts that great Kingdom was able to make, it would not be poſſible for it to reſiſt ſo powerful Enemies: And the Reaſon he gives for it, is becauſe *France* had not, as before, Generals conſummate in the Art of War, to oppoſe them:

In France, *indeed, tho' threatned thus, you'l find*
Vigour and Conduct in her Councils join'd.
She'll early arm: for Peril ſhe'll provide:
And mighty Fleets ſhall in her Harbours ride;
While num'rous Armies ſhe at Land prepares,
And fires their Courage by her equal Cares.
Her Heroes had ſhe not Intomb'd beheld;
Thoſe Chiefs, who over-rul'd the bloudy Field;
Were they ſtill living, ſhe'd controul the War;
And vanquiſh'd Nations might attend her Carr:
But to her Grief, Great Turenne *is no more;*
And ne'er ſhall Condé *hear the Canon roar.*
Crequi's *expired; nought but his Name Survives;*
And Schomberg *for another Monarch lives.*

To

* *The ſame who has publiſh'd a Learned* Diſſertation on the *Theban* Legion.

To thoſe Great Men ſhe ow'd her florid State;
Their Prudence ne'er gave Way to Turns of Fate:
While they were running their Triumphant Race,
Secure ſhe lived from Danger and Diſgrace.
But doubtful, by their Loſs, will be her Doom;
For Fortune *now will her own Right reſume.*

Monſieur *de St. Evremond* did not live to ſee the Accompliſhment of his Prophecy; for *France* found means to maintain her Ground during the laſt War. The time of her Humiliation was not yet come: And Heaven, it ſeems, had decreed that the Repoſe and Liberty of *Europe* ſhould be owing to the Piety, Wiſdom, and Greatneſs of our Auguſt QUEEN: Under whoſe Glorious Auſpices the EUGENES and the MARLBOROUGHS are to the Allies, what the CONDES and the TURENNES were formerly to *France*.

1692. The Diſpute which aroſe in *France* about the *Ancients* and the *Moderns*, was often the Subject Matter of Converſation at the Dutcheſs of *Mazarin*'s: And becauſe Mr. *de St. Evremond* generally commended our beſt *French* Authors; this gave that Lady occaſion to engage him to write his Judgment on Mr. *Perrault's* PARALLEL, and on *Malherbe*, *Voiture*, *Sarraſin*, *Benſerade*, *Corneille*, *Racine*, *Deſpreaux*, and *la Fontaine*. He alſo wrote about that time a Copy of Verſes, wherein he maintains, that as to Philoſophy, Wit, and Galantry, the Moderns excel the Ancients.

1693. The Dutcheſs of *Mazarin* being fallen Sick in 1693, Mr. *de St. Evremond* wrote a DIALOGUE in Verſe, between the Old Man, that is, himſelf, and Death: Which, as was very well ob-

obſerved by Learned * Men, *is an Imitation of the* Prologue *of the* Alceſtes *of* Euripides; *tho' it ſurpaſſes its Original by the Delicacy of the Turn, and the nice Satyr that runs through it.* The *Queſtion is, whether any Body will die for the Dutcheſs of* Mazarin? *And this gives the Author occaſion to muſter up all the Friends, of both Sexes; of the Illuſtrious Sick Lady*; that is to ſay, *almoſt the whole Court of* England. *Their Characters are touch'd with a Maſterly Hand.*

Mr. *de St. Evremond* being included in the Tax the Parliament had laid on *Batchelors*, he took from thence occaſion to write a Copy of Verſes full of fire and Humour. Nor is there leſs of either in the Anſwer he wrote about that Time to the Epiſtle which the *Abbé de Chaulieu* had addreſs'd to the Dutcheſs of *Mazarin*; and which contain'd little elſe beſides an Encomium upon Mr. *de St. Evremond.* That ingenious *Abbé* had compared him to *Ovid*; to which he anſwer'd thus: 1695.

'There's no Compariſon, but what's diſobliging 'to you; there's no advantageous one, which I 'may claim with Reaſon. That of *Ovid* does not 'ſute with me. He was the moſt Witty and the 'moſt unfortunate Man of his Time: And I am 'not like him, either as to Wit or Misfortunes. 'He was exiled among Barbarians, where he made 'fine Verſes; but ſo Melancholy and Doleful, 'that they raiſe as great Contempt for his Weak-'neſs, as Compaſſion for his Diſgrace. Where I 'am, I ſee daily the Dutcheſs of *Mazarin*; I live 'among very Sociable Perſons, who have both 'a great deal of Merit, and a great deal of Wit; I 'make very indifferent Verſes: But ſo very Gay,

'that

* *See the* MEMOIRES pour l'Hiſtoire des Sciences et des beaux Arts; *Janv.* 1706. *p.* 30. *printed at Trevoux.*

'that they make my Humour to be envy'd, 'while they expoſe my Poetry to Contempt. I 'have too ſmall a Stock of Money; but I love to 'be in the Country where there's Plenty of it: 'Beſides, it fails us with our Lives; and the con-'ſideration of a greater Evil, is a ſort of Remedy 'againſt a leſſer. Thus you ſee I have ſeveral 'Advantages over *Ovid.* 'Tis true he was more 'Fortunate at *Rome* with JULIA, than I have 'been at *London* with HORTENSIA: But 'the Favours of *Julia* were the occaſion of his 'Misfortune, and the Rigours of *Hortenſia* do 'not make a Man of my Age uneaſie.

1656. Count *de Crammont* fell dangerouſly ill in the Year 1696; of which the King being inform'd, and knowing beſides that he was accounted to be inclin'd to Libertiniſm; he was pleaſed to ſend to him the Marquis of *Dangeau* to put him in Mind to take care of his Soul. Hereupon Count *de Grammont*, who was near Expiring, turning towards his Wife, who had ever been a very devout Lady, told her, *Counteſs, if you don't look to it,* Dangeau, *will rob you of my Converſion.* Mademoiſelle *de l'Enclos* having afterwards written to Mr. *de St. Evremond*, that Count *de Grammont* was recover'd, and even ſeem'd to have turn'd Devout; *I have learn'd*, anſwered he to her, *with a great deal of Pleaſure, that* Count de Grammont *has recover'd his former Health and gain'd new Devotion. Hitherto I contented my ſelf with being a downright Honeſt Man; but ſomething more muſt be done, and I only wait for your Example to turn Devout. You live in a Country that affords admirable Advantages for Salvation: Where Vice is almoſt as oppoſite to the Mode, as to Vertue; and where Sinning paſſes for ill-Breeding, and claſhes as much with Decency as with Religion. It was formerly enough to be Wicked;*

Now

Now one muſt be a Scoundrel withal, to be Damn'd in France. *Thoſe who have not Sufficient Conſideration for the other World, are led to Salvation by the Regards and Duties they lie under in this.* Mr. *de St. Evremond* did ſoon after congratulate with his Friend upon the News of his Recovery; and in order to divert him, ſent him his EPITAPH, at the End of which he inſerted his one CHARACTER.

'After having read, *ſays he*, the EPITAPH 'of Count *de Grammont*, if thou art curious to 'know him that made it, I ſhall give you his 'Character. He's a Philoſopher equally diſtant 'from *Superſtition* and *Impiety*: A Voluptuary, 'who has no leſs Averſion for *Debauchery*, than 'Inclination for *Pleaſure*: One who never felt the 'Preſſure of *Indigence*, and was never acquainted 'with *Plenty*. He lives in a Condition, deſpis'd 'by them that have all at Command; Envied 'by thoſe who have Nothing; and Reliſhed by 'thoſe who place Happineſs in Reaſon. When 'Young, he hated Profuſeneſs, being perſuaded 'that Wealth is neceſſary for the Conveniences 'of a long Life: Now he's Old, he can hardly 'endure Thriftineſs and Oeconomy; being of 'Opinion, that Want is little to be dreaded, when 'a Man has but little Time to be Indigent in. 'He bleſſes Nature, and does not complain of 'Fortune. He hates Vice; is Indulgent to 'Faults; and pities Misfortunes. He does not 'pry into Men's Defects with deſign to expoſe 'them, but only culls out what's Ridiculous 'in them to make himſelf Merry with it: He has 'a ſecret Pleaſure in finding it out; and would 'take a greater in Diſcovering it to others, 'were he not over-ruled by Diſcretion.

'Life, in his Opinion, is too ſhort to read all 'ſorts of Books, and burden one's Memory with

'Abun-

'Abundance of Things at the Expence of one's 'Judgment: He does not affect the moſt learned 'Writings, to acquire Knowledge; but the moſt 'Rational, to fortifie his Reaſon. Sometimes, he 'looks for the moſt Delicate, to refine his Taſte; 'ſometimes for the moſt entertaining, to enliven his 'Genius. To make up his Character, I muſt 'deſcribe him as to his Friendſhip, and Religion. 'In Friendſhip, he is more Conſtant than a Philo-'ſopher; and more Sincere than a good-natured, 'unexperienc'd Young Man. As to Religion,

'Juſtice and Charity ſupply the Place
'Of rigid Penance, and a formal Face.
'His Piety, without inflicted Pains,
'Flows eaſie, and Auſterity diſdains.
'God only is the Object of his Care,
'Whoſe Goodneſs leaves no Room for black Deſpair:
'Within the Boſom of his Providence,
He places his Repoſe, his Bliſs, and ſure Defence.

He alſo congratulated with Count *Grammont* upon the Jeſt he had with his Counteſs during his Sickneſs. *Hitherto*, ſays he to him, *you have been my* HERO*E, and I your* PHILOSO-PHER; *We ſhared each thoſe rare Qualities; but you now have got them both; for you have robbed me of my Philoſophy. I could wiſh to be dead, ſo I had ſaid dying, what you ſaid agonizing:* COUNTESS, IF YOU DON'T LOOK TO IT, *DANGEAU* WILL ROB YOU OF MY CONVERSION.

1697. The HISTORICAL and CRITICAL DICTIONARY was brought into *England* the next Year: And give me leave, *Sir*, to tell you here, that the Dutcheſs of *Mazarin was charm'd* with that Work; and that all Perſons

ſons of Wit and Diſcernment in *London*, entertained a particular Eſteem for it. Mr. *de St. Evremond* peruſed it with ſo much Pleaſure and Satisfaction, that the *Abbé Renaudot*'s JUDGMENT, or CRITICISM upon it, being fallen into his Hands, he deſign'd to anſwer it: But that *Abbé*'s Performance being a meer Declamation, he thought a bare delicate Irony to be ſufficient to confute it. The Reader will ſee more particularly in a Letter Mr. *de St. Evremond* Honoured, me with, when he ſent back to me the Second Edition of the CRITICAL DICTIONARY, which I had lent him, how much he was affected with the Beauties of that Work, and how much he valued its Author.

I have already acquainted you, *SIR*, that in the Year 1668, there had been printed in *Paris* ſome of Mr. *de St. Evremond*'s Works, but ſo full of Faults, that he ſcarce could know them to be his own. I ſhall add in this Place, that nevertheleſs thoſe Pieces were ſo well received by the Publick, that the Bookſeller uſed all poſſible Means to get others; and in order to ſwell up the Volumes, he Inſerted in them ſeveral Treatiſes and Writings in which Mr. *de St. Evremond* had not the leaſt Share. He complain'd of this Trick; but more like a Gentleman than an Author: *I have a great Diſadvantage*, ſays he to Mademoiſelle *de l' Enclos* (who, as I obſerved before, ask'd him whether he was the Author of the REFLECTIONS on the Doctrine of *Epicurus*, that were fathered upon him) *I have a great Diſadvantage in theſe little Treatiſes that are printed under my Name. There are ſome good Performances which I do not own, becauſe they don't belong to me; and amongſt my Writings they have inſerted abundance of Impertinent things which I don't take the Trouble to diſown. At my Age, one Hour*

Hour of Life well managed, is of more Conſideration with me, then the Concern of an indifferent Reputation. With what Difficulty a Man parts with Self-Love! I quit it as an Author; I reſume it as a Philoſopher, finding a ſecret Pleaſure in Neglecting, what others ſo earneſtly Purſue.

By this, *SIR*, you find that Mr. *de St. Evremond* was not very fond of the Merit of being an Author, and that he look'd on the Applauſe of the Publick with indifference. How lame and mangled ſoever his Works were publiſhed, he never took the Pains publickly to diſown them. He contented himſelf with telling his Friends in Converſation: *He wiſh'd that none of his Writings had ever been publiſhed. The World would not ſee in them,* added he, *ſeveral Faults of which I am ſenſible my ſelf, and which I might have avoided: But writing only for my ſelf, or to pleaſe my Friends, I did not affect Nicety. However,* continued he, *they ought to have printed thoſe Pieces, as I had writ them, and have left no other but my own Faults in them: but they have made ſuch Alterations in them, that I am an abſolute Stranger to my own Works.* Theſe Faults are ſo Numerous, and ſo Conſiderable, that you would ſcarce believe it, if I did not give you an Inſtance. In the Piece entituled *Friendſhip without Friendſhip*, Mr. *de St. Evremond* had writ what follows:

'And this is the common Fate of *Love* and '*Friendſhip*, grounded on the Heart. As for thoſe 'juſt and reaſonable Ties, over-ruled by Judg-'ment, there's no Rupture to apprehend: For 'either they laſt for Life, or inſenſibly wear off, 'with Diſcretion and Decency. It is certain 'that Nature has placed in our Hearts a *Loving* '*Faculty*, (if I may ſo ſpeak) ſome ſecret Princi-'ple of Affection, ſome hidden ſtock of Tender-'neſs, which opens and communicates it ſelf in 'Time: But &c. Now

Now, ſee what he is made to ſay, in the *Engliſh* Tranſlation of his Works, Printed in the Year 1700, for Mr. *Churchill* *, altho' it was done from a printed Copy in which Mr. *de St. Evremond* had made ſome Corrections, as will be ſaid hereafter:

And this is the common Fate of Love and Friendſhip. But if the Heart grounds its Affection upon juſt and ſolid Reaſons, there is no Rupture to be apprehended: For either it laſts ſo long as a Man lives, or it inſenſibly breaks off with Diſcretion and Speed. It is certain that Nature has placed in our Hearts ſomething Gay and Laughing, ſome ſecret Principle of Affection, which conceals its own Tenderneſs from others; but opens and communicates it ſelf to Friends. But, &c.

Was there ever more egregious Nonſenſe? And indeed when I reflect on the prodigious Number of Faults that had crept in thoſe Works of Mr. *de St. Evremond*, I cannot but wonder how they came to be receiv'd with ſo much Applauſe. This muſt be owing to the prevailing Number of ſhining Beauties: However, as it was well known that he had no ſhare in the Publiſhing of his Works, and that the Bookſellers had foiſted in amongſt them ſeveral ſuppoſititious Pieces, he ought not to have been made accountable for what he had no hand in; as was done in a Book entituled, DISSERTATION *ſur les Oeuvres Miſlées de* M. de St. Evremont; *avec l' Examen du Factum qu'il a fait pour M. la Ducheſſe de* Mazarin, *contre Mr. le Duc de* Mazarin *ſon Mary*; That is, *a Diſertation on the Miſcellaneous Works of* Mr. de St. Evremond, 1698:

K &c.

* *Vol.* I. *Pag.* 409.

&c. The Author disguised himself under the Name of *Damon*: But you know, Sir, his true Name to be *Cotolendi*; and that he is the same who publish'd a Volume of insipid Jests, under the Title of *ARLEQUINIANA* *. It is thought that Mr. *Erard*, being nettled by the shrewd Jests Mr. *de St. Evremond* had pass'd upon him in the Answer to his Pleading, engaged the Sieur *Cotolendi* to write that Criticism, and that he had himself a great share in it.

Mr. *de Bauval*, who had that Piece transmitted to him, wrote to Dr. *Sylvestre*, desiring him to acquaint Mr. *de St. Evremond*, that he had receiv'd from *Paris* a Criticism on his Works; but that he thought it his Duty not to take Notice of it in his Journal of Litterature, before he had consulted with him: And let him know, at the same Time, that some Body at *Paris* was writing an Answer to that Criticism. Hereupon Mr. *de St. Evremond* desired Dr. *Sylvestre* to return Mr. *de Bauval* his grateful Thanks for his Civility. *I have not yet perused*, adds he, *the Criticism of what People call* MY WORKS. *Several of those little Pieces are, indeed, of my own Writing, but a far greater Number are not; and in those that are really so, it is hard to believe, how many Things, have either been added, or left out. I am not apprehensive of that Criticism: For it is either just, and if so, I shall mend; or it is ill-grounded, and in that Case, I shall be satisfied with the Author's being in the wrong. What I am afraid of, is the* APOLOGY *you mention:* Mr. *de* Bauval *having Friends and Correspondents every where, and his Merit having gained him a great Interest with all the Learned, he will infinitely oblige me in preventing the Printing of that Zealous Apology.*

Some

* See *the Advertisement prefix'd to the* THEATRE ITALIEN *de* Gherardi; *and Mr.* de St. Evremond's APOLOGY, *Page last but one of the Preface.*

Some time after, Dr. *Sylveſtre* ſent that pretended Criticiſm to Mr. *de St. Evremond*, who made the following Judgment upon it. 'I ſend 'you back, *ſaid he*, the CRITICISM on 'my Works: I have peruſed it with Attention 'and yet am at a loſs whether I ought to 'complain of, or thank its Author. To go 'about, as he ſays, to undeceive People, who 'for fifty Years have been deceiv'd by my Wri-'tings, is to ſhew a Zeal for the Publick which is 'not very obliging to me: But, at the ſame time, 'tis making me a ſort of Conjurer; and, 'perhaps there may be more Merit in thus de-'ceiving the Publick for ſo many Years, than in 'undeceiving them. The ſtreſs of his Criticiſm 'chiefly conſiſts in taking Notice of my intricate 'Expreſſions: And I might take his Cenſure for 'a good Piece of Advice; ſince it concerns me 'to have my Thoughts underſtood. I'll give him 'Counſel for Counſel: Let his Thoughts be leſs 'clear; for they are too eaſily ſeen through. Com-'mon things make us regret the time we beſtow 'on peruſing them: Whereas delicate Thoughts, 'give a nice Reader a Satisfaction, both in his 'own Judgment and Taſte.

'I own, I contradict my ſelf ſometimes. I 'commend Conſtancy in a Lady whom I believe 'to have an Affection for me: And I adviſe her 'to be fickle, who has a kindneſs for another 'Lover. I am neither of the ſame Humour, nor, 'the ſame Opinion at ſixty Years of Age, as I 'was at Thirty; or at Fourſcore, as I was at 'Sixty. Another Contradiction this!

'After all, I find in that Criticiſm ſeveral 'Things juſtly cenſured; many Digreſſions, on 'Occaſion of what he ſays, to what he makes 'the Biſhop of *Meaux*, the Biſhop of *Niſmes*, Mr. '*Deſpreaux*, Father *Bouhours*, and other Moderns,

'ſay. I cannot deny he writes well: But his 'Zeal for Religion and good Morals exceeds 'all; and I ſhould gain leſs by exchanging my 'Stile, than my Conſcience with his.

'I have a great value for his Exactneſs in Cri-'ticks. He makes it his Buſineſs to cenſure 'even Treatiſes, that are none of mine; and 'Faults in ſuch as are, that I never committed. 'Tis true, he ſometimes gives me too much 'Praiſe: So that all things conſider'd, Favour ex-'ceeds the Severity of Cenſure. And I may ſincerely 'averr, that I entertain more Gratitude for his 'Mildneſs, than Reſentment for his Rigour. He 'may already have the Satisfaction to ſee how 'I improve by his Lectures on Chriſtianity. Au-'thors never forgive; no, not the Philoſophers, 'nor even the Saints. Yet as Ignorant, as Pro-'phane as I am, I not only forgive Mr. *Dumont*, 'but take kindly his Criticiſm. I ſhould not 'think my ſelf ſo far oblig'd to one that ſhou'd 'write my APOLOGY: For I hate indi-'ſcreet Zeal, and am more ready to diſown 'what might be ſaid to my Praiſe, than to my 'Diſcredit.

That APOLOGY was, however, publiſh'd at *Paris* not long after, with this Title, APOLOGIE *des Oeuvres de M.* de St. Evremont, *&c.* That is, APOLOGY *for the Works of Mr.* de St. Evremond, *with his Elogy and Character, and a Diſſertation on the Criticiſms*, &c. Mr. *Boyer de Ruviere*, a Lawyer, was the Author of this Piece, which Mr. *de St. Evremond* having peruſed, he gave his Judgment upon it in theſe Words. *I like*, ſays he, *very well the* DISCOURSE ON THE CRITICISM. *The Author writes well: But I am a Stranger to my ſelf in the Picture he makes of me. Had*

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he flatter'd me leſs, he would have repreſented me better. I am, however, very much oblig'd to him, for his Zeal, and Care. Tho' I could free my ſelf from any Engagement of Gratitude, by ſaying, that he wrote in behalf of another Perſon. Mr. *Cotolendi* did not anſwer that APOLOGY: But in ſome Meaſure to revenge himſelf on Mr. *de St. Evremond*, for the Judgment the latter had paſs'd on his Criticiſm, he publiſh'd in the Year 1701, a wretched Rhapſody, with the Title of SAINT-EVREMONIANA, pretending it to *be a Collection of ſeveral Things which ſome Perſons remembred to have been ſpoken by Mr.* de St. Evremond. This puts me in mind of the Abbé *Cotin*, who wrote a paltry Satyr, and afterwards ſpread it about, under the Name of Mr. *Boileau Deſpreaux*. Now ſince you deſire to know the Authors of ſome of the Works father'd upon Mr. *de St. Evremond*; I ſhall communicate to you what I hear from *Paris*, viz. That the MEMOIRES *de la Vie du Comte de* **, publiſh'd in 1696; are written by the *Abbé de Villiers* *, ſo well known by his *Art de Precher*, and ſeveral other Compoſures. That the Volume printed in 1700; with the Title of NOUVELES *Oeuvres Meſlées de* Mr. *de St. Evremont* †, was publiſh'd by the Abbé *Raguenet*: and that the Abbé *Pic* is the Author ** of the Book entituled, RECUEIL *d'Ouvrages de Mr.* de St. Evremont *qui n'ont point encore eſté publiez*; Printed by *Aniſſon in* 1701.

* *See the* Recueil de Pieces Fugitives, &c. *Printed at* Paris *in* 1704. *Part* I. *Page* 114.

† *There was in this Volume ſeveral Pieces of Mr.* de St. Evremond's *Writing.*

** *See the* PIECES Fugitives, ubi ſupra, *Part* II. *p.* 314. & ſeqq. I.

1699. Mr. *de St. Evremond*, ſuſtain'd a great Loſs, by the Death †† of the Dutcheſs of *Mazarin*, whoſe Converſation was, ever agreeable to him, tho' he was ſometimes oblig'd to bear with her ill Humour: For the Circumſtances to which ſhe was reduc'd, had ſomewhat ſowr'd her Temper; and ſhe was, beſides, naturally Fickle and Capricious. But ſhe had ſo many excellent Qualities, that theſe Defects were hardly to be perceiv'd. I ſhall not, in this Place, either draw her Picture, or write an Encomium upon her: Mr. *de St. Evremond* having done both in many Places throughout his Works *†. She certainly deſerv'd a better Fate. During the firſt four Years of her Marriage, ſhe carried her ſelf with ſuch Modeſty and Strictneſs, that ſhe was propoſed as a Pattern for a good Wife; and there's Reaſon to ſuppoſe that her Conduct would ſtill have been the ſame, had not the Duke of *Mazarin*'s Behaviour forc'd her to go from him. You deſire, SIR, to know what Thoughts ſhe entertain'd of Religion at the point of Death; and I am ſorry to tell you, that ſhe preſerv'd to the laſt, the ſame Sentiments which Mr. *de St. Evremond* aſcribes to her in one of his Letters †. He was ſo touch'd at her Death, that for a long time, he could not ſpeak of her, without expreſſing his Sorrow.

His Friends in *France* renew'd at that time, their Endeavours to draw him over to them; upon a Belief, that having loſt one of the ſtrongeſt Ties he had in *England*; he might eaſily

†† *She died the* 22. *of* June, 1699.

* † *See alſo the* LETTER *at the End of the* MEMOIRS *of the Dutcheſs of* Mazarin.

† *See above*, p. cv.

ly be perſuaded to return Home. But he deſir'd them to conſider, that a Man of his Years could hardly change Climate without imparing his Conſtitution; that therefore he had no Thoughts of Leaving a Country, where he was pretty well in Health, and had ſtill many Friends, to tranſplant himſelf, as it were, into a new World: And after all, that his Circumſtances were ſuch, as did not permit him to leave *England*. *You could not*, ſaid he to the Marquis of *Canaples*, now Duke of *Lesdiguieres*, who had writ to him to comfort him upon the Death of the Dutcheſs of *Mazarin*, and ſollicit him to go over into *France*; *You could not give me better Proofs of your Friendſhip, than upon this occaſion, when I want the Tenderneſs of my Friends, and the Strength of my own Reaſon to ſupport me under my Affliction. If I were but Thirty Years of Age, it would be difficult for me to retrieve ſuch a Charming Converſation: And now, Old as I am, it is altogether impoſſible to make it up. Yours, My Lord, and that of ſome Perſons who are ſtill concern'd for me, would indeed be a great Relief to me at* Paris; *and I ſhould not delay to go and ſeek it, if the Infirmities of extream old Age were not a great Obſtacle to it. Beſides, what ſhould I do at* Paris; *but either hide my ſelf, or appear with various Horrors about me; often Sick, ever Infirm, and Crazy with old Age? Theſe are good Reaſons for me not to leave* England. *The ſtrongeſt is, that the ſmall Eſtate I have, could not croſs the Sea with me; for it would be impoſſible for me to draw it from hence. 'Tis true that's next to Nothing; but then it's upon that Nothing I Live. The Dutcheſs of* Mazarin *Ow'd me once eight Hundred Guinea's, of which ſhe died four Hundred in my Debt. Indeed, ſhe diſpos'd of what I had more than my ſelf: For the Extremities to which ſhe was reduc'd, are not to be conceiv'd. However, I'd freely give all I have left, provided ſhe were alive. You loſe in her one of your beſt Friends; and you can't*

imagine how much ſhe has been regretted, both by private Perſons, and the Publick. She had ſuch an indifference for Life, that there's Reaſon to believe ſhe was not loath to part with it. The Engliſh *who excell all other Nations in the Point of Dying, ought to look upon her with Envy.*

I came to *England* about that time, and having the Honour to converſe pretty often with Mr. *de St. Evremond*, I ſollicited him ſeveral times to give the Publick a correct Edition of his Works: But he ſtill declin'd it; and I was afterwards Inform'd, that his beſt Friends could not prevail with him in that Particular. He told me himſelf, that the Marquis *de Saiſſac* had offer'd him three Hundred Guineas, if he would reviſe his Writings; and give them to him with a ſhort Preface, in which he ſhould own them to be genuine. Monſ. *de Barillon* would have given him a Hundred Pounds for the ſingle COMEDY OF THE OPERA: Which he deſign'd to get acted at *Paris*, provided he had made ſome ſmall Alterations in it. The Sieur *Barbin*, a *Paris* Bookſeller, deſir'd him alſo to ſend him his Picture, with his Works, or at leaſt, to let him know what Pieces were not of his Writing, in the Volumes he had publiſh'd under his Name: But he contented himſelf with taking Notice to him of ſome of thoſe Spurious Pieces, and excuſed himſelf as to the reſt. Several other Attempts were made upon him, on the ſame ſcore; but all in vain.

1700. However, as nice and difficult as Mr. *de St. Evremond* was in the Publiſhing his Works, yet when his Friends deſir'd him to mark in the Books that had been father'd upon him, ſuch Pieces as were none of his, he ſeldom refus'd them that Favour. Nay, he ſometimes made ſmall Corrections in thoſe he own'd; and 'twas upon a Copy thus corrected, that in the Year 1700, Mr. *Churchill* publiſh'd

publiſh'd the *Engliſh* Tranſlation of the Works that had been father'd upon him. I deſir'd Mr. *de St. Evremond* to do me the ſame Favour; and he not only mark'd in my Copy ſuch Pieces as were Genuine, but made conſiderable Amendments in the other: And he likewiſe gave me the Explanation of ſeveral Places, relating to ſome Paſſages to which I was a Stranger.

The next Year, Mr. *de la Motte* wrote to me from *Amſterdam*, that a Bookſeller of that City, who had already printed what was call'd the *Works of Mr.* de St. Evremond, was about Printing a New Edition, of the ſame, from a Copy in which Mr. *de St. Evrmond* had mark'd the Pieces he diſown'd. I anſwer'd Mr. *de la Motte*, I thought I could procure a more exact Copy than what his Bookſeller was made to expect; whereupon the latter deſired me to communicate it to him, which I did ſome time after. I had put together, and in ſome Order, all the Pieces that had been publiſh'd under the Name of Mr. *de St. Evremond*, and which were really his. I had corrected them by my Copy; added to them ſome Pieces not yet publiſh'd; and Illuſtrated ſome Paſſages with neceſſary Notes. 1701. 1702.

This, *Sir*, ſince you deſire to know it, was the Nature of the Copy I tranſmitted to *Holland*: I muſt add, that in this I had two Things in View; One, to let the Publick know, which were the genuine Works of Mr. *de St. Evremond*, and how much they had been abuſed; and the other thereby to engage Mr. *de St. Evremond* to publiſh himſelf a compleat Edition of them from his own Manuſcripts. In order to that, I acquainted him ſome time after, with what I had made bold to do without his Privity; and the Copy I had ſent to *Holland* not being yet put to the Preſs, I repre-

repreſented to him, that it were much better to publiſh at once all his Works, ſuch as he had them in Manuſcripts, and as Correct as poſſible, than to print them at ſeveral Times, and Piece-meal. He, at Firſt, ſeem'd averſe to it: But ſome-
1703. time after, he alter'd his Mind, and was pleas'd to pitch upon me, to reviſe with him his Manuſcripts and put them in Order. He told me likewiſe *he would mark what was fit to be printed, and what not*: For he was not for Printing every thing he had written. Hereupon I wrote to the *Amſterdam* Bookſeller to forbear Printing the Copy I had ſent him; becauſe altho' it was infinitely better than what had till then, been publiſh'd, yet it came far ſhort of the Original, which I was in hopes to be able ſpeedily to give the Publick. That Bookſeller, like Men of his Trade, who have nothing but their private and preſent Intereſt in view, did not wholly acquieſce in my Reaſons; and ſo publiſh'd a good Number of the Pieces I had ſent him. But give me leave, *SIR*, to break off that Detail, and refer you to what has been ſaid about it in one of our *French* Journals *.

Aſſoon as Mr. *de St. Evremond* was pleas'd to expreſs himſelf in the Manner above-mentioned, I began to tranſcribe his Manuſcripts, and communicated to him the Copies I made of them. I alſo deſired him to put the finiſhing hand to the Corrections of the Pieces that had been printed, and of which he had loſt the Originals. When we read them together, I took care to get ſuch proper Names reſtored, as were either ſuppreſſed, or mark'd by one ſingle Letter. And I Inform'd my ſelf of the time and occaſion

on

* See NOUVELLES de la Republique des Lettres, *Mois*, 1704. pag. 163.

on which each Piece had been written; and of the Alluſions to Paſſages not generally known, and other particular Circumſtances. His advanc'd Age and Infirmities giving me Reaſon to apprehend that he had not much time to Live, I made all poſſible haſte: and we had gone through the Reviſing of his Works, a few ſmall Pieces excepted, when I was obliged to go and paſs two or three Months in the Country.

In the mean while, Mr. *de St. Evremond*, who for ſome time had been troubled with a Strangury, found himſelf, on the ſudden, very much weakned, through frequent want of Reſt, occaſioned by his Diſtemper; and what was yet worſe, his Stomach, which ever was very good, now began to fail him. Hereupon, he often expreſs'd a deſire to ſee me; and even charged Dr. *le Fevre* to write to me to come to him aſſoon as poſſible: But his Letter having been long on the Road, I ſoon after receiv'd a Second, with the melancholy News, that Mr. *de St. Evremond* died the 9th of *September*, 1703; having made a Will whereby he diſpos'd of his ſmall Eſtate to his Servants, the Poor †, and ſome of his Friends, amongſt

† *The Preamble to that* Will and Teſtament, *which was dated the 24th of* Auguſt 1703, *runs thus*: 'I under-ſigned 'Charles de St. Denis le-Guaſt, Lord of *St. Evremond*, of the 'Pariſh of St. *James's Weſtminſter*, being in ſound Mind, 'Memory, and Underſtanding, and being willing to diſpoſe 'of ſuch Goods as I ſhall be poſſeſs'd of at my Death: In the 'firſt Place, I implore GOD ALMIGHTY'S Mercy, 'and Surrender my SOUL into his Hands. I leave to the 'Executor of this my laſt Will the Care of Burying my Body, 'without Pomp, in ſuch manner as he ſhall think moſt fit-'ting. I bequeath to the Poor *French* Refugees the Sum of 'Twenty Pounds *Sterling*: I alſo bequeath to the poor *Ro-'man* Catholicks, or of *any other Religion*, the like Sum of 'Twenty Pounds *Sterling*, &c.

mongſt whom he did me Honour to place me. Sometime before, he had given to my Lord *Godolphin*, High Treaſurer of *England*, as a particular Mark of his Eſteem and Gratitude, a Manuſcript Volume of his Works, containing a great Number of Writings, which he had communicated to none but his Intimate Friends. He had alſo given to Dr. *Sylveſtre* another Manuſcript, in which were ſeveral Pieces of his own Writing. He menti-on'd neither his Books, nor his other Manuſcripts in his Will; but, after his Death, they were by Order of the Earl of *Galway*, whom he had appointed his Executor, put into the Hands of Dr. *Sylveſtre*, to whom he had promiſed them.

Mr. *de St. Evremond* died Ninty Years, Five Month's, and Twenty days Old; and was according to his Deſire, buried without Pomp, in the Abbey or Collegiate Church of *Weſtminſter*; Famous for the Tombs of the Kings of *England*, and of great Numbers of Perſons that have diſtinguiſh'd themſelves by their Learning, Ingenuity, or Military Valour. He is interr'd in the Nave of the Church, near the Cloyſter, in the ſame Quarter where *Chaucer*, *Spencer*, *Cowley*, *Cambden*, *Caſaubon*, *Dryden*, and other celebrated Men are buried. His *Buſto*, (or Carved-Head) was afterwards placed over his EPITAPH, which is engraven in a white Marble Stone, affix'd to the Wall over-againſt the Place where his Body lies; and of which I ſend you herewith a Draught †.

How great and acute ſoever were the Pains he felt during his Sickneſs, he bore them with a Tranquility of Soul, and Reſolute Firmneſs as may be envied by Philoſophers of the firſt Rate; and

† *See the End of this* LIFE.

and he preſerv'd to the very laſt a lively Imagination, a ſolid Judgment, and a faithful Memory.

You have, *SIR*, already peruſed the Picture Mr. *de St. Evremond* made of himſelf, ſome Years before his Death: Which 'twere altogether ſuperfluous to repeat here; and therefore I ſhall content my ſelf with adding to it ſome Strokes which will compleat his Character.

Mr. DE ST. EVREMOND had blue, lively, and ſparkling Eyes; a large Fore head; thick Eye-Brows; a handſom Mouth; but a malicious Sneer. His Lips and Phiſiognomy were agreeable and denoting a Sharp-Wit; his Stature Tall; his Shape well proportioned; and his Gate noble and firm *. Twenty Years before his Death, a Wen grew between his Eye-Brows, which in time, encreaſing to a conſiderable Bigneſs, he once deſign'd to have it cut off; but as it was no ways troubleſome to him, and he little regarded that outward Deformity, Dr. *Le Févre* adviſed him to let it alone, leſt ſuch an Operation ſhould be attended with dangerous Symptoms in a Man of his Age. He would often make merry with himſelf on account of his Wen, his Leather-Cap, and Grey Hair, which he choſe to wear rather than a Perwig. His Manners were civil and polite; his Converſation lively and pleaſant; his Repartees quick and happy: No Man ever read, or told a Story better than he. His Raillery had all the Fineſs imaginable; and he made uſe of Irony in ſo ingenious a manner, that Mareſchal *de Clerembaut*, as was hinted before, thought none but Count

d'

* *Thus was Mr.* de St. Evremond *deſcribed to me by all ſuch as knew him in his Prime.*

d'Olonne, could ſtand in Competition with him for the Maſtery of that Rhetorical Figure.

He had naturally a ſtrong inclination to Satyr; but uſed it with Caution and Reſerve, particularly towards the latter End of his Life; rather chuſing, as he intimates himſelf, to *tell obliging Truths, than to give malicious Praiſe.* It were a great miſtake to take in earneſt and litterally all the Encomiums he has beſtowed on the Dutcheſs of *Mazarin*: For they are generally mix'd with nice Raillery; or ſeaſoned with a quick and ſmart Satyrical Stroke. That Dutcheſs was ſo perſuaded that this was Mr. *de St. Evremond's* true Character, that ſhe uſed to call him by way of Banter, *the old Satyr.*

He always ſpoke of his Diſgrace with ſuch Firmneſs and Reſolution, as became a Gentleman; and whatever ſtrong Deſire he had to ſee again his own Country, he never begg'd leave to return Home, in a mean and cringing Manner.

His Humour was ever Gay and Merry; and his Sprightlineſs was ſo far from declining towards the latter End of his Life, that it ſeem'd rather to gather freſh Strength; Of which you will find Inſtances in the Works he wrote about that time. He was extream fond of the Company of Young People; and delighted to hear the Stories of their Adventures: His Mind being agreeably entertain'd with the Idea of ſuch Diverſions, as he was not able to enjoy.

Altho' he did not pretend to over-rigid Morals, yet he had all the Qualities that make up the Character of a Man of Honour. He was generous and grateful; and no Man was ever more concerned than he at the Affliction of the Unfortunate, or had a greater Stock of Humanity, and Good-Nature; which appears from his very

Writings. He did not ſlightly contract Friendſhip : But when he had once throughly reliſh'd any Body's Converſation, he knitted with him the ſtrongeſt and ſincereſt Amity that could be deſired.

As for his *Religion*, concerning which you deſire to be inform'd, I muſt acquaint you, that he ever profeſs'd the *Romiſh*, in which he was Born. Nevertheleſs you aſſure me, that he was repreſented to you as a *Libertine* or *Free-Thinker*, chiefly becauſe during his laſt Sickneſs, he conſtantly refuſed to admit any Prieſts to come to him : But as to this Particular, as you deſire me, at the ſame time, not to write any thing about a Matter of ſo great Importance, but what I am an Eye-Witneſs of, I may tell you, that I have already anſwered you, by acquainting you, that I was, at that time, in the Country. As for his ordinary Converſation, I can ſafely affirm to you, that while I had the Happineſs to be in his Company, which was more than once, he never let fall any *Libertine* or indecent Expreſſion againſt Religion ; and that he could hardly bear that any Body ſhould droll upon it. Nay, he was ſo far from that ill Turn of Wit, *Libertiniſm*, that he could have wiſh'd there were ſevere Puniſhments inflicted on all who either pretend to dogmatize againſt Religion, or endeavour to turn it into Ridicule. He uſed to ſay, that bare Decency, and the Regard due to one's Superiors and Fellow Citizens, will ever keep a Man of Judgment and good Breeding, from that fooliſh and extravagant Humour. Which Sentiment is very commendable ; and you will, undoubtedly agree with me, *S I R*, that it beſpeaks a very favourable Opinion of Mr. *de St. Evremond*.

What

What I told you in the Beginning of theſe Memoirs ſhews, that he had a great deal of Learning and Erudition: But his Erudition was polite, and ſuitable to a Perſon of his Profeſſion, and Quality.

He did not read indifferently all that is extant of the Ancients, and never charg'd his Memory with their Words and Phraſes: But applied himſelf moſt to thoſe Authors, that are moſt judicious, and nice; Studying to find out their true Genius, and the Beauties of their Works. He alſo loved to diſcourſe about our beſt Modern Authors, and to be acquainted with the Particulars of their Lives and Circumſtances. Being one day talking at his Lodgings of the famous ROMANCE OF THE ROSE, and one in Company ſaying, that *Abelard* was the Author of it, I told him that it had ever been fathered on *William* of *Lorris*, and *John Clopinel*, Sirnamed *de Meun*, and that 'twas the eaſieſt thing in the World to prove it. Some days after Mr. *de St. Evremond* deſired me to communicate to him the Particulars I knew concerning that Matter, whereupon I ſent him the Teſtimony of our beſt *French* Writers, digeſted into the Form of a Letter, which I have made bold to inſert among his Works, to undeceive them who father that celebrated Romance upon *Abelard*: Tho' I muſt frankly own to you, *SIR*, that I had particularly in my Eye the *Abbé Belmont*, who to have the Honour of breaking a Launce with you, bethought himſelf of Criticizing upon you, in relation to that Affair *.

Never

* *See* ESSAYS de Literature *du Mois de* May 1703; p. 301. *Holl. Edition.*

Never was any Man more modeſt, and leſs puffed up with his own Productions than Mr. *de St. Evremond*. He was, indeed, the Reverſe of thoſe Self-conceited Authors, who fondly believing their Works to be altogether free from Faults, either never conſult any Body, or impatiently bear the Criticiſms of their Friends, when through Decency, they are oblig'd to ask their Advice. He heard with Pleaſure the Objections rais'd againſt his Compoſures; deſired his Criticks to ſuggeſt him ſomething better than what they diſapproved; and never fail'd mending his Faults, when he thought another Man had hit better than himſelf.

He was a paſſionate Lover of Muſick; and having ſome skill in the Compoſition, he ſet the IDYLLES, PROLOGUES, and other Pieces, of which he had made the Words, and which were ſung at the Dutcheſs of *Mazarin's*: Tho' as to *Symphonies*, he left that Part to be perform'd by Mr. *Paiſible*, or ſome other able Muſician.

Let this ſuffice, as to Mr. *de* St. *Evremond's* Perſon: 'Tis now time, *SIR*, to take notice of his WORKS. Not that I deſign to write here a Criticiſm upon 'em: Such an Undertaking would be raſh in me; and beſides you never deſired any ſuch thing from me. Neither ſhall I ſpeak of his Stile, which has undergone various Judgments. It is certain, that Mr. *de St. Evremond* was ever look'd upon as one of our politeſt and moſt judicious Writers; and this Juſtice which the Publick does him, ſets him, without Contradiction, above the Cenſure of ſome private Perſons. Nor is it a mean Praiſe for him that *England*, who is ſo Jealous of the Honour of her own Authors, has placed him on the ſame Level with *Montaigne*, *la Bruyere*, *Fontenelle*, *Deſpreaux*, and ſome other *French*

Writers whom ſhe does not think inferior to the beſt Genius's ſhe has produc'd.

Good Judges are of Opinion that his *Poetry* does not come up to the Beauty of his *Proſe*; and that his Verſes want both *Turn* and *Harmony*; but they own, at the ſame time, that his Thoughts are ſo happy and delicate, that one can't read them without a great deal of Pleaſure. He would, it ſeems, have ſucceded better, had he writ only upon Subjects of Gaiety, and Humour; For he has compos'd ſome Pieces that way, which are not much inferiour to the beſt Performances of our moſt celebrated Poets. I muſt add in Mr. *de St. Evremond*'s behalf, that he had no fond Prepoſſeſſion in favour of his Poems, as you have undoubtedly obſerv'd: But nevertheleſs he thought he might ſometimes indulge his Fancy in Setting his Thoughts to Rhyme. Beſides, he pretended that the ſeverity of Rules for our *French* Verſification, had been ſtrain'd too high; and that Poetry was enervated, by over-poliſhing it. Nor could he endure that the *Thought* ſhould be Sacrificed to *Rhyme*; and the Energy of Expreſſion, to a fine Cadence of Words. In ſhort, he thought himſelf the leſs oblig'd to ſubmit to the rigorous Laws of our Poetry, in that he wrote only either to amuſe himſelf, or divert ſome private Friends. *I own*, ſays a Learn'd Critick *, *that there are in Mr.* de St. Evremond's *Verſes, ſome Expreſſions that are like Proſe; but I ſee no Reaſon, why we ſhould not be allow'd to uſe them, in* French, *in that kind of Irregular Verſes; when* Horace *took the ſame Liberty in* Latin, *in his Satyrs; which he call'd*, SERMONES, *or* Diſcourſes, *intimating that he deſign'd to write in the Stile commonly uſed in Converſation;*

* *Mr.* Le Clerc, BIBLIOTHEQUE *Choiſie*, Tom. IX. *p.* 332, 333.

ſation; *and even in his* EPISTLES. *As for inſipid, mean and falſe Thoughts, or a frigid Stile, theſe, indeed, deſerve no Favour.* One will find in Mr. *de St. Evremond's* Verſes the ſame Nicety of Thoughts, and Force of Expreſſion, which are obſervable in his Proſe. If all his Poems are not equally Entertaining, 'tis, I ſuppoſe, becauſe moſt of them relate to certain Circumſtances, of which few Readers are inform'd. They, for Inſtance ſake, who are not acquainted with the Humour and Character of that famous *French* Gameſter, *Morin*, and never ſaw him keep a *Baſſet-Bank* at the Dutcheſs of *Mazarin's*, cannot be affected with what Mr. *de St. Evremond* has ſaid about him. What's moſt fine and delicate, either eſcapes the notice of ſuch Men, or appears fulſom and inſipid to them; but they who were acquainted with the Perſon Mr. *de St. Evremond* has in View, are charm'd with the lively Picture he gives of him, and his Ingenious way of turning him into Ridicule. This, as I have hinted more than once, is the Fate of all ſuch Performances as are calculated only for a ſmall Number of Friends and Acquaintance *.

Mr. *de St. Evremond's* Manuſcripts, having, as was before related, been deliver'd into the Hands of Dr. *Sylveſtre*, he thought himſelf thereby engag'd to publiſh them, and at the ſame time, to give the World a compleat Edition of all his Works: But My Lord *Galway* being inform'd of what I had already done towards it, with Mr. *de St. Evremond*; and that the beſt part of the Materials was ready prepared, his Lordſhip intimated to me, that he would take it very kindly of me, if I would go on with that Work, jointly with Dr. *Sylveſtre*,

* *Moſt of Mr.* de St. Evremond's *Poems being of that kind, it was thought fit not to inſert them in this* English *Tranſlation of his Works.*

and in concert with him publiſh that Edition; Dr. *Sylveſtre* made the ſame Requeſt to me; and as you are, *SIR*, no Stranger to his Merit, ſo you may eaſily judge, how glad I was of having ſuch a Partner.

Mr. *de St. Evremond*, as I hinted before, had loſt ſeveral of his Compoſures. He told me, that before he came out of *France*, he left with the Mareſchal *de Turenne* two pretty large Volumes of Manuſcripts of his own Writing; which he could never recover. When he went from *England* to *Holland*, he left his Papers in the Cuſtody of his good Friend Mr. *Waller*: But upon his Return, he found that moſt of them were loſt, during the Plague that raged in *London*; and among the reſt, above ſeven Chapters of the REFLECTIONS *on the different Genius of the* Roman *People*, which could never be recover'd; and Mr. *de St. Evremond* would not take the trouble to write them anew *. He thought he had loſt likewiſe ſeveral Pieces, which were found ſince his Death, in the Hands of ſome other of his Friends; and which we have collected with all poſſible Care. The Duke of St. *Albans* was pleas'd to communicate to us two Manuſcript Volumes he had from the Dutcheſs of

* *Some time after the Printing of the firſt original Edition of Mr.* de St. Evremond's *Works, I deſired Mr.* Waller's *Son to look amongſt his Papers for ſome of Mr.* de St. Evremond's *Compoſures. And, beſides ſome Pieces that had already been printed, he found Part of the* REFLECTIONS *on the different Genius of the* Roman *People, containing moſt part of the Chapter immediately preceding thoſe that are loſt, and in which are ſeveral things not inſerted in the* French *Edition; but which will be found in this* Engliſh *Tranſlation. Thoſe Papers which Mr.* Waller *found, are all written with Mr.* de St. Evremond's *own Hand*

of *Mazarin*. My Lord *Godolphin* did us alſo the Favour to lend us his Manuſcript. Dr. *Le Févre* gave us ſeveral Pieces that were found among that Dutcheſs's Papers: And we got three written Volumes from the Widow of Mr. *de St. Evremond's Amanuenſis*. Thus we had ſeveral Pieces which he wanted himſelf; and ſome times found in our Hands four Copies of the ſame Piece. We carefully collated them together; and when there happen'd to be any Difference between them, we ever preferr'd the Copies he had reviſed to the other; and his laſt, to former Corrections. However, we did not think it proper to publiſh all the Works we had of him: For ſome of them related to ſuch private Paſſages, that long Comments had been requiſite to make them underſtood; nor would even that, perhaps, have been ſufficient to make the Readers ſenſible of all their Beauties.

We have, as far as poſſibly we could, placed each Piece according to the Order of Time in which it was written: Which Method has ſo many Advantages, that 'tis matter of Wonder it has not been follow'd by all *Editors*. For, the Works that have been written about the ſame time, being thus Contiguous, and generally relating to the ſame Circumſtances, they mutually Illuſtrate one another. Beſides, as ſome Pieces may relate to things that are no more in Being, the Readers would be at a loſs, did they not exactly know the Period of time in which they were written. In ſhort, ſuch a Chronological Order of an Author's Compoſures gives us a kind of Hiſtory of his Life, Humour, Sentiments, and way of Writing. I own 'tis pretty difficult to obſerve ſuch a Method, eſpecially when the ſeveral Pieces bear no Date; for in ſuch a

Caſe one may eaſily miſtake; and while I was writing theſe Memoirs, I took notice my ſelf of ſeveral Faults of that kind*. It is however, to be obſerv'd, that Mr. *de St. Evremond* ſometimes corrected his Compoſures a long time after he had writ them; and made Additions to them that had no Reference to the Time in which they were firſt written. In ſuch a Caſe, we thought our ſelves at Liberty to place them indifferently in either of theſe Periods, as we Judg'd moſt proper; or we have taken Notice of ſuch Differences in a Marginal Note.

I have likewiſe explained by NOTES a vaſt number of Paſſages, which could not otherwiſe have been well underſtood. No Body, *SIR*, is more ſenſible than your ſelf of the Neceſſity of Commenting thus upon our Authors, ſuch eſpecially as have made Ingenious Compoſures. For they writ a thouſand Things relating to certain Paſſages and Circumſtances, that are known to very few People; which Alluſions they underſtand perfectly well for whom ſuch Pieces are originally intended, but are meer Riddles to others. Nay, it may from hence come to paſs, that Thoughts which an Author never dreamt of, may be father'd upon him, to his Diſadvantage: Of which I beg leave to give you an Inſtance. Mr. *de St. Evremond* begins one of his Letters to Mademoiſelle *de l'Enclos* in this manner: *Your Life, my Deareſt, has been too Illuſtrious not to continue the ſame to the laſt. Let not, Madam, the Duke* de la Rochefoucault's *Hell affright you!*

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* *This has obliged us to place in the preſent* Engliſh *Tranſlation ſeveral Pieces in a different Order, from that in which they were publiſh'd in the* French *Edition.*

you! This was an imaginary Hell, contrived only for a Moral Reflection. Speak therefore boldly the Word Love; *and let not that of* old Woman *ever come out of your Mouth.* 'Tis no eaſie matter to apprehend, at firſt, the meaning of the *Duke de la* Rochefoucault's HELL; which having oblig'd me to ask it of Mr. *de St. Evremond*, he inform'd me, that the Duke *de la Rochefoucault*, talking one day with Mademoiſelle *de l'Enclos*, told her by way of Jeſt, that *Age is the Hell of Women.* This Explanation clears the Paſſage before quoted: And what Turn has been put upon it in a various Book, printed at *Paris* two Years ago. The Author having mention'd the Death of Mr. *St. Evremond*, and made an Encomium upon his Works, ſpeaks of his Religion in this manner. 'The Cenſure he has 'undergone as to his Sentiments about Religion, appears not to be altogether ill grounded: 'If one unhappily falls on ſome Places in his 'Works, or ſome of his Letters, he will find that 'his Belief ſometimes varies, as to Fundamental Points: But after all, thoſe are Letters of Humour. What has been publiſh'd of 'him, wherein he ſeems to doubt the Immortality of the Soul, had eſcaped him in the Courſe 'of his Paſſions, and in the Enjoyment of 'Pleaſures: A man ſpeaks then of things, as he 'wiſhes them to be in reality: 'Tis with that 'Spirit we ought to explain the Letter he wrote 'to Mademoiſelle *de l'Enclos*, and which begins 'with theſe Words, that have made ſo much 'Noiſe: *Let not Madam*, the Duke *de la* 'Rochefoucault's HELL *affright you. This was an* 'Imaginary Hell. When he wrote this Letter, he 'was ſtill of an Age, and in ſuch a Courſe of 'Pleaſures, that his Expreſſions ought to be 'conſidered, as the Reſult of the Vivacity and

'Gaiety of a Gentleman too much addicted to 'Worldly Enjoyments, rather than as the Sentiments of a corrupt Heart. 'What's certain, is, 'that for one Paſſage in his Works, that may 'bring the Purity of his Sentiments into Queſtion, there are a Thouſand others, which convince us, that his Heart was very ſound, and moſt 'ſubmiſſive to the Precepts of Chriſtianity *.

By this you ſee what odious Concluſions were drawn in *France* from that Paſſage ill-underſtood. As for the other Places mention'd by that Author, which ſeem to ſtrike at the Immortality of the Soul, they only relate to the former Editions of Mr. *de St. Evremond*'s Works; which, as I have more than once obſerv'd, were ſo faulty and ſo clogg'd with foreign Additions, that he was often made to ſay things, which he never ſo much as thought of. But I believe no ſuch thing will be found in the Edition we have publiſh'd.

There are ſeveral other Paſſages in his Works which would appear obſcure to moſt Readers, but for the Marginal Explanations that have been put to them. I took great care, as I ſaid before, to get thoſe Explanations from Mr. *de St. Evremond*, and I ſhould have gathered a greater Number, had we gone together through the Reviſing of his Works. To ſupply this Defect, Dr. *Le Févre*, who for the ſpace of forty Years was acquainted with Mr. *de St. Evremond*, has furniſh'd us with the Elucidations of ſeveral Paſſages, that could not otherwiſe be underſtood; and Dr. *Sylveſtre* has

* *See the Book call'd*, Pieces Fugitives d' Hiſtoire & de Literature. *Paris* I. *p.* 115, 116.

has alſo cleared not a few. I ſhall not enter into the Detail of the NOTES I have inſerted in this Edition: But content my ſelf with obſerving, in general, that they are of various kinds. Some of them immediately relate to Mr. *de St. Evremond's* Works, and ſerve only to explain them *. Others are more general, and contain ſome Particulars that might be call'd *Anecdota*, or ſecret Memoirs, ſince, to my knowledge, they were never made publick. Some these are, that relate to Facts pretty well known, tho' not equally occurring to one's Memory: and theſe are commonly very ſhort. You'll meet with ſome that contain the moſt material Paſſages of the Lives of ſome eminent Perſons, either not ſufficiently known, or imperfectly related by ſome of our Authors. To avoid Repetitions, and for the better Inſtruction of the Readers, I have often referr'd to the CRITICAL DICTIONARY, and other Works, which all the Curious are ſuppoſed to have. I was very exact in ſetting down the DATES †; both to rectify ſome of our Authors, whom I did not care to name, and becauſe theſe Dates having been a help to me in putting the ſeveral Pieces in a Chronological Order, I thought the Readers would be glad thereby to know the time in which they were compos'd. In the writing of theſe Notes, I had ſtill

* *Altho' I have ſet down in theſe Memoirs the time in which* Mr. de St. Evremond *wrote his principal Works, what occaſioned the writing of them, &c. it was thought fit to repeat thoſe Particulars, in each Piece, by way of Marginal Notes, for the Conveniency of the Readers.*

† *Such as the Death of ſome eminent Perſon, the Epocha of a great Event. Some of which firſt ſort of Dates are not to be found any where elſe.*

ſtill in my Eye the judicious Criticiſm of *Cervantes* †; and 'twere to be wiſh'd, that all who write Comments, ſhould read it with Attention.

Thus having given you an Account of what we have perform'd in the Edition of Mr. *de St. Evremond's* WORKS, nothing remains for me to do but briefly to anſwer ſuch as might be ſurpriz'd to find in them a good Number of Pieces, whoſe Subject-Matter does not affect them, becauſe it runs upon particular Facts and Paſſages. Why, will ſome People ſay, were thoſe Pieces printed in which the Publick are not concern'd, and which do Mr. *de St. Evremond* no great Credit *? Why was this Edition ſwell'd with them? Had it not been better to have culled the moſt excellent of his Writings, ſuch as are moſt worthy of Immortality?

I confeſs, that if we had made a ſtrict Choice of Mr. *de St. Evremond's* Works, we ſhould have ſuppreſs'd a pretty large Number of Pieces, which we have publiſh'd; particularly as to his Poetry: Nevertheleſs, I am of Opinion, that we have printed none that can hurt Mr. *de St. Evremond's* Reputation. If there happen to be ſome that are not underſtood by every Body, it does not follow, as I obſerv'd before, that they have no real Intrinſick Value. Mr. *de St. Evremond* did not write them for ſuch Perſons; nor have we publiſh'd them for them neither. I might add, that this Objection does not affect Mr. *de St. Evremond's* WORKS, any more than thoſe of moſt

† *See his* Prologue *before* DON QUIXOTTE.

* *All this and what follows, relates chiefly to the* French

moſt Authors, in which there are Compoſures, wherein the Publick are little concern'd: That ſuch a Fault, if it be one, is leſs excuſable in Authors who have themſelves publiſh'd their own Works, than in bare Editors: And in ſhort, that even thoſe Pieces that run upon Baſſet, Head-Dreſſes, and the like, are, at leaſt, proper to enrich our DICTIONARIES, and to explain certain Manners of our Age, which may not be underſtood ſome Hundred Years hence. I might back theſe Reaſons by other Arguments: But I ſhall only touch upon one, which, I hope will bear us out with the Publick; *viz.* That Mr. *de St. Evremond*'s WORKS being firſt printed here *(in French)* by Subſcription, ſeveral Perſons of Quality deſired, that ſuch little Pieces as relate either to the Dutcheſs of *Mazarin*, or other Perſons of their Acquaintance, ſhould be publiſh'd. Nor did we think proper to deny them that Satisfaction *.

I ſhall think my ſelf happy, if this Account of Mr. *de St. Evremond*'s Life and Performances, which I have lately reviſed, affords you any farther Satisfaction. I hope, however, *SIR*, you will look upon it as a Mark of the Reſpect, and Devotion with which I ſhall ever be,

Your, *&c.*

London the 4th. *of* November, 1706.

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* *As that Reaſon cannot take place in this Engliſh Edition, we have taken the Liberty to lay aſide ſeveral Pieces, both in Verſe and Proſe, which would not have affected the Readers.*

EPI-

EPITAPH
OF MR. DE
SAINT-EVREMOND.

CArolus de *Saint* Denis, *Dns. de* Saint Evremond,
Nobili genere in Normannia *ortus*,
A primâ Juventute
Militiæ nomen dedit;
Et per varia Munera
Ad Castrorum Mareschalli gradum evectus,
Condæo, Turennio,
Aliisque claris Belli Ducibus
Fidem suam & Fortitudinem
Non semel probavit.
Relictâ Patriâ Hollandiam,
Deinde à Carolo *II. accitus*, Angliam
Venit.
Philosophiam & humaniores Litteras
Feliciter excoluit:
Gallicam Linguam
Cum solutâ, tum numeris astrictâ Oratione
Expolivit, adornavit, locupletavit.
Apud potentiss. Angliæ *Reges benevolentiam & favorem*:
Apud Regni Proceres gratiam & familiaritatem:
Apud omnes laudem & applausum
Meruit.
Nonaginta Annos major Obiit
Die IX *Septembris* MDCCIII.

Viro Clarissimo
Inter præstantiores
Ævi sui Scriptores,
Semper memorando
Amici mœrentes
P. P.

The Dutchess of Mazarine.

MEMOIRS

OF THE

Dutcheſs of Mazarin.

Written in Her Name

BY

The Abbot of St. *REAL*.

WITH A

LETTER

CONTAINING

A True Character of Her Perſon and Converſation.

To which are added,

Some PIECES attributed to Monſieur *DE ST. EVREMOND*, and by him approved.

Printed in the Year, 1713.

MEMOIRS

OF THE

Dutcheſs of Mazarin*:

Written in her Name by the Abbot of St. REAL.

SINCE the Obligations I owe you are of that Nature, that I ought to conceal nothing from you, wherein I can teſtifie my Acknowledgments of them, I am willing to gratifie you with the true Relation of my Life, being you deſire it. Not that I am ignorant, how hard it is to ſpeak diſcreetly of one's ſelf:

* *For the better underſtanding of theſe* MEMOIRS, *we muſt obſerve that* LORENZO MANCINI, *a Nobleman of* Rome, *had by his Wife* JERONIMA MAZARIN, *Siſter to Cardinal* Mazarin, *among other Children,* PHILIP, *afterwards Duke of* Nevers: OLYMPIA; *married in* 1657. *to* Eugene-Maurice *of* Savoy, *Count of* Soiſſons, *Father to Prince* Eugene: MARY, *Wife to* Lorenzo Colonna, *Conſtable of the Kingdom of* Naples: HORTENZA; *married in* 1661. *to* Armand-Charles de la Porte, *Duke of* La Meilleraie, *on Condition that he and his Heirs ſhould take the Name of* MAZARIN: *And* MARY-ANNE; *wedded in the Year* 1662. *to* Geofroy-Maurice de la Tour, *Duke of* Bouillon.

And you know how averſe I am in my Nature, from explaining to the World, Matters wherein I am ſo nearly concerned: Yet it is very Natural to defend one's ſelf from Calumny, and to make appear to thoſe, of whom we have received conſiderable Services, that we are not ſo unworthy of their Favours, as the traducing World would make us appear to be: Nor can I ſpend the time of my Retreat with more Innocence. But if what I am going to acquaint you with, ſeem to ſavour much of the *Romance*, impute it rather to my Deſtiny, than to my Inclination.

I know the chief Glory of a Woman ought to conſiſt, in not making her ſelf to be publickly talked of; and thoſe that know me, know likewiſe that I never took much Pleaſure in things that make too much Noiſe: But it is not always in our Choice to live our own way: And there is a kind of Fatality, even in thoſe things that ſeem to depend upon the wiſeſt Conduct.

I would not trouble you with the Account of my Birth, if thoſe that envied my *Uncle's Glory had not endeavoured to tarniſh the Luſtre thereof: But ſince their Fury ſpared nothing that was his, it is lawful for me, to let you know that I am deſcended from one of the moſt illuſtrious Families of *Rome*; and that my Anceſtors for theſe Three Hundred Years have held a Rank ſo eminent and conſiderable, that I might have paſs'd my Days happily, though I had never been Heireſs to a firſt Miniſter of *France*.

The *Academy* of the *Virtuoſi* of *Italy*, which began at the Nuptials of one of our Family, made it appear what Eſteem that Houſe was in at that time: And as a farther Addition of

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* *The Cardinal* Mazarin.

Happineſs,

Happineſs, I had the advantage to be deſcended from a Father, that was one of the moſt accompliſhed and beſt qualified of our Family. I was but ſix Years old when I was brought into * *France*; and a few Years after, the Duke of *Mazarin* rejected the Marriage of my †Siſter, and conceived ſuch a violent Paſſion for me, that upon a time he told Madam *d'Eguillon*, That *if he could but have the Happineſs to be married to me, it would not grieve him to die three Months after.* The Succeſs ſurpaſſed his Deſire; he has married me, and yet, God be thanked, he is alive ſtill. Upon the firſt Report of his refuſing my Siſter, the Cardinal was much offended; and would often ſay, *He had rather marry me to a Footman.* But he was not the only Man I had the ill Fortune to pleaſe. An *Italian* Eunuch, Muſician to the Cardinal, was accuſed for having a Kindneſs for me. But the Truth is, that it was as much for my Siſter as for me. He was alſo jeered for being in Love with the beautiful Statues that were in the Palace *Mazarin.* This Man's Love certainly was unlucky, ſince thoſe poor Statues were ſo cruelly puniſhed for it as well as I, though they were as little in Fault. It was no Fault of my Siſter's, that I was not in Love with ſomething, as well as I was beloved. As ſhe had a ſincere Inclination for the King, ſhe would have been glad to ſee me ingaged with ſome ſuch Folly. But being extream young and childiſh, I could fix to nothing. All that ſhe could obtain from me, to oblige her, was to ſhew ſome Complaiſance to thoſe of my Age, that diverted me moſt in our little Play-games, which then took up all my Time and Thoughts, tho'

* *In the Year* 1653.
† *Married afterwards to the Conſtable* Colonna.

they were often interrupted by the King's Preſence, who ſeldom ſtirred from our Houſe, tho' he converſed among us with wonderful Goodneſs. He had ſo much of Serious and Solid (not to ſay of Majeſty) in all his ways, that he could not keep himſelf from ſtriking through us a moſt aweful Reſpect, even beyond his Intentions. My Siſter was no way diſturbed at his Preſence, whoever elſe was: And you may eaſily conceive that his Aſſiduity had Charms for thoſe who were the cauſe of it, when it had none for others. As the things which Paſſion makes us do, ſeem ridiculous to thoſe that have never known what that Paſſion is; my Siſter's expoſed her very often to our Raillery. One time among the reſt we jeered her, becauſe ſhe ſeeing at a diſtance a Gentleman of the Houſhold, who was about the King's Stature, with his Back to her, ran to him with open Arms, crying, *Ah my poor Sire!* Another thing that made us Sport about that time, was a Joke of the Cardinal's, with Madam *de Bouillon*, which was then about ſix Years old. The Court was then at *la Fere* *. One day as he made Sport with her about ſome Gallant that ſhe ſaid ſhe had; at laſt he began to chide her, for being with Child. The Reſentment which ſhe ſhewed, diverted all ſo, that it was agreed ſhe ſhould be ſtill told of it. They ſtreightened her Cloaths from time to time; and they made her believe that ſhe was growing very big.

This continued as long as it was thought neceſſary, to perſwade her to the likelihood of her being with Child. Yet ſhe would never believe any thing of it, and denied it with a great deal of Heat, until the time of her Lying-in came,

* *In the Year* 1656.

ſhe

ſhe found betwixt her Sheets, in the Morning, a Child new-born. You cannot imagine the Aſtoniſhment and Grief ſhe was in at this Sight. *Such a thing*, ſaid ſhe, *never happened to any but to the Virgin* Mary *and my Self; for I never felt any kind of Pain.* The Queen came to condole with her, and offered to be God-mother; many came to Goſſip with her, as newly brought to Bed: And that which at firſt was but a Paſt-time within Doors, came to be the publick Divertiſement of all the Court. They preſſed her hard to tell who was the Father; but all they could get from her, was only, *That it could be none but the King, or the Count of* Guiche, *becauſe no other Man but thoſe two ever kiſſed her.* For my part, being three Years elder than her, I was infinitely proud that I knew the Truth of the Matter; and I could never be weary of Laughing, to make People take notice I knew it.

You will hardly believe, that at thoſe Years, when there is nothing leſs thought of than of reaſoning upon Things, I ſhould make as ſerious Reflections, as I ever did of any thing of this Life. It is true, notwithſtanding, that my greateſt Delight was at that time, to ſhut my ſelf up alone, to write what-ever came into my Head. It is not long ſince ſome of thoſe Papers fell into my Hands; and I aſſure you, I was ſtrangely ſurprized to find Things ſo far ſurpaſſing the Capacity of a Girl. They were Doubts and Queſtions which I propoſed to my ſelf upon all Things, which I could not well underſtand. I could never ſufficiently ſatisfy my Fancy in deciding them; and yet I ſought with Obſtinacy, what I was not able to dive into, nor find. And if in my Conduct ſince, I have not ſhewed much Judgment, I have at leaſt this Conſolation, that I had a very great Deſire to attain to a good one.

I remember about that time, writing to a young Lady, for whom I had a great Kindneſs, I began to grow weary of writing ſo often, *I love you*, in one and the ſame Letter; and gave her to underſtand, that hereafter I would only make a Croſs to ſignify theſe three Words. According to this pretty Invention, it happened ſometimes that I writ to this Lady, Letters wherein there was nothing elſe to be ſeen but whole Lines of Croſſes, one after another. One of theſe Letters fell afterwards into the Hands of ſome, whom it concerned to find out the Myſtery, but could never find any fault with ſo godly a Cypher.

My Infancy being paſſed among theſe innocent Amuſements, or Paſt-times, they began to talk of a Match for me. Fortune, that intended to make me the moſt unfortunate Perſon of my Sex, began to flatter me with the ſhew of making me a Queen; and did all ſhe could to make me hate the Match ſhe deſign'd for me, by the compariſon of thoſe wherewith ſhe firſt did cajole my Imagination. Yet I can truly ſay for my ſelf, that thoſe illuſtrious Matches never dazled my Fancy. And the Duke of *Mazarin* dares not ſay, that he ever found me guilty of any Vain-glory above my Condition. All the World knows how many repeated Overtures were made to marry me with the King of * *England*. As for the Duke of *Savoy*, you know what was ſaid about it in the Journey to † *Lyons*, and that the Buſineſs broke off, upon the Cardinal's obſtinate Refuſal to abandon *Geneva*, in conſideration of that Marriage. We lodged at ‖ *Bell-Court*, and our Cham-

* Charles II. See *The* LIFE *of Monſieur* de St. Evremond, *Page* lxxix, lxxx.

† *In the Year* 1658.

‖ *a large Square at* Lyons.

ber-

ber-Windows, which open'd towards the *Market-Place*, were low enough for one to get in with eaſe. Madam *de Venelle*, our Governeſs, was ſo uſed to her Trade of watching us, that ſhe roſe even in her Sleep, to ſee what we were doing. One Night, as my Siſter lay aſleep with her Mouth open, Madam *de Venelle*, after her accuſtomed manner, coming aſleep as ſhe was, to grope in the Dark, happen'd to thruſt her Finger into her Mouth, ſo far, that my Siſter ſtarting out of her Sleep, made her Teeth almoſt meet in her Finger. Judge you the Amazement they both were in to find themſelves in this Poſture, when they were thoroughly awake. My Siſter was in a grievous fret. The Story was told the King the next Day; and the Court had the Divertiſement of laughing at it.

The Cardinal, whether it were thro' Modeſty or Diſſimulation, ſhewed himſelf as averſe, as the Queen to the King's Purſuit of my Siſter.

As ſoon as the Marriage with the Infanta of *Spain* was concluded*, nothing was ſo much in his Thoughts, as how handſomly to ſend her farther off, fearing leſt ſhe might be a hindrance to it. A little after our return from *Lyons*, he ſent us to ſtay for him at *Fontainebleau*; from thence he carried us to *Poitiers*, where he left it to her Choice to retire to what Place ſhe pleaſed. She choſe *la Rochelle*: And the Cardinal willing to wean her a little more, deſired the Biſhop of *Frejus*, at *Brouage*, to propoſe to her the Marriage of the Conſtable *Colonna*. But ſhe rejected it; her Inclinations being not yet drawn into *Italy*, by what drew her thither ſince. He had reſolved to carry Madam *de Bouillon* and me to the King's Mar-

* *In the Year* 1659.

riage;

riage; but my Siſter obſtinately refuſing to let us go, when he ſent for us, unleſs ſhe might go too; he choſe rather to deprive himſelf of the Pleaſure of ſeeing us there, than to let her come with us.

At their Majeſty's return from the * *Frontiers*, we were ſent for to *Fontainbleau*, where the Court then was. The King looked but cold upon my Siſter, and his Change began to make her reſolve to marry into *Italy*. She would often pray me to tell her as many ill Things of the King as I could. But, beſides, that it was hard to ſpeak ill of ſuch a Prince as he, who lived among us with that Familiarity and charming Sweetneſs; I being but Ten Years old then, I could not well comprehend what it was ſhe would have. All I could do for her, loving her tenderly, and ſeeing her all in Tears, was to weep for her Misfortunes with her, until ſhe might, at my turn, bear me Company to weep mine. The Averſion the Cardinal had for her Fondneſs to the King, made him conceive a great Unkindneſs for her; and as this Intrigue began with her firſt coming into the World, it may be ſaid, that he hardly ever loved her. My Brother's Humour was nothing more pleaſing to him, and his Conduct much leſs; eſpecially ſince he was accuſed to have been at the Debauch of † *Roiſſi*. One of the things which

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* *In the Year* 1660.

† *The Count of* Buſſi Rabutin; *the Abbot* le Camus, *afterwards Biſhop of* Grenoble, *and Cardinal*; *Monſieur* Mancini, *Nephew to Cardinal* Mazarin, *and ſome others, having met in* 1659. *at* Roiſſi, *a Country-Seat belonging to Count* Vivonne, *in order to ſpend the* Enſuet *Holidays*; *on* Good-Friday *they committed ſeveral Sacrilegious Impieties and Extravagancies, (inſomuch that it was confidently reported they had Chriſten'd a Pigg, ſaid Maſs over it, &c.) for which Enormities they were baniſh'd the Court*; *Count* Buſſi, *was exil'd to his Seat in* Burgundy; *the Abbot, to* Meaux; Mancini, *to* Briſac; *Count* Vivonne, *to* Roiſſi, *&c.*

moſt

moſt diſpleaſed him in us, was the want of Devotion: You cannot imagine how much he was diſcontented at it. He left no Arguments untried, to induce us to have more. Among the reſt, complaining once to us, becauſe we did not hear Maſs every Day, he told us we had neither Piety nor Honour: *At leaſt*, ſaid he, *if you don't hear it for GOD's ſake, hear it for the World's.*

Tho' I was as much concerned in his Remonſtrances as the reſt; yet either becauſe I was the youngeſt, and ſo the leſs faulty, or that he ſaw ſomething in my Humour that pleaſed him better, he had for a long time as much Tenderneſs for me, as he had Averſion for them. This made him to chuſe me, to leave his Eſtate and Name to the Man he ſhould wed me to; which likewiſe made him more Circumſpect in the care of my Education, than of the reſt, and at laſt alſo more diſpleaſed when he believed I had given him cauſe. He was very apprehenſive of my engaging my Affections to any one: Madam *de Venelle*, who had Directions to pry into all my Actions, would be continually ſpeaking to me of every one that came to viſit me, or were likely to engage my Love, in order to diſcover by my Diſcourſe my Thoughts of every Body; but I having no Tie more to one than to another, ſhe could never make any Diſcovery; and ſhe had been in Ignorance to this Hour, had not the Indiſcretion of my Siſter made her believe what was not.

I told you that ſhe would always preſs me to love ſomething. She importuned me for ſome Years to tell her if none of the Court pleaſed me more than another; at laſt being overcome with her Intreaties, I told her, I ſaw a Youth in the Houſe that I liked above the reſt; but that I ſhould be very ſorry he ſhould be half ſo pleaſing in my Eye, as the King was in hers. Over-

joyed

joyed to have drawn this Confeſſion from me, ſhe asked me his Name, but I knew it not. And though ſhe took all the Pains imaginable to make me deſcribe him, ſhe was above two Months vexing of me before ſhe could find him out. She underſtood at laſt that it was an *Italian* Gentleman, newly come from being Page of the King's Chamber, who was then but one of the Sub-Lieutenants in the Guards, but has been ſince killed in a much higher Employment in *Flanders*. She told me his Name, and likewiſe made her ſelf merry with the King about my pretended Inclinations, from whom ſhe could conceal nothing. The Cardinal knew it ſoon after, and believing it quite another thing than it really was, ſpoke to me of it in very harſh Terms. It was the right way to make ſomething of nothing; and if I had been capable of engaging my ſelf for Spight, his Reproaches might incline me to deſerve them. As this Gentleman was familiar in the Houſe, the Noiſe the Cardinal made about it, reached his Ear, and raiſed in him Thoughts which he perhaps never had before; at length he found means to make them known to me, and by my Siſter's good Will I ſhould have anſwered his Paſſion, inſtead of deſpiſing and rejecting it.

In the mean time the Cardinal's Diſtemper grew every Day worſe and worſe, the Deſire he had to Eternize his Name, carried him above the Indignation he had conceived againſt me. He broke his Mind to the Biſhop of *Frejus*, and deſired to know his Opinion of ſeveral Perſons, and which of them he thought propereſt for me. This Biſhop, won before by the Duke, upon Promiſe of Fifty Thouſand Crowns, forgot nothing that might deſerve them. But he never had them; for he returned the Bond, intimating, *He had a greater Mind to the Biſhoprick of* Evreux *if it could*

could be gotten for him; but the King did diſpoſe of it to another, notwithſtanding Monſieur *Mazarin*'s ſoliciting his Majeſty for the ſpace of two Months. The Biſhop re-demanded the Fifty Thouſand Crowns, but Monſieur *Mazarin* was no longer in a Condition to Pay them.

As ſoon as the Marriage was concluded, he ſent me a great Cabinet, wherein, among other rich Things, there was Ten Thouſand Piſtoles in Gold. I gave great part of this Gold to my Brother and Siſters, to leſſen their Hatred of my Opulencies, which they could not ſee without Envy, whatever Mien they made. I never put them to the trouble of asking me; for the Key was always in the Cabinet, and who would might take for me. One Day, wanting other Divertiſement, we threw above Three Hundred Piſtoles out at the Windows of the Palace *Mazarin*, to have the Pleaſure of ſeeing the Servants that were in the Court to ſcramble and fight for them. This Prodigality being told the Cardinal, it cauſed ſo much Diſpleaſure in him, that it is believed it haſtned his End; but whether it was ſo or no, he died within Eight Days after, and left me the richeſt Heireſs, but the unhappieſt Woman, in all Chriſtendom. Upon the firſt Tidings of his *Death, my Brother and my Siſter, inſtead of being ſorry, cried to one another, *God be thanked he is gone.* And to tell you the Truth, I was not much more afflicted: And it is a remarkable thing, that a Man of that Merit, that all his Life had laboured to raiſe and enrich his Family, ſhould never receive other Thanks from them, than apparent Signs of Hatred and Averſion even after his Death.

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* *Cardinal* Mazarin *died the Ninth of* March, 1661.

But if you knew with what Severity he treated us, you would be less surprized at this. Never Man had so sweet a Behaviour abroad and in publick, and so harsh and severe at home: And all our Humours and Inclinations were point blank opposite to his. Add to this the tyrannical Subjection we were kept in; the tenderness of our Years; and the insensibility and carelessness we had for all Things, to which too much Plenty and Prosperity reduces commonly Persons of this Age, in spite of all their good Nature. For my own particular, Fortune has taken care to punish my Ingratitude by these Misfortunes, which have continually followed me, one on the Neck of another, ever since his Death. I know not what fore knowledge my Sister had of them; but upon the first Discontents which I fell into after my Marriage, she told me by way of Consolation; *Go, go, you will yet be more unhappy than I.* The Duke of *Lorrain*, who for a long time was passionately in Love with her, made use of all his Rhetorick to perswade her to marry him; and continued his Pursuit even after the Cardinal's Death. The Queen-Mother, who would by no means have her stay in *France*, charged Madam *de Ventadour* to break off this Intrigue at any rate. But all their Endeavours had been fruitless, had they not been seconded by certain Reasons unknown to all the World. And though the King had the Generosity to give her her Choice of any Man else in *France*, if she could not fancy the Duke of *Lorrain*, and that he seemed to be sensibly displeased at her Resolution to go out of *France*; her evil Stars drew her into *Italy* against all Reason.

The Constable, who at first believed that the Amours of Kings could not be innocent, was so much transported with Joy to find the contrary in the Person of my Sister, that he made little account

account of not being the firſt that had gain'd her Heart. He left his bad Opinion that he had, and all *Italians* have, of the Liberty which Ladies enjoy in *France*, and made her live with the ſame Freedom in *Rome*, ſince he found ſhe uſed it ſo diſcreetly. In the mean time the *Eunuch*, her Confident, who now by his Abſence, and the Cardinal's Death, lived without Credit, undertook to make himſelf neceſſary about me; but, beſides that my own Genius made me a Stranger to all ſorts of Intrigues; Monſieur *Mazarin* kept too ſtrict an Eye over all my Actions. He enraged at this Obſtacle, took a Reſolution to be revenged of Monſieur *Mazarin* himſelf.

This Man had kept his Acceſs to the King with the ſame Freedom he had enjoy'd when he was my Siſter's Confident. He makes a great Complaint to his Majeſty of the Severity Monſieur *Mazarin* uſed towards me; *That he was obliged to take my part, as having been the Cardinal's Creature, and my particular Servant; That Monſieur* Mazarin *was jealous of all the World, and above all of his Majeſty; And he cauſed me to be watched very narrowly in all Places where the King* (who had no Thoughts of me) *might ſee me; And that beſides, he took upon him, as if he were a great Miniſter, and that he threatned to baniſh all the* Italians *out of* Paris.

To all this, the King only anſwered, *That if what he ſaid was true, the Duke of* Mazarin *was mad; and that though he had inherited Cardinal* Mazarin's *Wealth, he had not his Power.* All that was true of this Report, was only that Monſieur *Mazarin*, being informed of this Eunuch's Intrigues, threatned to put him out of the Palace *Mazarin*, where he had Lodgings. Not content with what he had done, he was ſo unwiſe as to boaſt of it before a Lady of Quality of *Provence*, called Madam *de Rux*, who was, I know not how, ac-

quainted

quainted with Monſieur *Mazarin*. She tells him of the ill Office that had been done him. He had a mind to place about me ſome Lady, who without the Name of *Gouvernante* might perform the Function; and finding this Madam *de Ruz* very proper to act the Part, he made Choice of her, as an Acknowledgment for the Intelligence ſhe gave him. He deſir'd her to find out ſome means to get her ſelf preſented to me without letting me know that he was acquainted with her. The Biſhop of *Frejus* ſpake to me of her, as from himſelf, ſometime afterwards; and brought her to me up a Pair of back Stairs, one Day when Monſieur *Mazarin* was a Hunting. I was much taken with her; and as I thought, that if it were perceived that I liked her, I ſhould not be permitted to have her; I was not willing any of the Houſe ſhould ſee her, before ſhe were received into my Family.

One Day, as I was alone with her, Madam *de Venelle* came ſuddainly into the Room, and broke a Busk we had ſet to bar the Door, and ſhut our ſelves in. Of a ſuddain, Madam *de Ruz*, with a wonderful Preſence of Mind, began to roul her Eyes in her Head, to Weep and Cry with the Tone of a Beggar, *That ſhe was a poor Gentlewoman of* Lorrain, *and pray'd me to take Compaſſion of her Miſery*. As ſhe hath the Air of her Face extream brisk and lively, as moſt of the *Provenceaux* have, her Grimace ſucceeded ſo well, and ſo diſguiſed her, that I my ſelf could hardly know her again. Madam *de Venelle* was ſo terribly affrighted at her, that ſhe ran as far off from her as ſhe could, and told all about ſince, *That ſhe found the Devil in my Chamber*.

Monſieur *Mazarin*'s cunning Artifice in the Choice of this Woman, in a Time wherein he could not yet have any Subject to complain of

any

any of my Actions, may ſuffice to inſtruct you with his Natural Diffidence, and in what Diſpoſition of Mind he married me. As he was jealous of my Abode in *Paris*, he continually carried me about to his Lordſhips and Governments. During the firſt three or four Years of our Marriage, I made three Journies into *Alſatia*, and as many into *Britany*; beſides ſeveral others to *Nevers*, *le Maine*, *Bourbon*, *Sedan*, and other Places. Having no greater Delight in *Paris*, but the Pleaſure of ſeeing him, it was not ſo irkſome to me, as it might be to a Perſon of my Age, to be deprived of the Divertiſement of the Court. And perhaps I ſhould never have been tired with this wandering kind of Life, if he had not too much abuſed my Complacency. He has often made me travel Two Hundred Leagues when I was big with Child, and very near my Time. My Relations and Friends were apprehenſive of the Dangers to which he expoſed my Health, and endeavoured to make me ſenſible of them, but it was a long time in vain. What would they ſay, if they had known that I could not once ſpeak to any of my Domeſticks, but they were turned away the next Day? That I could not receive two Viſits ſucceſſively from any one Man, but he was preſently forbid the Houſe? And if I ſhewed more Kindneſs for any of my Maids than for the reſt, ſhe was immediately taken away from me? If I called for my Coach, and he thought it not convenient to let me go Abroad, he would laughingly forbid the Coach to be made ready, and then would droll upon it till the Hour was paſt to go where I deſigned. He would be content that I ſhould ſee none in the World but himſelf. Above all, he could not endure that I ſhould ſee his Kindred, nor mine own: Mine, becauſe they begun to take my part; his own, becauſe they

did no more approve of his Conduct than mine did.

I was a long time lodged at the *Arſenal* with Madam *d' Oradous* his Couſin, without ever being permitted to ſee her. The Innocence of my Recreations, which were capable to put any Man elſe of his Humour out of doubt, who had reſerved any Regard for my Age, gave him as much diſquiet as if they had been very Criminal. Sometimes he ſaid, *It was a ſin to play with my Servants at Blind-man's Buff.* At other times he ſaid, *It was a heinous Crime to go to Bed late.* Once when Monſieur *Colbert* deſired to know all his Grievances, and Cauſes of Complaint againſt me, he could never alledge any other than theſe two. He often ſaid, *One could not in Conſcience go to the* *Cours, *and much leſs to Plays.* Sometimes my Devotions were too ſhort: In fine, his Peeviſhneſs upon my account was ſuch, that I verily believe, if any one would ſeriouſly ask him how, and after what ſort he would have me live, he could not agree with himſelf about the manner. He, no doubt, hath ſaid ſince, *That knowing of what Value I was, he could not be too ſolicitous of me; That the Converſation of the World being ſo Contagious, whatever Sport or Railleries were made of him, he would endeavour to hinder my being ſpoiled, becauſe he loved me more than his own Reputation.* But if it was his Love for me, that made him Treat me after this fantaſtical Faſhion, it were to be wiſhed for, for the eaſe of both of us, that he had honoured me a little more with his Indifference.

No ſooner did he perceive that I took delight in any Place, but I was immediately hurried from

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* *A publick Place at* Paris, *where People of Quality reſort, in order to take the Air in their Coaches.*

thence;

thence, though there were never ſo great a reaſon for my ſtay there. We were at the *Maine* when the News was brought of the King's Journey to * *Marſal*. He had Orders to follow his Majeſty thither; and he ſent me into *Britany* to keep Company with his Father, who was at the meeting of the States there. While he was preparing himſelf at *Paris* for his Journey, he had Intelligence from ſome of his Spies (by whom I was continually beſet and watched) that I paſſed my Time there very pleaſantly; he fell ſick upon it, and ſent for me away with all ſpeed. His Father underſtanding that his Phyſicians adviſed him to go to the Waters of *Bourbon*, would not let me go, alledging, *That a Man while he drank ſuch Waters muſt abſtain from Women.* Upon this News he fell into a Swoon for Vexation; and after ſeveral Couriers ſent for me, his Father at laſt let me go. I went with him to *Bourbon*, where I remained a Month, ſhut up with him in a Chamber, to ſee his Waters paſs; without ſo much as viſiting the † Princeſs, who was there, and to whom he had the Honour to be related. He could not preſently be induced to believe that it was his Father that kept me from departing out of *Britany*; and notwithſtanding all the Aſſurance he received of it ſince, he maintained always, that I had been better pleaſed to paſs my time there; than come and ſolace him in his Sickneſs. It had not been hard for me to juſtifie my ſelf, if he would but hear me. But that he avoided ſtill the moſt he could, becauſe all the Blame would be found of his ſide in the clearing of the matter; and he would never acknowledge himſelf in an

* *In the Year*, 1663.
† *The Princeſs of* Condé.

Error. Nothing afflicted me more than his Aversion to be informed or convinced of a Miſtake, becauſe he took upon him the Juriſdiction of treating me continually as guilty.

Some time afterwards being obliged for the King's Service to go into *Britany*, he took ſuch an obſtinate Reſolution to have me with him, and writ ſuch ſtrange things upon this occaſion to the Abbot *d' Effiat*, his near Kinſman, that I was forced to go from *Paris* three Weeks after I was brought to Bed. Few Women of my Quality would have done the like; but what would not one do for the enjoying of ſo great a good as Peace? And to mend the matter, he made me lodge in one of the wretchedeſt Villages in all that Country, and in ſo miſerable a Cottage, that we were conſtrained to be out of Doors all Day. He always made choice of ſuch Places becauſe I ſhould ſee no Company: And far from ſeeing any of the People of thoſe Villages, thoſe whoſe Civility or Buſineſs brought thither to ſee him, were forced to lie in the Fields for want of Inns; and if they diſpleaſed him never ſo little, he ſent them of Errands, about ſeveral Buſineſſes which depended upon him in this Province. However, we ſpent ſix Months in this pleaſant Place, in the Year 1666. Another time, being alone at *Bourbon*, and having ſent me into *Britany*, he underſtood by his Spies, that I diverted my ſelf very pleaſantly with Madam *de Coaquin*, and that few Days paſſed but we took the Air either at Land or by Sea: His wonted Diſquiet ſeizing him, he ſends for me to meet him at *Nevers*, *where*, as he ſaid, *there were very good Comedians, among other Diverti ſements.*

I began to grow weary of making ſo many idle Journies. I writ to Monſieur *Colbert* to complain; but being adviſed by him to go, I was much

much ſurpriſed to find Monſieur *Mazarin* upon the Road, Ten Leagues from *Nevers*, coming to *Paris* with my Brother, who was returning out of *Italy*. He would never give me any reaſon why he dealt ſo ſtrangely with me; we went without any farther clearing of this Doubt, to confine our ſelves at our Country-Houſe, call'd the *Caſſine*, near *Sedan*, whither my Brother, out of Complaiſance, ſeeing me very melancholy, accompanied us. It was there firſt that Monſieur *Mazarin* made ſhew as if he were jealous of him, not knowing otherwiſe how to be rid of him; and being unwilling to have ſuch a Witneſs of his Domeſtick Proceedings. You may judge of my Reſentment for ſo baſe and wicked a Suſpicion; but if all theſe Outrages, by hearing them related, ſeem hard to be endured, the manner with which he did them, was yet ſomething more cruel and barbarous. I will give you one inſtance, by which you will judge of the reſt. Being one Night with the Queen, I ſaw him coming towards me very pleaſant, and with a conſtrained and affected Smile, publickly made me this Complement; *Madam, I have good News to tell you, the King has juſt now commanded me to go into* Alſatia. The Duke of *Roquelaure*, who was then preſent, moved, as well as the reſt of the Company with this ſilly Affectation, but more frank than the reſt, could not refrain telling him, *That this was fine News indeed to be told with ſo much Joy to a Woman of my Condition.* But Monſieur *Mazarin* diſdaining to reply, went quietly out of the Room, very proud of his Gallantry. The King hearing of it, was moved to Pity. He took the Pains to tell me himſelf, That *my ſtay there ſhould be only for three Months*; and kept his word with me, as he always did.

If I did not apprehend to tire your Patience, I could tell you a Thouſand ſuch little malicious Tricks which he play'd me, without any manner of neceſſity, out of the meer Pleaſure he took to Torment me. Fancy then to your ſelf, continual Oppoſitions to my moſt innocent Deſires, and an implacable Hatred againſt all thoſe I loved, or loved me; an undefatigable Care to bring into my Preſence all thoſe I hated mortally, and to corrupt thoſe of my Servants whom I moſt truſted, to betray my Secrets if I had any; a ſtudious Application to cry me down every where, and make my Actions odious to all People; in fine, all the Malignity of the bigotted Cabal could invent or practiſe, in a Houſe where it had abſolute Tyranny, againſt a ſimple young Woman, careleſs, and whoſe want of Circumſpection in her Actions, gave every Day new Matter to her Enemies to inſult over her. I boldly make uſe of this Expreſſion, *Bigotted Cabal*, becauſe I cannot think that I err againſt the moſt ſtrict Rules of Chriſtianity, when I preſume that thoſe Devotees by whoſe directions Monſieur *Mazarin* doth regulate his Actions, are not truly ſo, having promoted the Diſſipation of ſo many Millions.

And this is the fatal Article that has made me loſe all Patience, and that has been the true beginning of all my Misfortunes. If Monſieur *Mazarin* had only taken delight in overwhelming me with Sadneſs and Grief, and in expoſing my Health and my Life to his moſt unreaſonable Caprice, and in making me paſs the beſt of my Days in an unparalled Slavery, ſince Heaven had been pleaſed to make him my Maſter, I ſhould have endeavoured to allay and qualifie my Misfortunes by my Sighs and Tears, and my Complaints to my particular Friends. But when I ſay, that by his incredible Dilapidations, and

Profuſeneſs, my Son, who might have been the richeſt Gentleman in *France*, was in danger of being the pooreſt; there was no reſiſting the Force of Nature, and motherly Love carried it over all other Conſiderations of Duty, or the Moderation I propoſed to my ſelf. I ſaw every Day vaſt Sums go away; Movables of ineſtimable Price, Offices, Governments; and all the rich Remains of my Uncle's Fortune, the Fruits of his Labours, and the Rewards of his Services; I ſaw as much ſold as came to Three Millions before I took any publick Notice of it. And I had hardly any thing left me of Value, but my Jewels, when Monſieur *Mazarin* took occaſion to ſeize upon them. He took his opportunity to lay hold of them one Night as I came late Home from the City; deſiring to know the reaſon of this Proceeding, before I went to Bed, he told me, *That I being of a free and liberal Nature, he was afraid I ſhould give away ſome of them; and that he had not taken them from me, but with Intention to return them again with the Addition of others.* I anſwered him, *That it were to be wiſhed his Liberality had been as regular as mine; that I was ſatisfied with them I had already, and that I would not go to Bed until I had them again.* And ſeeing that, to whatever I could ſay, he only replied with unpleaſant Railleries, expreſſed with a malicious Laugh, or a ſeeming Calmneſs of Voice, but in reallity moſt tart and bitter; I went out of the Room all in Deſpair, and paſſed to my Brother's Palace, extreamly perplexed, not knowing what courſe to take.

Madam *de Bouillon*, whom we preſently ſent for, having heard of this my new occaſion of Complaint, told me I was well enough ſerved, ſince I had ſuffered ſo much already without ſaying a word. I reſolved to have gone away with her in that very inſtant, if Madam *de Bellinzani*,

whom we likewiſe ſent for, had not hindred me, intreating me to ſtay until ſhe had ſpoken to Monſieur *Mazarin:* But he had given Order that none ſhould be admitted. Yet Madam *de Bellinzani*, through much obſtinate preſſing, was ſuffered to come unto him; but he would not give her leave to ſpeak, nor could ſhe get any other Anſwer, *But that her Buſineſs could not be ſo urgent with him, as to oblige her to come at ſo unreaſonable an Hour; but that if ſhe had any thing to ſay to him, he was going next Morning to St.* Germains, *and he would give her a meeting at the Croſs of* Nanterre. Madam *de Bellinzani* being returned, as ill ſatiſfied as we, at ſo unreaſonable a Raillery, it was concluded that I ſhould go to lie at Madam *de Bouillon*'s. The next Day all my Relations being come thither about my Concern, the Counteſs of *Soiſſons* was deſired to acquaint the King with it. He received her very graciouſly, and the Princeſs of *Carignan* was commanded to come and carry me with her to the *Hotel* of *Soiſſons*. After ſtaying there about two Months, I was obliged to return with Monſieur *Mazarin*, even without having my Jewels reſtored to me, or with any other Satisfaction, but to be allowed to diſcharge ſome Women which he placed about me, whom I did not like; that was the only Favour I could obtain. When I preſſed to have my Jewels reſtored, the Counteſs was the firſt that told me I did very ill. The Court was always againſt me ever ſince that time. It is well known of what Conſequence that is in all manner of Buſineſs; and I told the King on that occaſion, *That I ſhould ſee with Patience Monſieur* Mazarin *ſo much favour'd againſt me, if he were ſo in all other things; and if the little help he found in his other Affairs did not make it appear, that he had no other Friends but my Enemies.*

As this was rather a Triumph for him than a real Accommodation, it made him too haughty, to let it be of any long continuance. An Hour before my going to the Palace *Mazarin*, I ſent thither with ſome of my Things a Groom of the Chamber, whom the Counteſs had preferred to me ſince my coming thither. Monſieur *Mazarin*, that knew him as well as I did, having asked him what he would have, or who he belonged to; bad him be gone about his Buſineſs, without letting him ſtay until I came. This poor Fellow met me about Two Hundred Paces from my Houſe, and told me what happned; and tho' the Counteſs, who came to conduct me, perceived that this was a juſt Cauſe of a new Breach; ſhe perſwaded me to paſs forward, and when ſhe had brought me to the Stair-foot, ſhe took her leave of me, being unwilling to ſee Monſieur *Mazarin*, becauſe he had uſed all his Endeavours to have me removed to the Palace of *Conty*, as if the *Hotel* of *Soiſſons*, where ſhe lived, had not been as convenient, and as ſafe a Place for me. I begun immediately to beg that this Servant might be received again into my Retinue; and the Neceſſity I ſaw my ſelf reduced to, by the Authority of the great Ones, made me ſhow Submiſſions beyond my natural Inclination: But all in vain, I had a Man to deal with, that knew how to make uſe of the Conjuncture; and ſeeing then that he paid me with bald Excuſes, and as bad Jeſts, I reſolved to leave him the ſecond time, and to withdraw my ſelf to my Brother's Houſe. But Monſieur *Mazarin*, who (as you ſhall perceive by the ſequel) had taken a Courſe that I ſhould not go out when I pleaſed, and intended to keep me a Priſoner in my own Houſe; ſeeing me offer to go, he threw himſelf in my way, and puſhed me very rudely to ſtop my Paſſage. But my Grief

and Vexation supplying me with more than ordinary strength. I thrust by him in spight of all he could do, and though he called out to the [illegible] *but all the Doors, and the Court-Gate* [illegible] they seeing me all in Tears, none durst [illegible] was fain to go round by the Street (wherein there was a great Throng of People) in this sad Condition, alone, a Foot, and at Noon-day, to get to my accustomed Sanctuary.

This was the Effect of that Providence, that made him wall in the Door, by which there was a Communication betwixt my Brother's Palace and mine: and thro' which I made my Escape the time before. But this Precaution gave occasion to all Men who knew of it, to judge that he never intended me any better Usage for the future (if I return'd again to him) than I had before received at his Hands; having taken care to secure me for the time to come.

As soon as I came to my Brother's, I writ to the King to give him an account of my Proceeding: And the Countess carried me with her to the Palace of *Soissons*. But after five or six Days, Monsieur *de Lauvry* came to me from the King, to propose to me to retire into some Nunnery: But the Countess would not consent to that; and she brought it about, that Monsieur *Mazarin* should be obliged to come and carry me Home with him, upon Condition that she would be reconcil'd with him.

Presently after this, my Brother went away for *Italy*; partly to make it appear, that he did not contribute any thing to a misunderstanding between Monsieur *Mazarin* and me; and that it should not be his Fault, if we did not live peaceably together. But I enjoyed but an out-side Appearance of that Quietness which I hoped to have: For, notwithstanding all my Resolutions

of

of Patience, there paſſed not one Day for three Months, that we continued together, without ſome jarring, and cauſes of diſguſt.

At the end of this Time, he took a Fancy to go into *Alſatia*; and inſtead of gratifying me, and obliging me with his Kindneſs, to go (as I had reſolved to do) along with him, he was ſo ill adviſed, as to force me to keep a Woman that I could no way approve of. This his Quarrel about a Trifle, made me open my Eyes, and to think better of what Courſe I was to take. My Friends had the goodneſs to repreſent to me, the little Security I muſt hope for, from a Man of that Caprice, in a Place ſo remote, and where his Power was ſo abſolute. *That after what had paſſed betwixt us, I was a Fool to imagine I ſhould ever be ſuffered to return from thence: That he had ſent my Jewels before, for no other reaſon, but to confine himſelf for ever to that his Government, where he ſhould not be obliged to give any account of his Conduct, as at* Paris: *And if ever I ſhould have need of my Friends, I ſhould be ſo far from them, that they could do me no other good but, unprofitably, to wiſh my Condition was better.*

Theſe Conſiderations, that were but too apparent, and too well grounded, made me take Sanctuary once more at the Counteſs's, the Night before Monſieur *Mazarin* was to begin his Journey, fearing leſt he would have uſed Violence to force me along with him. I was ſo full of Perplexity and Diſtraction, to ſee my ſelf a-new reduced to this Neceſſity, that I forgot to bring away my ſmall Jewels which were left me for my daily uſe, and might be worth about Fifty Thouſand Crowns. As they were the only Treaſure I had left, the Counteſs was ſo provident as to ask me for them as ſoon as ſhe ſaw me: By that means I had time enough to ſend for them away. He came the next Day to know what I meant:

Anſwer

Anſwer was made him that I meant two things; the one, Not to go into *Alſatia*; the other, That he ſhould reſtore me my great Jewels which he ſent before unto *Alſatia*, and which were the firſt cauſe of our Breach. As for *Alſatia*, he would have been contented to excuſe me, ſince he ſaw no great likelihood of being able to perſwade me to it; but for my Jewels, he would make no peremptory Anſwer; and as they were ſtill upon the Road to *Alſatia*, as ſoon as Monſieur *Mazarin* left us, the Princeſs of *Baden* carried me to Monſieur *Colbert*'s, to beſeech him to ſeize them into his own Hands. He believed I ought not to be refuſed that Favour: They were forced to be brought back, and they have remained ever ſince in his Hands. Now the Queſtion was, What ſhould become of me? Monſieur *Mazarin* left me my Choice of going to live at the *Hotel de Conty*, or at the *Abbey* of *Chelles*, the only two Places in the World he knew I hated mortally, and that for very juſt Reaſons. The Oppreſſion of Spirit under which I lay, would not give me leave to determine which I ſhould chuſe of theſe two Places, equally odious to me; I was fain to let others chuſe for me: And the Reaſons I had againſt the the Palace of *Conty* being more prevalent, the *Abbey* of *Chelles* was preferred before the Palace of *Conty*.

In this my Solitude, making Reflection upon the Duty which my Friends told me was incumbent upon me, to deſire a Separation of Goods, in favour of my poor Children, before Monſieur *Mazarin* had ſpent all; I was at laſt reſolved to do it *. But though I was convinced in my own Senſe, I ought to ſolicite it; yet as I had ſome

* *In the Year* 1666.

particular Reaſons to refer all this to Monſieur *Colbert*'s Judgment, I cauſed him to be ſounded upon this Matter, and finding him averſe to it, put a ſtop to all.

Some ſix Months afterwards, Monſieur *Mazarin* coming out of *Alſatia*, made me a Viſit as he paſſed that way, to oblige me to diſcharge two young Women, which the Counteſs had given me ſince his departure for *Alſatia*. I did not believe my ſelf bound to ſatisfie his Deſires in this Particular, being I knew it was for no other reaſon he deſired it, but out of his Animoſity againſt her. His Reſentment of this Denial put him upon petitioning the King to have me removed from thence, to ſome other Monaſtery, upon I know not what Pretexts. But the real Truth was, becauſe the Abbeſs of *Chelles*, who was his Aunt, treated me civilly; and that I was well enough ſatisfied with my Abode there. He prevailed; and though that Abbeſs was, as ſhe had cauſe, much offended, and gave as favourable an account of my Behaviour there as could be deſired, yet the Maſter of the Horſe came to tell me, *that I ſhould oblige the King in going to the Nunnery of St.* Mary's *of the* Baſtille; and Madam *de Touſſi* came with ſix Life-Guards to conduct me.

Some time after Monſieur *Mazarin* going into *Britany*, came thither to ſee me; but was preſently out of all Patience, becauſe I wore Patches, (for I had ſome on by chance that Day) and told me, *he would not ſpeak to me until I had taken them off.* No Man ever made his Demands with ſuch Haughtineſs as inclined rather to refuſe than grant them, and chiefly, when he believed that Conſcience was therein concerned; and that alſo was the reaſon I would not put off my Patches, to ſhew him it was neither of my Belief nor Intention to offend God with this kind of Dreſs. After con-

teſting

Colour of keeping us Company, they would never ſuffer us to go out of their Sights. The eldeſt among the Nuns were choſen for this purpoſe, as being the hardeſt to be bribed; but we having nothing elſe to do but run about, we ſoon tired them out one after another, and one or two of them ſprained their Legs, ſtriving to run after us. I ſhould not tell you theſe little odd Follies, if Monſieur *Mazarin*'s Partiſans had not publiſhed them before; and ſince they repreſented them as ſo many Crimes, I am glad you know all the Enormities of them.

After we had been three Months in this Convent, we had leave to go to *Chelles*, where I knew we ſhould be more civilly treated, though we could not have ſo many Viſits; and Monſieur *Mazarin* arrived the ſame Day from *Britany*, that we were removed thither. Some few Days after Monſieur *Mazarin* comes with a Guard of Three-ſcore Horſe, with leave from the Arch-Biſhop of *Paris* to enter the Monaſtery, and carry me away by force. But the Abbeſs not only refuſed him entrance, but put all the Keys of the Houſe into my Hands, to free me from the Suſpicion of the Evil ſhe might have done me; with this Condition only, that I would ſpeak to Monſieur *Mazarin*. I asked him, What he would have? But he ſtill replied, *I was not the Abbeſs*. I anſwered him, *I was the Abbeſs for him that Day, ſince all the Keys of the Houſe were in my Power, and there was no getting in for him but by my Favour*. He turned his Back, and went his way. A Gentleman that the Counteſs ſent, to know how I did, carried this News to *Paris*, and ſaid, that it was reported at *Chelles*, that Monſieur *Mazarin* went off, only with deſign to return again in the Night. You have heard, without doubt, how Madam *de Bouillon*, the Count *de Soiſſons*, the Duke *de Bouillon*, and

and the beſt and greateſt Perſons about the Court got on Horſe-back upon this Report, to come to my Reſcue.

At the Noiſe they made, Madam *de Courcelles* and I, took them for my Enemies; but our Fear was not ſo great, but that we thought upon an Expedient to hide our ſelves. There was a hole in the Grate of our Parlor big enough for a great Diſh to paſs; and we never till then thought one could creep through it: Yet we both got in that hole, but it was with ſo much difficulty, that if Monſieur *Mazarin* himſelf had been in that Parlor, he would never ſuſpect that Place, and would have looked for us any where elſe than there. But when we found our Error, the Shame and Confuſion we were in, made us reſolve to ſhoot that Gulph once more without calling any Body to our Aid. Madam *de Courcelles* got eaſily through, but I was above a quarter of an Hour betwixt two Bars of Iron, and almoſt ſqueeſed to Death, without being able to get in or out. But though I was ſo horribly pinched, I would not conſent any ſhould be called to help us; and Madam *de Courcelles* never left tugging until ſhe had me out. I went to thank them all; and after they had joked a while upon Monſieur *Mazarin*'s Attempt to catch nothing, they all returned back.

In the mean time I had ſuch a Decree as I deſired, in the third Court of Inqueſts: This Court conſiſted moſt of young Men of great Wit and Eloquence, and they all ſtrove who ſhould be moſt forward to ſerve me. The ſcope of the Decretal Order was, *That I ſhould proviſionally be allowed Twenty Thouſand Livres; That I ſhould live at the Palace of* Mazarin, *and Monſieur* Mazarin *at the Arſenal.* And what was more important, *That Monſieur* Mazarin *ſhould be obliged to produce the Goods or their Value, which I declared he diſſipated.* The Prin-

ceſs

Counteſs of *Carignan* came to put me in Poſſeſſion of my Houſe. There I found all the Servants that I had need of, already choſen by Monſieur *Mazarin*; but I thanked them all for their good Will. The Counteſs, who always unſeaſonably put me in mind of my Generoſity, would fain perſwade me, *that it was below me to exact the Allowance the Parliament had aſſigned me:* But Monſieur *Mazarin* was not a Man that would give me any thing without being compell'd, and I muſt have whereby to ſubſiſt. It is true, ſhe asked me if I had need of Money; but ſhe could not be ignorant of that: And were it not for my ſmall Jewels, and the Helps that I had from my Brother, my Affairs had been in an indifferent Poſture. He return'd out of *Italy* Ten Days after my Decree; and although he was very angry at my Law-Suit, for thoſe very Reaſons that made Monſieur *Colbert* to diſapprove of it, and that he always foretold me the Counteſs would forſake me as ſoon as ſhe had engaged me in this Buſineſs; yet I found every Morning more Money upon my Toilet than I needed, without ever being able truly to diſcover from whence it came.

In the mean time Monſieur *Mazarin* remov'd the Suit unto the Great Chamber, for a new Tryal; but it was ſo order'd, that the King interpos'd in our Affair to make a final Accommodation betwixt us. We both ſigned a Writing to the King to this effect, *That Monſieur* Mazarin *ſhould lodge at the Palace* Mazarin, *but that I ſhould have the liberty to chooſe all my own Servants, excepeing my Gentleman of the Horſe, who was to be recommended to me by Monſieur* Colbert; *That we ſhould live each in their own Apartments; That I ſhould not be obliged to follow him in any of his Journies: And as for the ſeparation of Goods, I deſired that the Mini-*

ſters of State ſhould be Arbitrators thereof; And tha we ſhould inviolably obſerve and obey their Award. Upon the ſame Day that I ſigned this Writing, I met Madam *de Briſac* at the Fair, who told me laughing, *Madam, you are patched up again for the third time.* Nor were we truly Friends; for Monſieur *Mazarin* made it his Buſineſs to thwart me in all things, of which I could inſtance many Particularities; but one ſhall ſerve, that made Noiſe enough. I had ordered a Stage to be erected in my own Appartment, to have a Comedy acted for ſome Perſons of the Court. Monſieur *Mazarin*, without my Notice, cauſed it to be pulled down two Hours before it was to be made uſe of, *becauſe it was a Holy Day, and a Comedy was a prophane Divertiſement.* But all this did not hinder our ſeeing one another very civilly every Afternoon; for we neither eat, nor lay together. Monſieur *Mazarin* would have it otherwiſe underſtood; but beſides that, our Award mentioned nothing of it, I could ſee no likelihood that our Affairs ſhould remain long in this Poſture; and if it had happen'd that our Affairs muſt be referred again to the Parliament, I was loath to expoſe my ſelf to the Drudgery of Solliciting, being with Child.

Nor was my Apprehenſions vain; for Monſieur *Mazarin* was ſoon weary of what he had done; and thereupon begged of his Majeſty to tear the Writings, and to releaſe us of our Engagements. I conſented to it; but upon Condition, that his Majeſty would never more interpoſe in our Buſineſs, neither one way nor other. His Majeſty was graciouſly pleaſed to paſs his Word, that he would not, and has ever ſince kept his Promiſe. This brought us again into Parliament; and our Suit was followed with more Bitterneſs on both ſides than ever.

Monſieur

Monsieur *Mazarin* and his Adherents forgot nothing since that time, that might fully my Reputation to the World; and above all, make me hateful to his Majesty. The Extravagancy of Monsieur *Courcelles*, among other things, furnished them with an admirable Pretence. I had forgotten to tell you, that when I left *Chelles*, I prevailed so far, that I got leave for his Wife to come and live with me. She was no sooner there, but those that formerly had been instrumental to draw her away from her Husband, being glad to put her again into his Possession, found means, I know not how, to let him into the Palace *Mazarin*, whilst I was Abroad; and managed her so, that her Husband and she went away Home together as good Friends as ever. One Day as I came to give her a Visit, she was so foolish as to deny her self, though Mr. *Cavoy*'s Coach stood at the Door. In the first Transports of my Passion, for this her Rudeness, her Husband came unluckily in the way, to whom I could not forbear saying something of it. This foolish Man of late hankered after an Occasion to fight *Cavoy*; and was loath it should be thought that he was jealous of the best of his Friends, but that it was upon some other account. The most plausible he could find, was to pretend himself every where in Love with me; giving out, *That his Wife had in her keeping some Letters of mine that were of Consequence, and which I had written to a Gentleman of the Court; That she put them into* Cavoy's *Hands, and that* Cavoy, *like a Rascal, shewed them about; but that he would force him with his Sword to restore them, as he had promised me so to do.* Although this Story was ridiculous enough, and as ill contrived as might be, yet it found Belief; and some were so foolish as to report it for a Truth.

He did worſe than all this; he had the Impudence to tell me to my Face of it, in the Court-Yard of the Palace *Mazarin*. *I told him, that knowing better than any other, that all he had ſaid was not true; I could not imagine he could have any other Deſign in it, but to make himſelf merry; and that, if I knew that he had the leaſt Intention of fighting upon this ridiculous Pretence, I would immediately acquaint the Count of* Soiſſons *with it, who was juſt by, and heard ſome part of our Diſcourſe.* *Courcelles* perceiving, by the manner and tone of my Voice, that I would not underſtand Raillery, made ſign with a Nod of his Head, that it was only in jeſt; not daring to ſpeak it out, becauſe of the Count, who joined us at the ſame time. It is eaſie to gueſs how great my Amazement was, when I underſtood the next Day that they had not only fought, but that likewiſe in the Accord they made among themſelves in the Field, he had the Impudence to maintain this Fiction to the end; and to except a Woman from the Secret they had mutually promiſed to keep. He was ſo well pleaſed with himſelf, that he could not contain himſelf, but bragg'd of this Exception to ſome of his ordinary Acquaintance, which made the matter publick, and was the occaſion that they were both ſent to the *Conciergery*, to do Penance for one Man's Folly. They were not wanting at Court in their Cenſures of me, upon this occaſion, treating me with the Attributes of Incendiary, Make-bate, and Hair-brain'd; *That I ſhould be the occaſion of cutting many other Throats if I could.* And one of my Grooms of the Chamber being dangerouſly wounded about that time by ſome of his drunken Comrades, they had the good Nature to inform the King, *That this fellow was privy to all my Secrets, and that having found that he betrayed his Truſt, I took courſe to have him aſſaſſinated.*

The

The inſolent liberty People took to charge me with theſe Calumnies, obliged me to ſpeak to the King about it. The Counteſs, in whoſe Company I went to him, told his Majeſty as ſhe entered the Room, *That ſhe brought him that Criminal, that wicked Woman, of whom ſo many evil Things had been told him.* The King was pleaſed to tell me, *That he never gave Credit to any of thoſe Reports:* But his manner of delivering this was ſo ſuccinct, and ſo far from the accuſtomed Civility with which he uſed to hear me, that all others but my ſelf would have doubted of the Truth of what he ſaid. You know the Court is a Land of much Contradiction. The Compaſſion which perhaps People took of me, when they ſaw me ſhut up in a Convent, was changed into Envy, to ſee me appear in the Queen's Drawing-Room, and to make a much better Appearance there than I had a mind to. Yet I had no other Pretenſion, but to endeavour to make ſome tolerable Agreement with Monſieur *Mazarin*; but thoſe, by whoſe Councels I regulated my Actions and Affairs, having other ends, ruined my Buſineſs, by endeavouring to make their own ſucceed: And ſo abuſing my Simplicity, and the blind Obedience I gave to all their Advices, cauſed me to make ſeveral Steps, without underſtanding the Reaſon or Conſequence of it.

Amidſt all theſe Troubles and Vexations, our Suit went forward, and Monſieur *Mazarin* found the ſame Favour among the old Men, which I had obtained of the Young. After three Months time, I had Intelligence, *That he had gained the Hearts of the Great Chamber; That his Cabal carried all before them there; That he was like to have ſuch a Decree as he deſired; That altho' they did grant me the Separation of Goods, they would not leave me that of my Bed, which I then enjoyed, and therefore was no part of*

many important Concerns: *That it was not the time to ſtay all the Day in my Chamber undreſſed, playing upon my Guittar; and that this kind of Careleſneſs made her almoſt believe what was reported, that I intended to fly into* Italy. Theſe unprofitable Remonſtrances ended in an Exhortation to me, to go with her to St. *Germains* to make my Court at leaſt: But as I had other Buſineſs that concerned me nearer, I deſired her to excuſe me. It was abſolutely neceſſary, for my Deſign, that ſhe ſhould be at St. *Germains* when I ſet out; for had ſhe been at *Paris*, in the uneaſineſs ſhe was for my Proceedings, it had been almoſt impoſſible, but ſhe would have ſuſpected ſomething of my Intention.

In fine, *Wedneſday*, the Thirteenth of *June*, in the Year, One Thouſand, Six Hundred, and Sixty Eight, being the Day appointed for my Departure, whilſt I was putting my little Affairs in order againſt Night, ſhe ſent for me to go and Dine with her at St. *Germains*. I was about to ſend her word I could not go, but the Meſſenger was ordered to take no Denial, but that I muſt go; which made me fear my Plot was diſcovered: But as we muſt always in ſuch kind of Matters preſume we are not diſcovered, though we ſee never ſo great Appearances to the contrary, I thought it expedient to promiſe, I would meet her there, leſt ſhe ſhould come her ſelf to fetch me. When Dinner-time was over, and I did not appear, ſhe ſent to conjure me not to fail to come thither before Night. I excuſed my ſelf as well as I could for breaking my Word, and bid them aſſure her that I would not fail to be there at Night: But Ten of the Clock being paſſed, and no News of me, ſhe took her Coach and came ſtreight towards *Paris*. She was come above half way when ſhe met my Brother, who left *Paris* at

the

the ſame time I did, to impart my Deſign to Monſieur *de Louvoy*. She asked him abruptly, *Where I was?* But he asked her, *If ſhe had not met me?* She ſaid, *No.* He replied coldly, *That ſure then I had taken the other Road; for, that he ſaw me come away before he took Coach.*

Monſieur *Mazarin* came to awake the King at Three of the Clock in the Morning, to beſeech him that he would give Order that I ſhould be purſued. But his Majeſty had the Generoſity to anſwer him, *That he would not break his Promiſe he had made when he tore our Award, never to meddle with any of our Concerns, one way nor another; and that it was not likely they could over-take me now, being ſo long gone, and having taken my Meaſures at leiſure as I had done.* But this Anſwer was otherwiſe reported in the World; and you have ſurely heard of the Verſes which were made of this Subject, which begins thus:

Sad Mazarin, *Pale, and full of Grief;*

and ended with this Joke upon the Revelations he had, during the Queen's great Sickneſs, touch-the King and Madam *la Valiere:*

Alaſs! what is become of my poor Wife?
Know you not? (quoth the King) *ſure you cannot miſs,*
Th' Angel, that tells you all, has told you this.

Monſieur *Mazarin* ſeeing he could obtain nothing to his Purpoſe of the King, went to Monſieur *Colbert*, who adviſed him to ſend ſome Perſon of Credit after me, to offer me my own Terms, ſo I would come back. It was one Monſieur *la Louviere*, one of the Lieutenants of the Ordnance who was ſent; and you may judge from

from the Place where he over-took me, that the King had reaſon to ſay, it was then too late to follow me.

Whilſt things paſſed thus at Court, I ran a ſtrange Carreer; and I do aſſure you, that if I had fore-ſeen all the Inconveniencies that attend ſuch a Journey, I ſhould rather have choſen to end my Days betwixt four Walls, and to haſten it with Steel or Poiſon, than to expoſe my Reputation to thoſe Calumnies that are inevitable to all Women of my Age and Quality, that are ſeparated from their Husbands. Though I had not Experience enough to foreſee the Conſequences of it, nor thoſe that were of my Counſel, Forecaſt enough; yet I was not without many Conflicts with my ſelf before I could abſolutely come to a ſettled Determination: And my Irreſolutions were ſo troubleſome to me, that if you could but ſee them, you would more eaſily be convinced, that nothing but the Neceſſity I ſaw my ſelf reduced to, could hurry me to ſo fatal an Enterprize. I can with great Truth aſſure you, that all my Diverſions were but feigned, ſince I had formed this Deſign; and that the Counteſs was much in the wrong in reproaching me with my Tranquility of Mind. I ſcarce took any Reſt, nor Eat, nor Drank much for above Eight Days before; and I was much troubled when I ſet out, that I was fain to ſend back from the Gate of St. *Anthony*, to fetch the Box in which was my Money and my Jewels, which I had forgotten. It is a great Truth, that I never dreamed that I ſhould ever want Money, but Experience hath taught me it is [illegible] thing that is wanting, eſpe[illegible] have always lived in great [illegible] knowing the Neceſſity and [illegible] directly managing it. Neve[illegible]

Keys of my Apartment with my Brother, that he might seize upon my Plate, Furniture, and other Thing of Value. But he was so careless as to let Monsieur *Mazarin* prevent him, upon the same Token that sometime after he sold some of my Things to Madam *la Valiere* for a Hundred Thousand Livres.

My Train consisted of a Maid I had but six Months before, called *Nannon*, dressed in Man's Apparel, as I was; a Man of my Brother's, called *Narcissus*, with whom I had no Acquaintance, and a Gentleman belonging to Monsieur *de Rohan*, called *Courbeville*, whom I had never seen before. My Brother desired Monsieur *de Rohan* not to leave me until he had seen me out of Town. I parted with him without the Gate of St. *Anthony*, and drove on in a Coach with six Horses, to a House belonging to the Princess of *Guimené*, his Mother, Ten Leagues from *Paris*. From thence I went Six or Seven Leagues in a *Caleche*; but these kind of Carriages were too slow for my Fears; therefore I took Horse, and arrived at *Bar* the *Friday* following about Noon; from thence (seeing my self out of *France*) I went no further than *Nancy* that Night. The Duke of *Lorrain* hearing of my Arrival, and desiring to see me, was so civil as not to press it, when he understood I was unwilling. The Resident of *France* was very earnest to have me stopped there, but in vain; and the Duke, to compleat his Generosity, gave me a Lieutenant and Twenty of his Guards to conduct me into *Swisserland*. We were almost every where known to be Women; and *Nannon* [illegible] tho' [illegible], called me MADAM; [illegible] or that my Face gave [illegible] the People watched us [illegible] we had than our [illegible] Ladies, which so

soon

ſoon as we were at liberty we untied, becauſe they were very troubleſom to us under our Perriwigs.

Nannon was extream low of Stature, and ſo unfit to be cloathed in Man's Apparel, that I could never look upon her without laughing. The Night that I lay at *Nancy*, where we re-aſſumed our Womens Apparel, I was ſo over-joy'd to ſee ſee my ſelf out of danger, that I gave my ſelf the liberty of diverting me a little at my ordinary Sports; and as I ran after her to laugh at her, I fell on my Knee and hurt it. I did not feel it then; but ſome Days after having cauſed a Bed to be made in a ſorry Village of *Franche Comté*, in order to reſt my ſelf while Dinner was a preparing, ſuch a grievous Pain took me of a ſuddain in that Knee, that I was not able to riſe. But on I muſt go, therefore having been let Blood by a Woman, for want of another Chirurgion, I followed my Journey in a Litter, till I came to *Neufchatel*, where the People perſwaded themſelves that I was Madam *de Longueville*. You cannot imagine the Joy the People expreſſed to ſee me, being not uſed to ſee Women of Quality of *France* paſs through their Country; nor could they comprehend that any other but the Dutcheſs of *Longueville* could have Buſineſs that way. I know ſome would have laid hold of this Occaſion, and made uſe of their Kindneſs, to taſte of the ſweetneſs of Soveraignty. After all, the Miſtake was advantagious to me; and what I wanted in Age, I gained in Quality. But Power and Authority ſeemed to me too great and too good for a Fugitive. I was ſo unskilfully handled there, that my Pain grew worſe, inſomuch that I had once Thoughts of returning to *Paris*; and were it not that *Milan* was nearer, and that I hoped to be ſooner and ſafer there, I had purſued my firſt Thoughts.

Some

Some few Days after, I paſſed through a lit-
e Town of *Swiſſerland*, that had a Garriſon,
here we were all like to be knocked on the
ead, by our Ignorance of their Language; and
o compleat our Happineſs, we underſtood when
ve came to *Altorf*, that we muſt make our Qua-
antine there, before we ſhould be ſuffered to en-
er the Territories of *Milan*. There it was my
tock of Patience was quite ſpent; for I ſaw my
elf in a barbarous Country, moſt deſperately
ick, full of grievous Pain; and for Help, you
hall judge by what hapned to *Narciſſus*, whether
here was much to be hoped for in that Place.
For he ailing ſomething, ſent for a Chirurgion
o let him Blood; they brought him a *Farrier*,
who going to let him Blood with his Fleam,
miſſed the Vein, and *Narciſſus* threatning to kill
him, the Fellow ſtill anſwered coldly, *That he had
not angried the Artery.*

But what conſummated and throughly carried
my Condition, even beyond Deſpair, was the
Diviſion in my Family, and their continual Jar-
ring. *Narciſſus* took it ill that *Courbeville*, who
had been in my Family but Seven or Eight Days,
ſhould take upon him to meddle with any thing
without his leave; and the ſame reaſon made
Nannon quarrel with them both: But while *Nar-
ciſſus* and ſhe jarred in this manner, they were
uſeleſs to me, and did almoſt nothing but out of
ſpite to thwart one another. On the other ſide
Courbeville was very diligent to help me; and I
am ſtill perſwaded, had it not been for him, I
had been forced to have had my Leg cut off.
nd as my diſtreſſed Condition made me very
nkful, and acknowledging for every little Ser-
; my commending his particular Care of me,
them quite out of Humour, and thereupon
idoned me wholly to his Care.

It was at the time of this Quarantine tha
Louviere over-took me; but I remitted the D
beration of what he propoſed to me, to our A
val at *Milan*, whither I came ſome few Days
ter, by the favour and means of the Duke
Seſto, Brother-in-Law to the Conſtable, and
vernor of that Country. He underſtood ho
was detained at *Altorf*, and he remitted Eight
Days of my Quarantine. My Siſter and the C
ſtable came to meet me at a Houſe of the
Four Days Journey from *Milan*, where we ſt
ſome Days, and thence went to *Milan*, where
Six Weeks that we ſtaid there, we received N
Couriers from *Paris*.

I was inform'd that preſently after my Flig
the Judges had declared themſelves in my fav
againſt Monſieur *Mazarin*; that Marſhal *Tur*
himſelf had ſpoken to the King in my beha
and that the Reſolution I had taken, gave b
Admiration and Pity to all reaſonable Peo
But that things had quickly changed by
Friends joyning with Monſieur *Mazarin*, in
Action againſt my Brother and Monſieur *de*
han, wherein 'twas pretended that they had ſt
me away.

I know that Monſieur *Mazarin* ſent one a
me with Power to take Information from Pl
to Place, all the Road that I paſſed, of all
Actions and Demeanour. And this perhaps is
greateſt and only Obligation I owe him, ſi
this Man's Depoſitions, whi[illegible]are recorded
Parliament, are undeniab[illegible]monies of
Innocence of my Carriage [illegible]duct th
out this Journey, againſt [illegible]legatio
Aſperſions of my Enemie
beſt Story in his Budget.
Brother, and to [illegible]cu
Neufchatel; to

where, and how I was; and to Monsieur *de Rohan*, to thank him for the Service he did me at my coming away, in facilitating my Departure. I had commanded *Narcissus* to send away these Letters by the Post; but whether it was that his Hatred to *Courbeville* reached as far as his Master that gave him to me, or that it was meer Negligence; he confessed at *Milan*, that he forgot Monsieur *de Rohan*'s Letter upon the Mantle-Tree in the Post-Master's House at *Neufchatel*, to whom he had given it in charge. *La Louviere* finding it as he came that way, carried it with him, and gave it to Monsieur *Mazarin*, who made use of it, and with such success, that it set all the World against me. And it was upon this Letter that he presum'd to Petition the Parliament sometime after, that I ought to forfeit all my Rights; which is never practised but against Women convicted of the highest Infamy and Lewdness.

I told you that Monsieur *de Rohan* had obtained my Brother's Consent to come to us to *Brussels*, when we should be arrived there. The need we had of him, having made us conclude the matter so; it was natural enough to mention this to him, in a Letter that was designed principally to shew him my Acknowledgments and Gratitude. This was Evidence enough for Monsieur *Mazarin* to prove a Confederacy betwixt us, and that the Chevalier was in Love with me. But besides, that his Affections were known to the whole Court to be engaged else-where then, and to a Person of that eminent Quality, that he was ...ished for it: His manner of Proceeding did ...ay shew any such thing. It was truly the ... good Friend to furnish me with Means ... off, and to put me into the ...s; but it was no way that ...here are very few, who being

being favoured with a Confidence of this Nature, would be perſwaded to loſe ſight of their Miſtriſs in ſo extraordinary an Occaſion.

Notwithſtanding all this, the World gave Credit to what Monſieur *Mazarin* would have paſs for a Truth. As for my Brother, he had, as you have ſeen by the Story, pretended to take up a Jealouſie of him, in order to render him ſuſpected in all my Concerns; that by this means he might deprive me of ſo conſiderable a Support. There was nothing ſo innocent, but was miſrepreſented, in order to maintain and carry on ſo deteſtable a Calumny; they produced Letters in Verſe, for want of other Evidences. Poſterity (if any thing of our Buſineſs doth reach it) will hardly believe that a Man of my Brother's Gravity ſhould be examined upon Interrogatories about ſuch Trifles; and that they ſhould be ſeriouſly diſcuſſed before ſo grave a Bench; that they ſhould make ſuch a deteſtable uſe of ſo innocent a Commerce of Wit and Sentiments betwixt Perſons ſo nearly related; to conclude, that the Eſteem and Friendſhip I had for a Brother, of a Deſert and Merit ſo well known, and ſo juſtly due to him, and who loved me entirely well, ſhould be made uſe of as an unjuſt Pretence and Colour for ſo black and ſo cruel a Defamation.

It will be hard to find ſtranger Examples of the Misfortunes of a Perſon of my Quality, Sex, and Age. The moſt ſacred Ties of Nature and Reaſon, become the moſt horrible Crimes, when Jealouſie and Envy come to deſcant upon them; but there is nothing impoſſible to a Man that makes Profeſſion of being devout and godly, and rather than to own himſelf in the wrong, he will cauſe the moſt innocent and upright eſt Perſon;

tions in the World, to be thought the moſt infamous, and the moſt abominable. I may perhaps be thought to be in a Paſſion; but the Remembrance of ſo barbarous an Injuſtice, and ſo cruel Uſage, has run me into a ſuperfluous Digreſſion; and it is very difficult to keep an even Temper in relating ſuch ſad and lamentable Things. Nor is it eaſie to leave wondering that People ſhould be ſo malicious as to tax me with a Buſineſs ſo known to the World, as the Friendſhip and Union that was betwixt my Brother, my Sifter the Conſtable, and my ſelf. The whole Court of *France* have ſeen a Letter, which he writ from *Rome* ſome time after our Marriages, wherein he repreſents to one of his Friends the Happineſs in having two Sifters whom he loved ſo well, living in two of the greateſt and moſt famous Cities of the World, *Rome* and *Paris*. He ended his Letter with theſe two Verſes:

And thus I paſs my Days in great Delight,
With wife Mary, *or* Hortenſia *bright.*

It is not unlikely, but that Monſieur *Mazarin* would have made uſe of theſe Verſes, in his Suit, if my Sifter (whom he endeavoured to gain, and ſet againſt me) had not been concerned in them as well as I: For they are, at leaſt, as criminal and faulty as the other Letter, of which he made uſe. My Brother had writ to me that other Letter to St. *Germains*, where I was ſome Days, after Monſieur *Mazarin* had cauſed the Stage to be thrown down, which I told you I had ordered to be ſet up in my Apartment. It began thus:

Thou who art in thy kind without Compare,
More chaſte than Lucrece, *or than* Venus *fair,*
&c.

He continues it with returning me Thanks for writing to him, and giving me an account of his Health; and after he goes on thus:

Know then your kind Duke makes a damnable Rout,
He frets, and he fumes, and he wanders about,
And all to enquire his dear Mazarin *out.*
He came th'other Night in a Lunatick *Rage,*
And told me the Tragical Fate of your Stage.
The Duke of Navaille, *that withered ſad Driwil,*
Whoſe gaſtly wild Looks would half fright the Devil,
To aſſiſt your good Man comes thund'ring Pell-mell,
And with Noiſe, and with Nonſenſe upon me he fell.
They both join'd i' th' Chorus, *and opening their Throats,*
As loud as they could, with their damn'd Screech-Owl Notes,
They try'd me, and teiz'd for a whole Hour long,
And his dear Mazarin *was the Burden o' th' Song.*
Your hectoring Spouſe, like a Sarazen, ſtares,
Looks big, and all that,———and by's Maker he ſwears,
He'll ſeize you by Force, where-ever he meets,
And when you in his Clutches but once more he gets,
For all your brisk Champions he'll care not a Rope;
He'll keep you in ſpight of King, Emperor, or Pope.
His Servant, Polaſtron, *has offer'd his Aid,*
To join in the Plot, to have you betray'd.

Has ſworn his Allegiance the better to warrant
Himſelf a true 'Squire to your new-made Knight-
Errant.
In this extream Danger, till the Tempeſt is o'er,
The Protection of Lewis, *I adviſe you implore.*
In all this Diſtreſs, of his Friendſhip make tryal;
And ſheilded by his great Authority Royal,
You need fear no ill; you'll be ſafely ſecur'd
Againſt an ungrateful and barbarous Lord.

The reſt is nothing. As I was ſhewing this Letter to ſome of my Friends at Court, the Count of *Grammont* came and ſnatched it out of my Hands, and carried it to the King: It was read publickly before him, and there was none of all the Court that was any way ſcandalized at it, but one of the King's Chirurgions, named *Eliam*. This Man, who in appearance was zealous for his Patients, hearing theſe words,

The Duke of Navaille, *that wither'd ſad Drivil,*

could not contain himſelf from interrupting them, and ſaying, *That was nothing, for he was ſhortly to be purged.* And yet it was upon ſuch convincing Proofs as theſe, that Monſieur *Mazarin* obtained an Order of Parliament, to Arreſt me in any Place where he ſhould find me. All my Friends, at the ſame time, ſigned a Paper to him, jointly praying the Conſtable not to receive me into his his Houſe; but he laughed at their Folly. However, they had ſent, with the Paper, theſe other ſcandalous Letters. There came to me at the ſame time an Expreſs from the Counteſs, to excuſe her ſelf to me about this; but by word of Mouth only.

I confeſs, my Conſtancy was not of ſtrength enough to receive ſo great a Shock of ſo many

Afflictions together. I fell into a deep Melancholy; and theſe kind of Proceedings leaving me no Hopes of an Accommodation, I left off the Thoughts of going to *Bruxelles*. Hereupon my Brother arrives; and inſtead of comforting me, he began another Perſecution againſt me, ſo much the more cruel, becauſe it had a very ſpecious Foundation. It was agreed, that *Courbeville* ſhould be ſent back as ſoon as I came to *Milan*. But he having underſtood the criminal Proceſs that was begun at *Paris*, in which he was made a Party, he threw himſelf at my Feet, and repreſented to me, *That he could not return to his Maſter, without carrying his Head to a Scaffold; and that having not whereby to ſubſiſt any where elſe, he ſhould be utterly ruined if I diſcharged him my Service.* This Gentleman had been ſo ſerviceable to me in my greateſt Neceſſities, that I believed I could not abandon him without extream Ingratitude; therefore I paſſed my Word to him, that I would not put him away, as long as he was pleaſed to ſtay with me. And the cruel Diſpleaſures which I ſince received for having kept him, have not yet perſwaded me that I ought not to have given him my Word to continue him in my Service.

Nannon and *Narciſſus* enraged becauſe I kept him, told my Brother that he talked inſolently of him. What they alledged he had ſaid, was like enough; my Brother believed it, and would have me turn him away: But as I knew who it was that had done him this ill Office, I could neither believe it, nor diſcharge him. But my Reſolution to keep him drove *Nannon* and *Narciſſus* into Deſpair; and at laſt the beſt Expedient they could find to force me to ſatisfie their Deſire, was to give out that *Courbeville* was in Love with me. My Brother, who would ſeem ignorant of theſe Services, and of the Promiſe I gave him, and the

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Obligations I owed to this Man, becauſe he believed himſelf affronted by him, and being accuſtomed to receive no Denial from me, was afraid there was ſomething extraordinary in my Obſtinacy not to diſmiſs him; and was confirmed in this Opinion, when after highly repreſenting to me the Report that was ſpread abroad, he ſaw I would not yield to part with him. This ridiculous Calumny, inſtead of convincing, did exaſperate me: And I was ſo nearly touched to find he gave Credit to it, that I could no longer endure him. The Conſtable and my Siſter were firſt of my ſide, againſt him; but they too turned to his ſide at laſt. Then there was nothing but ſending and proving betwixt us four: The Fault was always laid upon me; and they juſtified themſelves at my Coſt. This kind of Life, full of Vexations and Reſentments, againſt a Brother and a Siſter whom I loved ſo dearly, and whoſe Society alone I thought ſufficient to make me happy, made me at laſt, though late, to apprehend that we muſt ſet our Hearts upon nothing in this World.

In the midſt of theſe Diſquiets we came to *Venice*, where the Conſtable was not well at his eaſe, becauſe perhaps he ſaw my Siſter was too well pleaſed to be there. He promiſed me great Matters to induce me to go to *Rome*; *That he would ingage his Holineſs ſhould protect me*, and *that he would omit nothing to divert me from the deep Melancholy he ſaw me inclined to.* Seeing my ſelf ſo cruelly perſecuted by my Brother, I thought it convenient, by my Complaiſance, to manage the Conſtable's Kindneſs. We went all to *Sienna*, to Cardinal *Chigi*'s; from whence, after three Weeks ſtay there, my Brother having fallen out with us, returned to *Venice*, without taking leave of us, and we ſteered our Courſe towards *Rome*; where

the Heats were ſo Exceſſive, that we were forced to retire for ſix Weeks to *Marino*, a Country Seat, belonging to my Brother-in-Law, the Conſtable.

About the time we returned to *Rome*, my Brother came thither with a Gentleman belonging to *Monſieur de Rohan*, to cauſe (as I have been told) *Courbeville* to be Aſſaſſinated. I was informed that *Courbeville* finding himſelf extream ill at *Venice*, believed himſelf Poyſoned; and in his Anger he had written terrible Letters to *Paris* againſt my Brother and Monſieur *De Rohan*, whom he believed of Intelligence with my Brother, to have him turned out of my Service; that theſe Letters falling into Monſieur *De Rohan's* hands, he ſent them back to my Brother, deſiring him to Chaſtiſe *Courbeville* according to his Deſerts. The indiſcretion of this *Courbeville*, and the unpleaſing Noiſe this Buſineſs made in the World, together with the deſire I had to be at quiet, made me reſolve at laſt to diſcharge *Courbeville*; not doubting but he would willingly acquit me of my Promiſe which I had given him.

My Requeſt to Preſident *Champlaſtreux* his Son, who did negotiate betwixt my Brother and me, was, *That he ſhould not preſs me with ſo much Imperiouſneſs to this Deference; and that I might be allowed to go and ſojourn with my Aunt* Martinozzi. An Hour before *Courbeville* was to leave my Houſe, my Aunt being already come to carry me with her, my Siſter was in ſuch a rage becauſe I would no longer ſtay at her Houſe, that ſhe began to jeer before me, and to ask him, *If he would not once more move me, and perſwade me to let him ſtay yet this time?* The Man being in deſpair for his going away, anſwered her fiercely, *That if I did not command him to go, he would not, and that he cared for none there but me.* She bad *him to get him gone, and that he ſhould meet with what he deſerv'd in the Yard.*

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He went out in great Fury; and as I had reaſon to believe that there was ſome miſchief intended againſt him; I thought my ſelf bound to ſave his Life, and carried him along with me to my Uncle's Houſe: From thence I went to my Aunt's Houſe, where I ſtaid ſome time ſhut cloſe up as in a Priſon.

As Melancholy as I was, I could not hold Laughing at the Offer ſhe made me, to dance the *Muſtaffin Dance*, to the Sound of my *Guittar*, to divert me from Sadneſs. I know not whether it was this my Refuſe that did exaſperate her againſt me; but one day as I was at the Window, ſhe commanded me very roughly to get me from thence, *That it was not the cuſtom at* Rome *to ſtand looking out at Windows.* Another time as I ſtood at it, ſhe ſent me her Ghoſtly Father to tell me *That ſhe would cauſe me to be baled from it by force.* This Monk was ſo inſolent in the delivery of his Meſſage, that the Tears guſhed out of my Eyes. Cardinal *Chigi*'s Gentleman of the Horſe, who was managing of Horſes before the Houſe, hearing me complain, came up to offer me his Service; but when I ſaw him, I had no power of ſaying more. For all that, he went and told his Lord, *That I had neither eat nor drank in two days.* Cardinal *Chigi* was troubled at it, and pitied my condition; and Cardinal *Mancini* telling *him, that Monſieur* Mazarin *deſired I would Retire for fifteen Days into a* Monaſtery, *wherein there was a Siſter of Cardinal* Mazarin's; I took him at his Word.

My Brother and Siſter ſeeing the Deplorable State in which I was, began to reflect upon their paſt Uſage to me, and could not be quiet until I had pardoned them. But I would not conſent that my Brother ſhould ſee me, Yet at laſt they overcame me in this too; and though I ſaid that their Repentance could not redreſs the Injuries

they had done my Reputation, the eaſineſs of my Nature carried me to yield even this time, notwithſtanding the juſt cauſe of Indignation which I had againſt them. I confeſs my Heart akes at the Relation. I know nothing ſo Cruel in ones Life, as to ſee thoſe People come boldly to us that have done us unpardonable Injuries. It is enough to be mortally affronted by them, without being perſecuted with their Repentance too. This Reflection with many others, which I had occaſion to make in my Receſs, made me reſolve to return into *France*, and to throw my ſelf at Monſieur *Mazarin's* Feet, and rather truſt to his Mercy without Capitulating, than remain ſtill expoſed to as many more irkſome, and heart-break-Adventures, as I had already run through. I deſired my Aunt *Martinozzi* to write to the Princeſs of *Conty*, her Daughter, about it, and I prepared to be gone as ſoon as the Anſwer was come. Some few Days after *Courbeville* found means to let me underſtand, *That after he had been ſome Days kept cloſe at Cardinal* Mancini's, *he was conveyed to* Civita Vechia, *where he had been a Priſoner for ſix Weeks, and where he was like to remain (as he ſent me word) much longer, unleſs I would pleaſe to have the goodneſs to ſolicite for him.* Though I had reaſon never more to concern my ſelf with him; yet becauſe I would not leave my Work imperfect, I begged his Liberty of *Fra-Vincenzo Roſpigliosi*, the Pope's Nephew; who thereupon commanded his Inlargement.

In the mean while, the time which I was to to ſtay in the Convent being elapſed, Cardinal *Mancini* made anſwer to the inſtances, my Siſter, unknown to me, had uſed, in order to get me out of the Monaſtery, *That he adviſed me to ſtay there a little longer, becauſe it would be advantagious for me, that the Anſwer which was expected out of* France *ſhould find me there*; And this Anſwer was, *That after*

after I had remained two years in that Monaſtery, Monſieur Mazarin *would conſider what he ſhould do with me.*

Cardinal *Mancini* by all means would have me ſubmit to this Condition; and truly in the great affliction of mind into which Monſieur *Mazarin*'s Harſhneſs had caſt me, I might have been perſwaded to any thing: But my Siſter would not let me ſtay there by no means; ſhe cauſed the Queen of *Sweden* to be ſollicited to receive me into her houſe; all the Difficulty was, how I ſhould make my Eſcape. My Siſter came to ſee me that Afternoon I intended it; and as we were packing up to be gone, and that *Nannon* was grown as broad as ſhe was long, with the Fardles, that ſhe had put round about her, every where under her cloaths; we had Intelligence that the Queen of *Sweden*, by the Advice of her Counſel, had retracted the Promiſe ſhe had given me. How unwelcome ſoever this News was, it was reſolved I ſhould make my Eſcape. My Siſter began to take her leave to be gone; and I making as if I would Wait upon her down Stairs, my Aunt *Mazarin* uſed all the Arguments ſhe had to oblige me to ſtay in my Chamber, becauſe I had been Ill a long time; but I was not to commit ſuch an Errour. My Siſter's Children, not having the Liberty of coming within the Cloyſter, as ſhe had, and were brought that day on purpoſe to amuſe my Aunt in the Parlour, that we might not be peſtred with her; ſtayed for her at the Door, which as ſoon as the Abbeſs came to open, *Nannon* threw her ſelf out of it, as it were with Joy, to make much of them, and I after her. As they had no ſuſpicion of our Deſign, the Lady Abbeſs durſt not ſtay me by force, nor had ſhe much time to conſider of it; for I was immediately got into my Siſter's Coach, and ſo drove away.

My

My Sister had the priviledge, of carrying a certain number of Women with her into the Cloyster, as often as she came thither; my Aunt through vexation, and anger, stopped two of them, that came in with her that day, though they were no way privy to our Plot. My poor old Aunt took the matter so much to heart, that she died within few Days after, of the Displeasure she had taken for my Escape. We caused the Coach to drive streight to Cardinal *Chigi's*, to implore his Protection; but we found him not. He came a little after to my Sister's, and seemed very cold in the matter, fearing the *Pope's* Displeasure; but his Holiness made this Answer to Cardinal *Mancini's* Complaint, *That if he had known that I was kept against my Will in the Convent, he would have come himself to fetch me out:*

Not being able yet to live in my Sister's house; I went to lodge in the street *del Corso*, in our paternal House, where the *Roman Academy* was ever kept. Cardinal *Mancini* was so angry at it, that he turned one of his Sister's out of the House, who would have incommoded me if she had staid: But he soon after took the Opportunity of my Absence, being gone to *Marino*, (to my Brother-in-law's) to seize, and take possession of the House: So that, I was forced at my return to take another.

I was soon reduced to pawn my Jewels for my Subsistance. I had borrowed but three thousand Crowns upon them, when I was informed the Man that lent it me, was in danger of breaking. But when I went to Redeem them, I found that Madam *Martinozzi* had prevented me, and paid the money, but would not return the Jewels. Whereupon the Constable of *Colonna*, taking notice of her having them, prevailed so by his Authority and Threats to this Man, that he was

not

not to let any Body have them, but thoſe that put them into his hands. Monſieur *Mazarin* was writ to, to redeem them; but he made anſwer, *That they muſt be left where they were, that I might be deprived of all ways to ſubſiſt, the better to reduce me to my Duty.* I was neceſſitated to let one *Grillon*, a great Friend to my Brother, and the Conſtable, lay down the mony they lay in for, which I repay'd in ſome ſmall time after. And the trouble of ſeeing my ſelf reduced to the neceſſity of receiving Obligations from people that might perhaps make an ill uſe of it, made me a little after reſolve to take a Journey into *France*, to try to get a Penſion of Monſieur *Mazarin*.

I went with my Brother, who was going to be married to Mademoiſelle *De Tiange*: And it is to this Alliance that I owe the good Succeſs of my Voyage. We were near ſix Months upon the Road. When we were come to the *Frontiers*, we concluded that he ſhould go before, and that I ſhould ſtay behind, until he had taken the care that was neceſſary for my Security in *France*. But our Friends having given us an account of the Diſaſter of the poor Statues that were in the Palace *Mazarin*, and that the Conjuncture ſeemed favourable, we went together as far as *Nevers*, where he left me, and went on towards the Court in company with *Grillon* who had overtaken us at *Milan*.

As ſoon as Monſieur *Mazarin* underſtood that we were upon the Road coming into *France*, he ſent *Polaſtron*, Captain of his Guards, to inform himſelf exactly of the Courſe of Life we lead, who raiſed all the Sheriffs and Provoſts about *Nevers*, to be aiding and aſſiſting to the Commiſſary, who came to put the Order of Parliament in Execution; whereby they were Authorized to Seize and Arreſt me. My Brother having complained

to

to the King of this Proceeding, his Majeſty was in the mind to have ſent for me by his Authority; but Monſieur *Colbert* judging it more for my Advantage to humour Monſieur *Mazarin* as much as poſſible, The King ſent him Command to ſign a Decree of Agreement; which he did with Tears in his Eyes; perceiving that if he did not do it, the King would proceed further in my behalf.

This Order came luckily to *Nevers* the ſame day that Monſieur *Palluau*, Counſellor of the *Great Chamber*, came thither to Arreſt me. I received likewiſe at the ſame time Command to come to the Abbey of the *Lys*: and my Brother was married the ſame day that I arrived. Whilſt I was there, Monſieur *Mazarin* ſent to make ſeveral Overtures of an Agreement with me; but it was by the mediation of ſome wretched Monks, and ſuch ſort of People, in whom I could place no Confidence; or without giving me any Aſſurance, that he ſhould ſtand to any thing that ſhould be agreed upon. He told the King, *That my Brother kept me off from coming to any Accord, and that he governed me with a Tyrannical Authority; and that if I did not ſtand ſo much in Awe of him, I ſhould be much more Tractable.* The King to clear this Doubt, ſent for me three months after, by Madam *Bellinzani*, with an Officer, and ſome of his Guards, in Madam *Colbert's* Coach; at whoſe Houſe, my Brother had begg'd of the King that I ſhould lodge, as a place where none ſhould be permitted to force me to diſſemble my Thoughts. Two or three days after he commanded I ſhould wait upon him at Madam *De Monteſpan's* Houſe. I ſhall never forget his Goodneſs towards me. He deſired me to conſider *That if he had not done better for me hitherto, it was my own Conduct that hinder'd him, and took the means from him; That I ſhould tell freely him what I would have*

done;

Servants left me, he preferred to me one of my Brother's Guards, who had been turned out for some slight Fault. This Man was very diligent in his place, to induce me to beg his pardon, in hope of which, I let him follow me to the *Lys*. A Raskal of a Cook of mine, to please *Grillon*, who had bribed him, goes and tells him, *That his Wretch was very Officious, and endeavoured to render himself necessary about me; and that he did sometimes come into the Convent.* *Grillon*, without further Examination, reports this Story all about, to that height, that when I came to *Paris*, Madam *Colbert* would not let this Man stay in my Service within her Doors.

Judge you in what Amazement I was in, when I understood this Story, and with what Promptness I discharged my new Officer, and what my Resentment, and just Indignation against this wicked *Grillon's* Villainy was; and whether I was not surprized, as I passed through *Lyons* to see him have the impudence to offer to come again into my sight, under pretence of bringing a Letter from my Brother, to beg I would forget all. The indifference and neglect I shewed him then, enraged him more than ever. When he came to *Rome*, he understood that Monsieur *de Marsan* came sometimes to see me; and after, a thousand ridiculous Extravagancies that passed betwixt them, they had at last that idle Quarrel which you have heard of, wherein without much hurt to one another, they had the pleasure once more to make me the subject of peoples Talk.

Some time after this, my Sister determined to retire into *France*, pretending several Causes of Complaint against the Constable. It would be too tedious to relate the Arguments with which I used to dissuade her from this Journey: the Displeasures the like resolution had drawn me into,

made

he did not know, that my Wants had taught me how to husband my Mony. Not but that I perceived it was a thing almoſt impoſſible, long to ſubſiſt handſomely upon this inconſiderable Allowance. But beſides that, I could get no more; and that Monſieur *Mazarin* would not let me live at *Paris* without his being with me; I thought I might, with this help, gain time to take other meaſures.

Monſieur *Mazarin* wanting other matter to beſpatter my Carriage, told the King, *That I was making me a Caſſack to go away dreſſed in Man's Apparel.* But his Majeſty was pleaſed to tell him, *That he durſt paſs his Word, that I intended no ſuch thing.*

Madam *Belinzany* had Order with an Exempt of the Guards to conduct me to *Rome*, and to have two Life-Guards to attend us to the Frontier. I received ſo many Civilities from the Duke of *Savoy* in my Paſſage through *Turin*, that even then I took a Reſolution, if ever I came to leave *Rome*, to come and take up my Receſs in his Territories. I arrived at *Rome* three months after, and ſome time afterwards *Grillon* came thither to plunge me, in ſpight of all I could do, into new Troubles.

I had made a Reſolution to receive no Viſits from any, during my abode in *France*: *Grillon* pretending he ought to be excepted, becauſe of the Service he had done me at *Rome*, in the Redeeming my Jewels; preſently after my Arrival there, came once to the *Lys*, in the Counteſs's Company, to viſit me: But I never would ſee him after. His Reſentment for this Refuſal exaſperated him beyond Belief. While I ſtayed for the Commiſſary at *Nevers*, my Brother's Steward, for my better Security, got me Lodgings in one of the Towers of a Convent that *was joyning* to the Caſtle; and having but few

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was forced to put off her Journey when ſhe ſaw her ſelf left in the Lurch by him.

After his Departure for *France*, ſhe broke her mind to another Perſon of Eminent Quality, whom ſhe believed her Friend, becauſe ſhe had by her Kindneſs and Favours obliged him to be ſo. But he only told her, *That the Chevalier of* Lorraine *ought to have helped her upon this occaſion.* He asked me what I intended to do with my ſelf, and whether I had perſwaded my Siſter to this Voyage? He can yet juſtifie, that I made him this Anſwer, *That I did not; that I knew I could not ſtay in France, neither was my Intention at all to come there, but under the Protection of a Paſſport which the King of France had ſent my Siſter for her ſelf and her Retinue; and that my deſign was to retire into* Savoy, *as ſoon as I left her in a Place of Safety.* In fine, having taken all the Precaution that humane Prudence could think of, againſt any Hazard that might befal us in *France*, we order'd a Barque to attend us at *Civita-Vecchia*: And upon a very fine Day in *May*, the Conſtable having told us at Dinner, that *he was to go twelve Miles from* Rome, *to ſee one of his Studs, and that if he did not come before it was late we ſhould not look for him that Night*: My Siſter would needs lay hold upon this occaſion, though we had nothing in readineſs to be gone. We left word that we were going to *Freſcati*; and ſo took in my Coach only one of my Maids, and *Nannon* dreſſed in Man's Apparel, as we were, under our own Cloaths. We got to *Civita-Vecchia* about two of the Clock in the Morning, when all the Gates were ſhut; ſo that, we were forced to drive into the middle of a thick Wood, there to wait until our Bark was come.

room of the Chamber, who took upon guide us, having run up and down a great

made me more eloquent, but to no purpoſe; for the ſame Stars, or their influences, that drove me into *Italy*, drew her into *France*. As ſhe had an entire Confidence in me, ſhe made no difficulty to draw me in to ſet out with her; and becauſe I had no tie at *Rome* when ſhe was not there, and that I believed I ſhould leſſen the dangers ſhe was to run through, by partaking and ſharing them with her, I did not ſtick to follow her. I only repreſented to her, *that I ſhould be forced to leave her, as ſoon we were Arrived in* France. Nothing was ſo grievous to her, as this unavoidable neceſſity; and nothing perſwaded me more to yield to the force of her Reaſons, than to ſee that they brought her to conſent to our ſeparation.

The Chevalier of *Lorrain* owed her greater Obligations than to fail to ſerve her in this occaſion; for ſhe quarrell'd with all *Rome*, upon his and his Brother's account; they were welcome in no Houſe in *Rome* but at hers; and ſhe had declared her ſelf for them in very nice points againſt Cardinal *Chigi* and the Conſtable himſelf. Yet for all this ſhe received no other Service from them, but great and mighty Promiſes of what they would do for her by their Credit in *France*; nor have they performed that neither: As for her Deſign, the Chevalier thought it ſufficient to tell her, *That if ſhe had no body's Advice to guide her but her own, he ſhould be much concerned for her; but that ſince* Madam *Mazarin was of her Counſel, ſhe might reſt upon her Conduct, ſince ſhe had more Wit and more Courage than was needful for a much more hazardous Enterprize.* He little thought then that he ſhould be called back into *France* ſo ſoon as he was. If he had done what he ought, we ſhould have been there long before him; and people would not have had occaſion to ſay, that we followed *him*: but my Siſter who relied wholly upon him,

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was forced to put off her Journey when ſhe ſaw her ſelf left in the Lurch by him.

After his Departure for *France*, ſhe broke her mind to another Perſon of Eminent Quality, whom ſhe believed her Friend, becauſe ſhe had by her Kindneſs and Favours obliged him to be ſo. But he only told her, *That the Chevalier of* Lorraine *ought to have helped her upon this occaſion.* He asked me what I intended to do with my ſelf, and whether I had perſwaded my Siſter to this Voyage? He can yet juſtifie, that I made him this Anſwer, *That I did not; that I knew I could not ſtay in* France, *neither was my Intention at all to come there, but under the Protection of a Paſſport which the King of* France *had ſent my Siſter for her ſelf and her Retinue; and that my deſign was to retire into* Savoy, *as ſoon as I left her in a Place of Safety.* In fine, having taken all the Precaution that humane Prudence could think of, againſt any Hazard that might befal us in *France*, we order'd a Barque to attend us at *Civita-Vecchia*: And upon a very fine Day in *May*, the Conſtable having told us at Dinner, that *he was to go twelve Miles from* Rome, *to ſee one of his Studs, and that if he did not come before it was late we ſhould not look for him that Night*: My Siſter would needs lay hold upon this occaſion, though we had nothing in readineſs to be gone. We left word that we were going to *Freſcati*; and ſo took in my Coach only one of her Maids, and *Nannon* dreſſed in Man's Apparel, as we were, under our own Cloaths. We got to *Civita-Vecchia* about two of the Clock in the Morning, when all the Gates were ſhut; ſo that, we were forced to drive into the middle of a thick Wood, there to wait until our Bark was found.

My Groom of the Chamber, who took upon him to guide us, having run up and down a great

while without finding it, was fain to hire another, which he found there, for a Thouſand Crowns. While he was thus imployed, my Poſtilion impatient of having no Tidings one way or other, took one of the Coach-Horſes, and had the Luck to meet with our own Bark; but it was late when he came back. We were fain to walk five mile a foot to come to it; and ſo go on board about three a Clock, without having eaten or drunk ſince we left *Rome*.

Our chiefeſt Happineſs was, that we fell into the hands of a very honeſt and underſtanding Maſter: Any other but him, would have thrown us over-board, after taking what we had, from us; for, he perceived as ſoon as he ſaw us, that we were no Beggars; and told us as much. His Crue asked us, *If we had not killed the Pope?* To ſhew you how skilful he was, he managed his Way ſo well, that we came in eight days to *Cioutat* in *Provence*, where we landed at Eleven a Clock at Night. From thence we arrived at *Marſeilles* about five in the Morning, a Horſe-back; where we found the King's Orders, and the Paſsports at the Intendant's Houſe.

The Conſtable moſt luckily ſtay'd three Days away from *Rome*; and therefore it was late before he ſuſpected the Truth. There was not a Fable ſo horrible to be invented by the Wickedneſs of Man, but was reported of us; to that Degree that they gave it out, that we were fled into *Turkey*, inſomuch that the Conſtable was fain to beg of the *Pope* to Excommunicate all thoſe that ſhould intermeddle with, or talk of us. He diſpatched fourteen Couriers ſo many ſeveral ways after us; and one of them made ſuch haſte, that he got to *Marſeilles* before us. There came likewiſe thither a little after, one belonging to him, of thoſe kind of Men, whom they call Bravos in Italy. My Groom

Groom of the Chamber was gone, I knew not whither, to get Neceſſaries for his Journey to *Paris*, whither my Siſter was to ſend him; and we four Women were by our ſelves without other Company, in that very Inn to which this Man came to lodge. *Nannon* ſaw him firſt, and knew him preſently; ſhe quickly gave us the Alarm; we ſent immediately to the Intendant, to pray him to ſend us ſome Guards which he did preſently. My Groom of the Chamber coming back from the Town, was deſired by this Man, to let him ſpeak to us, which he did, very civilly, Exhorting us to return back to *Rome*; whither he return'd immediately with a fine Letter from my Siſter to his Maſter.

This Adventure made us go to Lodge at the Intendant's Houſe, and from thence, ſome few days after, to *Aix*, where we ſtay'd a Month, and whither Madam *de Grignan* was ſo Charitable, as to ſend us ſome Shifts, adding, *That we Travelled like True* Romance Heroines, *with abundance of Jewels, but no clean Linnen.* From thence, we went to *Mirabeau*; thence to *Montpellier*; whither my Siſter went to viſit Monſieur *de Vardes*; and from *Montpellier* to *Monfrein*, where I heard that *Pola-fron* was hard by coming from *Paris* under pre-tence of being ſent by Monſieur *Mazarin* to Com-plement my Siſter: But in truth, to cauſe me to be Arreſted by Vertue of his damnable Decree. When I heard of his coming, I walked alone, away in the Garden, among the Fiſh-Ponds, to let him paſs by; and when he found I was not with my Siſter, he would not ſtay, but went on, thinking I was gone back, and ſo to over-take me: but he was miſtaken; for inſtead of fol-lowing me, he went further from me.

I ſoon after ſet out for *Arles*, by Water upon the *Rhone*; from thence I went by Land to

Martigues; and afterwards by Sea to *Nice*, and from *Nice* to *Turin*; and ſo to *Montmeillan*. My Siſter having taken the Neceſſary Orders for my Security, from the Duke *de L' Eſdiguieres*, ſent for me from *Montmeillan* to *Grenoble*; to which Place my Brother came to us, and ſtaid there with us ſeven or eight Days. Some eight Days after we directed our Journey to *Lyons*: And my Siſter taking the Road to *Paris*, I took that of *Chambery* *; where at laſt I found that Quiet, which I ſo long in vain had ſought for, and where I have remained ever ſince, with much more Calmneſs and Tranquility of Mind, than a Woman as unhappy as my ſelf, ſhould hope to enjoy.

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* *In the Year 1672.*

THE PICTURE AND CHARACTER OF THE *Dutcheſs of* Mazarin,

In a LETTER to ***.

'I Return you again by a Meſſenger the 'MEMOIRS you were pleaſed to ſend 'me, fearing, leſt if I ſhould ſend them by 'the Poſt, they might run the ſame Hazard, and 'fall into the like Inconveniencies, which at firſt 'brought them to your Hands. If things ſo cu-'rious and well worth the Intercepting, were to 'be found every time the Miniſters of State think 'fit to open the *Pacquets*, I ſhould not much 'pitty the Clerk's trouble, in executing their Or-'ders. You had Reaſon to believe, that after the 'manner I had ſpoken to you of Madam *Mazarin*, 'I ſhould be extreamly glad to ſee her Hiſtory. 'peaks of her own Genius, and is like her 'ter. I have particularly Obſerved 'this Relation, that none but 'her

'her ſelf could think, or expreſs in the manner 'they are Penn'd.

'Since, you ſay, you never ſaw her, I will ſa-'tisfie your Curoſity by endeavouring to give 'you a rough Draught of her Face, and Shape 'of Body.

'She is one of thoſe lofty *Roman* Beauties, no 'way like our Baby-viſaged, and Puppet-like 'Faces of *France*; in whoſe Compoſition Nature 'alone triumphs over all the Artifices of the *Co-'quettes.*

'The Colour of her *Eyes* has no Name; it is 'neither Blue, nor Gray, nor altogether Black; 'but a mixture of all three, which participates of 'all the Excellence that is found in them. They 'have the Sweetneſs of the Blue, the Briskneſs of 'the Gray, and above all, the Fire of the Black. 'But what is more wonderful, you never ſaw 'any one more Lovely, and generally more 'Pleaſant, and more apt to enflame; and yet 'more ſerious, more ſevere and ſteddy, when 'her Thoughts are taken up with any Grave 'Subject. They are ſo Lively, and ſo Quick, 'that when ſhe looks ſtedfaſtly upon any one, 'which ſhe rarely does; they think ſhe pierces 'their very Souls, and ſees into the very bottom 'of their Hearts. They are large, and well ſlit, and 'even with the Face; full of ſprightly Life and 'Fire; and yet with all theſe Beauties, they have 'nothing of Languiſhing nor Paſſionate; as if 'Nature malicioufly had contrived them only to 'give Love and Veneration, and be ſuſceptible 'of none.

'Her *Mouth* is neither wide, nor very little; 'but the motion of her Lips are very Graceful, 'and Charming; and the ſtrangeſt Mouths and 'Grimaces Wonderfully becomes her when ſhe imi-'tates thoſe that make them. Her Smiles would

'ſoften

'ſoften the hardeſt Hearts, and eaſe the heavieſt 'Sadneſs of Mind: They do almoſt quite change 'the Air of her Face, which naturally is Sublime 'and Grave; and ſpreads over it a certain Tincture 'of Sweetneſs, and Mildneſs, that chears up thoſe 'Hearts, which her Charms had Alarmed, and In-'ſpires them with that kind of unquiet Gladneſs, 'which is next of Kin to a tender Inclination.

'So much for her Mouth and Eyes, which are 'the two chief Parts of her Face, moſt expreſ-'ſive, and principally important, to kindle a 'Flame and create Love; But the reſt are nothing 'leſs to be admired and adored.

'Her *Noſe*, which without doubt, is Incompa-'rably well turned, and of a juſt Bigneſs, gives 'the reſt of her Countenance a Curious, Noble, 'and Lofty Air, which is infinitely taking. The 'Tone of her *Voice* is ſo Harmonious and Agree-'able, that none can hear her Speak, without 'being ſenſibly moved. Her Complexion is Na-'turally moſt lively, and ſo delicately clear, that 'I cannot believe, any Man that Views it, can 'find Fault with its not being ſomewhat Whiter.

'The Colour of her *Hair* is ſhining Black, but 'has nothing of Harſh. To ſee how Naturally 'they Curl, and into what fine Buckles they 'twine themſelves, as ſoon as they are let looſe, 'would make us think, without much help of 'Poetry, that they ſwell with Pride; and, as it 'were, take a Glory in the Honour they have 'to ſhade ſo lovely a Head. She has the fineſt 'turn'd Face that ever *Limner* fancied, or drew 'with Pencil.

'Her careleſs Carriage is the Cauſe that the Pro-'portion of her Body, though ſtreight and well 'framed, is nothing in compariſon to what it has 'been in delicacy of Shape. I ſay, *in Compariſon*; 'for many would fancy themſelves ſlender enough

'that were no bigger than she is. This makes 'her appear lower than she is, though in Truth 'she is of as becoming a Height, as any Woman 'can well be without being Ridiculous.

'You shall see her for fifteen Days together, 'in as many several Head-dresses, without being 'able to distinguish which of them suits her Face 'the best; and those Dresses, which would make 'other Women look like *Witches*, wonderfully be-'come her; so that no kind of Head-gear, is 'unbecoming when she wears it. The same thing is 'remarkable in her Cloaths, and Attire. You must 'see her lapped in a Night-Gown to judge with 'more exactness of it. And it is in this Per-'son alone that one truly may say, that Art, 'though never so cunningly used, and skilfully 'laid, can never equal Nature.

Though she loves Perfumes, Essences, and Aro-'matick Scents, she never carries any about her; 'which shews undeniably, that that Sweetness is 'natural to her, which costs other Ladies so much 'Pains and Charges.

'I had almost forgot to speak of her *Neck*, her '*Arms* and *Hands*; but let it suffice, that they ap-'pear to have been made and fitted for the Face. 'And if we may judge by what we see, of what 'we do not see, we may certainly conclude that 'her Husband after having been the happiest 'Man, is now the unhappiest in the World. Thus 'she is made as to her Body; and of her Mind, 'you may Judge, by what I am going to say.

'Being some time since at *Rome*, it was my 'chance to be speaking of her after the manner I 'heard her talked of at *Paris*, that she was a 'fine young Lady, extream Handsome; but 'extravagantly Giddy and Inconsiderate, and 'Good-natur'd even to Folly. An *Italian* that 'knew her, hearing me give her such a Cha-

'racter,

'racter, Laughed at me after ſuch a manner that 'I was much ſurprized at it; but would never let 'me know why, though I had very earneſtly 'urged him to tell me his Reaſon. As theſe Peo-'ple dive further into Mens Natures to find their 'true and proper Character, than we do in *France*, 'ſo this Adventure gave me a great Curioſity to 'ſee her as I paſſed in my return from *Rome* by '*Chambery*; though I had never much ſpoken to 'her in *Paris*, but by Accident, yet ſhe knew me 'by ſight, and by name.

'I was at firſt ſurpriz'd, not to perceive in her 'at my coming, that Eagerneſs and exceſſive De-'ſire to hear News, which is ordinary to thoſe 'that live at a diſtance from Court, when they 'ſee any that comes from thence. She received 'me as unconcerned, as the moſt indifferent Wo-'man of the Country could do; and inſtead of 'breaking my Head with Queſtions about the 'People and Affairs, which concerned her ſelf, 'ſhe entertained me only upon the Account of 'my Journey, and other like things, wherein 'none but my ſelf was concerned. I thought my 'ſelf bound in Civility, to put her upon the Diſ-'courſe of her Friends and Relations, in *Rome* and '*Paris*, ſince ſhe her ſelf would not ſtart the Que-'ſtion. I found that Subject was not unpleaſing 'by the Attention ſhe gave to what I ſaid upon 'it; ſhe ſpoke civilly of all People, and with a 'great deal of Reſpect of her Husband; but this 'Diſcourſe held no longer than I continued it. 'She rarely asked any Queſtions, and thoſe only 'which Civility ſeemed to oblige her to.

'Neither could I mark in her either Curioſity or 'Inquiſitiveneſs. Wondering at her cold Indiffe-'rence, I had a mind to put her upon the Diſ-'courſe of things I thought moſt ſenſible to her, 'but with the Reſpect that was Convenient,

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'touching her *Fame*, and her *Fortune*: But I 'could never hear from her the leaſt Complaint. 'Methought I read ſomething of Sadneſs in her 'Countenance, when her Reputation was in De- 'bate: but for all other Matters, ſhe ſeemed 'to think that blind Goddeſs *Fortune*, a fitter 'Object of her Contempt, than Anger. Several 'Perſons of Quality, of both Sexes came 'in while I was there; and others, two or 'three Gentlemen who ſhew'd a great deal of 'Wit.

'The Ladies began to talk of the News of 'the Town; though the Dutcheſs took neither 'ſide's part, ſhe diſcourſed with the ſame Heat as 'others did; the Subject of their Converſation 'was a Diſpute that was betwixt two eminent 'Men, which had divided the Country in two 'Parties. She entred upon the Particularities, 'which were told her of the Cauſes of their Diviſi- 'on, and weighed every little Circumſtance with 'ſuch nicety and inſight, as if ſhe had not had 'twenty Millions for her Portion. The Gentlemen, 'whom I before mentioned turned the Diſcourſe 'upon another Subject, whether ſhe would or no, 'and talk'd of State-Affairs, as moſt worthy of her 'Attention and Contemplation. After every body 'had paſſed their Verdict, ſhe was obliged in 'Complaiſance to ſpeak hers. Thoſe that differed 'in Opinion from her, Vigorouſly urged their 'Reaſons; the Diſpute grew hot. She never de- 'fended her Opinion, but with Reaſons, of which 'ſhe made thoſe that had not declared them- 'ſelves againſt her, her Judges. And I aſſure 'you, I never heard any ſpeak ſo well, and with 'ſo much Submiſſion. This is what I remarked 'in this my firſt Viſit; and what I have obſer- 'ved ſince is as followeth.

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'any. Her Domeſticks, who ſee none come,
'that are not as much Devoted to her as them-
'ſelves, have inſenſibly uſed themſelves to let all
'come in, and go out, with this kind of Frankneſs
'and Liberty.

'It is to be ſuppoſed ſhe would have it ſo, ſince
'they permit it; for ſhe is the Life and Soul of
'her Family; and her Underſtanding, her Civili-
'ty, and her obliging Ways are infuſed, unto
'thoſe that Compoſe it, proportionably as each
'Ones Capacity is fitted to Imitate them. There
'is no Convent where they lead a more Regular
'Life, than in her Womens Apartment, whither
'a Page dare not approach, upon Pain of my La-
'dy's Diſpleaſures; which is ſomething more
'Terrible than the Rod: And for the Men, they
'live together with that Peace and Union, ſo
'much the more Commendable, as it is moſt Rare,
'and ſeldom to be found in great Mens Houſes.

'She alone of all Women, can Play with her
'Servants, without Leſſening her ſelf: Her Pre-
'ſence doth Baniſh their Preſumption, without
'taking away their Freedom; and it is not to be
'comprehended, how ſhe can give them ſo much
'Awe, uſing them with ſo much Familiarity; un-
'leſs it be, becauſe ſhe has ſo much Grandeur in
'her Carriage, and all her Ways. Some wonder
'ſhe ſhould Delight in ſuch ſort of Paſtimes; but
'whoever will take the Pains to look a little
'nearer, will find, that they are not the Delight
'of her Heart, and that thoſe ſhe uſes, are but ſo
'many ſeveral ways of Diſpelling thoſe Afflicting
'Thoughts, which the preſent State of Her For-
'tune crouds upon her.

'There is no private Gentleman's Houſe more
'Orderly, and Regular, than Hers; and as her
'Penſion is very inconſiderable to make her ſubſiſt
'with that Honour ſhe does, ſhe muſt needs be

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'admirably skill'd in Oeconomy; and her Acts of 'Liberality, and Magnificence, ſhew that her 'good Management proceeds from extraordi-'nary ſtrength of Reaſon. She neither much 'admires, nor deſpiſes any thing. She never 'ſhewed the leaſt Diſguſt againſt the Coun-'try, nor any thing that is in it; ſhe loves 'the Recreations, and Ceremonies that are 'in uſe, as much as if ſhe had been Born and 'Bred there. Others would aſſiſt at them, with 'marks of Complaiſance, Conſtraint, and Di-'ſtraction, which would eaſily diſtinguiſh them 'from the reſt of the Company; but ſhe comes 'to them with that Familiarity, with that Preſence 'and Freedom of Mind, ſo unconſtrained, ſo 'conſtant, and ſo agreeable, that a Stranger who 'ſhould chance to ſee her there, without know-'ing who ſhe was, would eſteem *Savoy* moſt 'happy in the Product of ſo charming a Perſon.

'She avoids ſpeaking of her own Greatneſs 'and Riches, with the ſame Care and Induſtry, 'as others ſeek out occaſions to make People 'ſenſible of theirs. It depends not of her way of 'Living amongſt them, but that the People of 'that Country, that ſee her, may think them-'ſelves as great as ſhe; and may think *Chambery* 'as Noble and as Pleaſant to live in as *Rome* or *Pa-'ris*; and her Converſation there, as agreeable, 'as ever ſhe enjoyed elſe-where. Never did great 'Lady take leſs care to make her Inferiours ſee 'the Difference that is betwixt her and them; 'and if they do not forget it, ſhe is the more behold-'ing to their Diſcretion, and Reſpect: for ſhe 'takes little pains to put them in mind of it. One 'goeth always beyond the Idea, or Opinion, ſhe 'has of her ſelf, even in the moſt ſerious Applica-'ons that are made to her; and ſhe as often 'es juſt and due Commendations, for groſs

'Flat-

'Flatteries, as other Women take Apparent and 'Hypocritical Adulations, for true and deserved 'Praises.

'It is a great Sign, that her Moderation is sin-'cere, because it is never over-strained: and be-'ing urged, will acknowledge truly whatsoever 'is good, or fair in her. She is in nothing more 'unjust, than in not allowing what she has of 'Admirable and Excellent, to be more than 'Passable and Ordinary. Though by sad Expe-'rience she found, that there is very little Truth, 'or Honesty, in the World, and that she has 'just cause to think ill of all Mankind; yet such 'is her Natural Goodness, that she never applies 'this her bad Opinion to any one in particular; she 'first excepts from the General Rule, all those in 'whom she perceives any Appearance of Vertue; 'and is still much surprized when she has reason 'to believe, they did not deserve that Exception.

'When she is obliged to say something she thinks 'may displease, in order to sweeten and take a-'way the sharpness of the Sense, she speaks it so, 'as if she had let it fall by chance; but no one 'will think he wrongs her, to believe that she says 'nothing, but what she would say. It is more 'natural to her to be secret than to other 'Women not to be so: she is equally skill'd both 'in well speaking, and holding her Tongue; 'Though it be a great Truth, that those that 'know how to speak well, know not how to 'hold their Tongues; and those that can be silent, 'can seldom speak very well.

'A Gentleman of very good Parts and Under-'standing, that hath seen her, and known her a 'great while, assured me that she is very much 'altered from what she has been formerly, 'insomuch that you would hardly know her 'again; but it is very hard to conceive, that she

'should

ſhould be ſo changed, without allowing that ſhe muſt always have had a prodigious ſtock of the Choiceſt, Richeſt, and moſt laſting Natural Beauty that ever Woman had: and if her Misfortunes have contributed any thing to her Merit, never bad Cauſe produced ſo good an Effect.

I am, &c.

RE-

REFLEXIONS UPON ELOQUENCE, WITH A *Fragment of* PETRONIUS, concerning the ſame; and the HISTORY of the *Epheſian* Matron.

By Monſieur *de la VALTERIE.*

To *Mr.* ***.

SIR,

IT was no little Satisfaction to me, t'other Day, to obſerve with what Impatience our zealous Admirer of Mr. ***'s fine Diſcourſes, heard our Friends rally at the Tinſel Eloquence of this Age. I cannot tell whether he was ſenſible, that ſome Parts of their Cenſure were directly levell'd againſt his Heroe, (for you know, *Sir, there are Heroes of all ſorts and ſizes*) but I found he was moſt of all enraged, when he ſaw they would

wou'd not prefer him to *Cicero* and *Demoſthenes*. Whatever they cou'd ſay to Undeceive him, he was not in the Humour to be Convinced. For my part, I know I am out of his Favour, and that he'll never forgive me ſo long as he lives, for the little Complaiſance I ſhew'd him upon that occaſion. I am already informed, that he Exclaims againſt us wherever he goes, for a parcel of moroſe Satyrical Gentlemen, that are driving on a Deſign, to Introduce a ſort of an Inquiſition into polite Learning. You know well enough that our Friends lye under no Neceſſity to Ruin the Reputation of other Men, in order to raiſe their own; and that the Reputation of Mr. *** is built upon ſuch weak Foundations, that 'tis reaſonable to believe, that the unjuſt Applauſes which have been given him for ſome Years, will not always prepoſſeſs the World in his Favour. But, a God's Name, let us leave him to Enjoy this falſe Glory, with which his Adorers have Puffed him up, and content our ſelves to juſtifie our Friends. 'Tis with this Intention that I have now ſet Pen to Paper; but as I don't in the leaſt pretend to Confine my ſelf to the narrow Bounds of a Letter, much leſs to ſet up for a Judge; ſo I ſhall ſet down all that comes into my Head, whether it be of my own growth or another's, to ſee if I can remove thoſe wrong Impreſſions, which ſome People wou'd give you of our Criticiſms.

I need not inform you, Sir; that this is not the firſt time that Perſons have been found in the World, who have taken the Freedom to complain of the depraved Taſte of their Age, and of the Degeneracy of Eloquence. I believe ſuch Complaints have been made ever ſince the Death of *Cicero*. The Author of the DIALOGUE commonly aſcribed to *Quintilian*, condemns the ſame Corruption; and to go higher, *Petronius* has

compoſed an ingenious Satyr againſt the Declaimers of his own time, whom he Accuſes with having debauched the Stile of young People. The Judgment he paſſes of them is very Juſt, and he Ridicules the very ſame Faults againſt which we now appear; but in a manner ſo Pleaſant and Entertaining, that I cou'd not forbear to ſend you in our Language, what he has ſo agreeably written in his own, againſt that Tumour and Affectation of Stile, which we call *Fuſtain* and *Bombaſt*. But to deal plainly with you, I am in my own Temper naturally ſo fond of Liberty, that it is not in my power to confine my ſelf to the Rules of a literal Tranſlation. For this Reaſon I have made bold to fill up *Petronius*'s Senſe, wherever it is unhappily broken, with ſomething of my own. If you think this Employment unworthy of a Magiſtrate, conſider, Sir, I beſeech you, that this is the Seaſon wherein Juſtice it ſelf gives us leave to Divert our ſelves. After this, I don't pretend that you have any Obligation to me for this Performance: only I beg of you, that what I now write for your Entertainment, you will be pleaſed to read with your uſual Candour and Indulgence.

'I was walking, ſays *Eumolpus*, with young '*Aſciltus*, near the Publick Schools, when we be'held running from all Parts a great Number of 'Perſons of all Quality, but eſpecially a croud 'of young Scholars, preſſing who ſhould firſt get 'into the School. Curioſity, which naturally 'leads Men, that have no Buſineſs upon their 'Hands, into Publick Places, made me follow the 'reſt: So I thruſt my ſelf among thoſe that were 'going in, and enquir'd of one that ſtood next 'me, what it was that had brought ſo much 'Company together. He informed me, that a 'Declaimer, whoſe Name was *Agamemnon*, was '*to deliver* a Speech. Upon this I enquired what

'Sub-

'Subject he had chosen, and the other answer'd 'me, that he promised in his Bill, a Declamation 'of two Hours long, under the magnificent Title 'of *Cruel Piety*; the Business of which was to Ex- 'hort King *Agamemnon* to deliver up his Daughter '*Iphigenia*, who, according to the Oracle, was to 'be Sacrificed to *Diana*, in order to faciliate the 'Expedition against *Troy*. I was of Opinion 'that it was the Vanity of so Pompous a Title, 'or rather an Itch to show his Respect to his 'Name-sake *Agamemnon* of *Greece*, which had 'engaged our Declaimer to pitch upon this Sub- 'ject; and I did not question but that in his 'Oration he would show himself worthy of so 'promising a Title. Neither was I mistaken; 'for after we had waited near an Hour, we saw 'appear upon a sort of a Theatre somewhat rais'd 'above the Auditors, a Man pretty well advanced 'in Years, who had taken care to put on his best 'Looks that Day. At first he cast his Eyes upon 'the Company, to fortify himself with necessa- 'ry Assurance; and after he had Methodically 'Coughed, Hem'd, and Bow'd to them, he kept 'himself Silent for some time, with a solemn de- 'mure Countenance; turning his Eyes some- 'times on one side of him, and sometimes on the 'other; then all on the sudden, the Flood-gates 'open'd, and he began his Discourse in a shrill 'screaming Trebble. His Exordium was pom- 'pous and full of Antitheses; his Periods so long- 'winded, that his Breath would scarce carry him 'to the End of them; yet among all the rumbling 'Words, of which his Declamation was composed, 'there was not one that was proper to draw the 'Favour and Attention of the Auditors, or to 'give a general Idea of his Design. However, 'it was observed, that he had heaped toge- 'ther all that we find in our Books relating to the '*Holiness* and *Infallibility* of Oracles. This was

'commendable in him, that he Cited not ſo much 'as one ſingle Verſe out of *Heſiod* or *Homer*. In 'the remainder of his Speech, he enlarged plen-'tifully upon the Duties that bind us to our Na-'tive Country: He ſet forth in its full Extent, 'the indiſpenſible Obligation, which engages 'Princes to Devote themſelves entirely to the 'Glory and Welfare of their Kingdoms. He 'made a long Deſcription of all the Conflicts be-'tween Nature and Religion in the Heart of a 'Father, who was obliged to deſtroy his Daugh-'ter. He brought abundance of Reaſons to prove 'that Nature ought to ſtoop to Religion; and 'that the Reverence we owe to the Commands of 'Heaven, *ought to ſtop the very Current of our Blood, 'and to ſuppreſs the Emotion of Paternal Bowels.* 'This was one of our Declaimer's fine Expreſſi-'ons, and indeed all his Diſcourſe was fill'd with 'great ſwelling Words which ſignified juſt no-'thing, and ſeem'd either made or pick'd on pur-'poſe to fill up his enormous extravagant Pe-'riods. His Figures came on as thick as Hail, 'but particularly thoſe that conſiſt in the rang-'ing of the Words: The Order in which he 'placed them was ſo Thread-bare and Common, 'that the youngeſt Scholar in the Room knew 'when each of theſe Figures came to its turn, 'and cou'd call them by their Name. I remem-'ber a Man ſtood near me, whom I cou'd hear 'ever now and then, pleaſed it ſeems, with ſome 'Paſſages of the Declamation, which had almoſt 'rocked me aſleep, to cry out, *Oh that Divine 'Proſopopœa! what fine Antitheſes were there!* I ſuf-'fer'd him to admire the other patiently, becauſe 'he was, it may be, Hired by him to do what he 'did, as it has been frequently practiſed. So 'ſoon as *Agamemnon* had concluded, the Compa-'ny went out of the School; and for my part, I

'was

'was not one of the laſt to buſtle my way out of 'a Place, where I had met enough to content 'my Curioſity for a long while. Nevertheleſs, I 'had an Itching upon me to know what the Peo-'ple ſaid of his Harangue: So I drew near to 'certain Perſons who ſtopt under a *Portico*, whom I 'could hear as I walked along, Diſcourſing about 'this Matter. Every one paſs'd his Judgment 'upon what he had heard; by the ſame Token that 'the greateſt part ſeem'd to be very well ſatisfied 'with the Performance. Some were pleaſed with 'the choice of his Subject; others admired the 'great Variety of the Figures, and the Boldneſs 'of the Expreſſion: Nay, there were ſome in 'the Company, who above all things, extolled 'the Length of the Diſcourſe, wondring how he 'was able to ſpin out his Matter, ſo as to be 'able to talk two Hours, upon ſo barren a Sub-'ject. Some of my Acquaintance who happen-'ed to be mingled among them, asked me my 'Opinion of the Speech; and being pleaſed to 'Complement me, that I was a Judge of theſe 'Matters, would needs Engage me to tell them 'what my Sentiments were of *Agamemnon*'s Diſ-'courſe. I thought that my Age, and the Crowd 'of Perſons that were by to hear me, obliged me 'to be ſomewhat reſerved; for which reaſon, in-'ſtead of Explaining my ſelf with Freedom, as 'my Manner is, I replied coldly, that it wou'd 'very ill become me to cenſure that which all 'the World ſeem'd to approve. *For my part*, 'cries a Pert young Fellow who was got among 'us, *I'll never diſſemble my Thoughts of the matter; I 'declare, before all this Company, that I never did ſuch 'Penace in my Life before.* This Freedom ſome-'what pleaſed me, conſidering I had reſolved to 'hold my Tongue, and I was glad to find that 'another had the boldneſs to paſs Sentence firſt:

'However, to engage this Critick into farther 'Converſation, I deſired him to tell us more par-'ticularly what it was that moſt diſpleaſed him 'in the Performance. *Every thing*, replied the other, 'very bluntly: *I equally blame the Choice of the Sub-'ject, the Management of the Speech, and the Turn of 'the Expreſſion. Beſides, I can't indure that an Orator 'ſhould rather indulge his Itch of talking at random, 'than conſider what things he ought to Treat of, and 'what to let alone. And yet the greateſt part of our De-'claimers are ſuch unthinking Coxcombs, as to imagine 'that 'tis the Life and Soul of a fine Diſcourſe to laſt 'above an Hour, and that People are obliged to liſten to 'them all the while, without being tired. As for me,* continues the Gentleman, *I rather admire the Pa-'tience of the Auditors upon theſe Occaſions, than the 'fruitful Invention of the Orator. But pray tell me 'what neceſſity did our Declaimer lye under to repeat to 'us a thouſand frivolous Things, with which our Ears 'are daily deafened in the Schools. As for the Order 'of his Diſcourſe, the Contrivance of it was ſo lamen-'tably groſs, that if you had put the Queſtion to the 'meaneſt Boy in his School, he wou'd have immediately 'told you how it was to be Divided: he would have 'ſplit it into Four common Heads, the Firſt of which 'wou'd have been,* The Sanctity of Oracles; *the Se-'cond,* The Love of one's Country; *the Third,* 'The Obligation that Princes have to their Sub-'jects; *and the Fourth and Laſt,* The Reverence 'which is owing to the Gods. *As for what con-'cerns the Diction, 'tis ſo abominably affected, that his 'bare hunting after Words, I dare engage, coſt him 'more trouble than the whole Compoſition; and after 'he had racked his Brain to chooſe them, he muſt needs 'make his poor Tongue undergo the Perſecution of pro-'nouncing them. But this is not all; for the Subject 'appears more Ridiculous to me, than all the Reſt. The 'firſt Deſign of Declamations was to exerciſe the Inven-

'tion

'tion of young People in such Matters as might happen 'to them in the common Course of the World, and to 'propose them some Examples which might serve to In-'struct them in those things, that they might have Oc-'casion sometimes to Talk of. Now I would fain know 'what Concern, what Interest any of us here can 'have in an Adventure so directly opposite to our Man-'ners? What Probability is there, that one Man in 'this Company will have any Occasion, so long as he 'lives, to tell, for how many important Reasons Diana 'ought to be appeased, and Iphigenia to be Sacrificed. 'What signifies it a Farthing to us, to be perswaded 'that the Greeks did very wisely in Humouring this 'revengeful Goddess, who if she had not been brib'd by 'this Sacrifice, wou'd most Infallibly have ruin'd all 'the Designs of their Army, and had taken honest 'Priam into Protection. But suppose a Man might seri-'ously entertain himself with these Fables, wou'd it be-'come him to use these bombast Expressions, and extra-'vagant Figures, contrary to the true Dictates of Na-'ture, to good Sense; in short, to that simple and easie 'Air, in which Polite Men are used to deliver them-'selves? For, let 'em say what they will, every thing 'which is not conformable to Nature, is opposite to true 'Eloquence.

'Altho' this Censurer carried Matters too far, 'because that in Effect the Four Parts which com-'pos'd *Agamemnon*'s Speech, treated some Points 'of Morality, which may daily fall into our 'Conversation; yet his Criticisms in the main 'did not displease me, and the Vehemence he 'shew'd upon this Occasion, so powerfully exci-'ted me to speak out my Thoughts, that in spight 'of my late Resolution, not to Talk before so 'many People, I cou'd not forbear to say as 'follows:

'I will not, ſaid I, Condemn any one in particu-
'lar; neither will I take upon me to Cenſure the
'Diſcourſe of *Agamemnon*; but only explain my ſelf
'in general upon the common Subjects of Decla-
'mations. For my part, I fancy I ſee a Mad-man
'Rave, when one of theſe Declaimers, as I have
'frequently heard them to my ſorrow, Roar
'out, as Loud as his Lungs will give him leave;
'*'Tis for you, dear Countrymen, that I have loſt my*
'*Eyes; give me a Guide to lead me back, between the*
'*Arms of my Children, whom I abandon'd to Preſerve you*
'*from the Fury of your Enemies. Who will Reſtore me*
'*to my Sight, which you Enjoy? Who will Reſtore my*
'*Blood to me, which I have ſhed in your Service? Sup-*
'*port this Body weaken'd by the Fatigues of War. Theſe*
'*honourable Wounds which you behold, have ſaved your*
'*Liberty; they are, as it were, ſo many Mouths which*
'*demand Relief of you, and teſtify what I have de-*
'*ſerv'd of the Publick.* However, we might
'perhaps bear with theſe Impertinent Harangues,
'if they were of any Advantage to arrive at the
'Perfection of Eloquence: but ſo far is our Youth
'from deriving the leaſt Benefit from theſe Pom-
'pous Subjects and Forc'd Expreſſions, that when
'they leave the Schools, they ſeem to come into
'another World. They are not fit to come into
'the Converſation of Gentlemen; and when they
'have loſt the Sight of the Theatre, where they
'were uſed to Deliver theſe glittering Trifles,
'they have not the Courage to ſpeak in Publick.
'The Reaſon of it is plain; becauſe theſe Places
'that are deſign'd for the Inſtruction of Youth,
'and where they ſhould be taught nothing but
'what is proper for them, only ſerve to amuſe
'them, and wholly take up their time in theſe
'ridiculous Tales. In effect, you hear them per-
'petually making a buſtle with *Pirates preparing of*
'*Chains for thoſe unfortunate Perſons, who are by*
'*Tem-*

'*Tempests driven upon desart Coasts.* They talk 'nothing but *Prodigies of the Cruelty of Tyrants, who,* 'offering Violence to Nature it self, command Children 'to Butcher their own Parents*;* Or lastly, entertain 'their Auditors with a Speech about those *Barba-* 'rous Oracles, *which demand a certain Number of Vir-* 'gins to be Sacrificed, in order to stop some Pestilence, and 'appease the Indignation of the Gods. In the mean 'time, these Chimerical Figures insensibly be- 'tray our young Fry into a Habit of never say- 'ing any thing with Just and Natural Expressi- 'ons; Nay, it frequently happens that they leave 'a fatal Impression upon the Imagination, by 'blackening it with terrible Ideas, which Tincture 'it in some manner with Lessons of Cruelty. 'Neither is it only upon elevated Subjects, that 'they accustom themselves to these Irregularities; 'for when their Masters change the Matter in the 'Lessons they give them, and they stoop some- 'times to speak of those Passions, whose Cha- 'racter is directly opposite to the swelling Meta- 'phors of a high Stile, they fall into the contra- 'ry Excess. Nothing then but Diminutives will 'go down with them; every Word, forsooth, 'must be Sweet and Luscious, as if it had been 'steep'd in Honey, and their Thoughts are Tri- 'fling and Puerile to the last Degree. They af- 'fect Quibbles and little Turns of Wit, when 'they speak of their Amours; and their Expres- 'sion is accompained with a languishing Air; but 'instead of being tender, it is Nauseously insi- 'pid. In short, they show themselves no less ridi- 'culous in this sort of Eloquence than in the for- 'mer. So that 'tis in a manner as impossible for a 'young Fellow to have the Taste of a good Stile 'among these wretched Examples, as to attain to 'the noble and easy Air of the Court among the 'Pedantry of the Schools.

'Not

'Not to displease these worthy Declaimers, 'we may with Justice affirm, that they have had 'the Honour of being the first Corrupters of Elo- 'quence. They have ruin'd the Dignity of this 'admirable Art, which gave *Pericles* and *Demo- 'sthenes* so great an Ascendant over their Auditors, 'and have made it a Sport and Amusement for 'Children. They have robb'd it of all the 'Force of Thoughts, while they wholly busie 'themselves in the placing of their Words, and 'in the Pompous Cadence of their Periods. For 'before that these Noble Instructors, educated in 'Obscurity, and who never saw any thing but 'their Books, had vitiated the Taste of young 'Gentlemen, by their wicked Maxims, Eloquence 'carefully applied it self to form the Judgment; 'Truth, Reason and Perspicuity were its End 'and Rule in all Discourses: It supported it self 'by the Greatness of Things, and not by the 'Ostentation of Words: It never was led out of 'its way by vain Enthusiasms, which transport 'an Auditor, as it were, by Magick, into un- 'known Countries, and don't bring him back a- 'gain to the Subject, till his Patience is quite 'exhausted. Poesie it self, which is allowed to 'take greater Liberties, was Free, without be- 'ing Impudent; and Adorn'd, without being 'Affected. She spoke the Language of the Gods, 'yet did not talk Extravagancies. *Sophocles* and '*Euripides* sometimes wore Buskins, but they 'did not walk upon Stilts, like the Scribblers 'of our Age. *Homer*, who knew how far an 'Heroick Poem ought to go, did not suffer 'himself to fall into Fustian, when he design'd 'to be sublime; for there is a Simplicity of Ex- 'pression, which is not in the least prejudicial to 'the Grandeur of Thoughts; and it does by no 'means follow, that because a thing is Great, it

must

'muſt therefore be expreſs'd in big rumbling
'Words. In truth, this incomparable Poet
'ſucceeded ſo happily in this ſort of Poetry, that
'*Pindar* and the Nine Lyrick Poets, not daring
'to think they could equal him, were obliged to
'try how they could perform in another kind. If
'it ſhould be objected that an Orator is not to
'govern himſelf by the Example of Poets, let us
'ſee whether *Plato*, *Æſchines*, or *Demoſthenes*
'wou'd have taken Leſſons from theſe People,
'whom they call'd Sophiſts, and we call Pe-
'dants. On the contrary, they always declared
'againſt them, as Corrupters of Manners and
'Language. *Plato*, among the reſt, has Baniſhed
'them from his Republick, and ſaid of them, as
'well as of the Poets; *Let us give them Crowns,*
'*only to turn them the more honourably out of our Domi-*
'*nions.* True, and if I may ſo expreſs my ſelf,
'chaſt Eloquence has nothing but what is real;
'and if I may be allowed ſo to ſpeak, uſes no
'*Fucus*, or Paint, to appear more agreeable: It
'derives none of its Charms from borrowed Co-
'lours: All its Ornaments are proper to it, and
'tis by the Graces of its natural Beauty that it
'conquers and affects us. Its Majeſtick Air ſets
'the ſame difference between it and falſe Elo-
'quence, as we eaſily obſerve between a Lady of
'Vertue and a Coquette. This Pettifogging,
'great Talker of mighty Nothings; in a
'Word, this monſtrous Eloquence of our De-
'claimers, came not long ago out of *Aſia* into
'*Greece*, where its Contagious Air, ſoon Infected
'the Minds of young People; even thoſe who
'ſeemed to promiſe mighty Matters, and had
'preſerv'd till then, the Taſte of good Stile, and
'Purity of Language, were not able to defend
'themſelves from the univerſal Corruption. Since
'this Alteration, we have not ſeen any thing that

'has

'has come up to the Perfection of *Thucydides*, or 'that has equal'd *Hyperides*. Nay, nothing in the 'Poetick way has appeared, that has not been 'tainted with this *Asiatick* Diſeaſe; and all the 'Compoſitions of our Times, like Men that have 'laboured long under an ill Habit of Body, have 'been ſhort liv'd, and Dye before they arrive to a 'good Old Age. The Generality too of our Polite 'Arts have met with the ſame Fate; and we have 'ſeen Painting decline by degrees, ever ſince the '*Egyptians* have pretended to teach it by a ſhorter 'and more eaſie Method, than *Zeuxes* and *Appelles* 'uſed.

'While I expreſſed my ſelf in this manner, 'and the Heat of my Diſcourſe carried me far- 'ther than I intended at firſt, *Agamemnon* came 'out of his School; after he had received of his 'Auditors, thoſe Compliments and Applauſes, 'which are uſually paid to thoſe of his Profeſſion, 'when they have concluded their Harangue: 'and, as 'tis natural for a Man to give the Reins to 'his Vanity when he hears himſelf commend- 'ed, I don't Queſtion but that he came towards 'us on purpoſe to be flatter'd; but finding that 'I ſpoke with a great deal of Vehemence, and 'ſeem'd not to take any notice of him, he 'placed himſelf behind me to hear what we 'were talking about. After he had liſten'd a 'while to my Diſcourſe, the Spirit of Impati- 'ence ſeiz'd him. I don't certainly know whe- 'ther he imagin'd with himſelf that my Cen- 'ſure, which only reſpected Eloquence in 'general, was level'd againſt his in parti- 'cular; or whether our Declaimer, ſo long ac- 'cuſtomed to Harangue others, cou'd not ſuffer 'me to take his own Trade out of his Hands, 'and ſet up for a Judge in his own Territo- 'ries: However it was, he buſtled through the

'Crowd,

Crowd, and clapping me gently upon the Shoulder, he was pleased to interrupt me with a pedantick Air; and Smiling, he thus delivered himself: *Young Man*, says he, *since you maintain a Doctrine here, which is not of the Gust of this Age, and have still preserv'd a right Judgment of things; 'tis so rare and uncommon a Quality, that I cannot any longer conceal from you the Mystery of our Profession. Know therefore, that I make no Scruple to accommodate my self to the crying Errors of the Times, and that although they have not totally debauch'd my Judgment, no more than yours, I am nevertheless constrain'd to suffer my self to be carried with the Stream, and rather to follow that which is likely to please the generality of Auditors, than a small Number of true Judges. For their Approbation is not sufficient to establish the Reputation of an Orator: 'Tis the Publick Voice which governs the World in all Matters, and the greatest Numbers, I dare engage, will always carry the Day. 'Tis a plain Case then, the Professors are not to be Charged with the Abuse of Declamations. If they shou'd so far forget their own Interest, as not to humour the Folly of the Age, but should Religiously apply themselves to the Purity of the ancient Eloquence, their Schools would be soon forsaken, and the Multitude of Scholars, which makes the Glory, as well as the Fortune of the Master, would immediately leave him, and run after another, whose Method suited better with their Inclinations. A Man that designs to talk in Publick, ought to have glittering Thoughts, bold Expressions, a great Stock of Invention, Flame and Vigour, and to deliver all this with an Air of Assurance. What signifies it to be so scrupulous about Reason, Order, and good Sense, so long as we can impose upon our Auditors, and there are only two or three Criticks in an Assembly, that are able to find out our Faults? In this respect we may compare Declaimers to Parasites,*

who

'*who to find room at a Nobleman's Table, never care whe-*
'*ther their Tongue and their Heart go together. If they*
'*shou'd not lay these Snares for the Vanity of your great*
'*Persons, they wou'd infallibly run the risk of Losing*
'*many a good Dinner. Now, pray Sir, tell me, wou'd*
'*you Advise one of this Fraternity, rather to Starve,*
'*than not to Speak as he thinks, and comply with the*
'*Vanity of his* Patron? *Wou'd you have a Fisherman*
'*cool his Heels on the Bank of a River, to no purpose,*
'*rather than Bait his Hooks? This is the very Case*
'*of the Declaimers, whom you Condemn: Whereas, 'tis*
'*not they that must Answer for this reigning Sin of the*
'*Times, but your Fathers and Guardians, who won't let*
'*the Young Gentleman run through the Forms of a severe*
'Discipline, *but are Impatient to have him Advanced*
'*in his Studies, and expect he should be able to make fine*
'*Speeches in the Cradle.*

'' *Hence it comes to pass, that the Learning they bring*
'*with them from the Schools, like Salads raised upon a*
'*hot Bed, has neither the Taste nor Colour of that which*
'*comes in its proper Season. The over-great Ambition*
'*they have to bring their Sons immediately to the Bar,*
'*or to some Post in the Government, is the Reason*
'*that when they come there, they seem to have fallen in-*
'*to another World, and are generally unfit to sustain*
'*the Weight of their Dignity. However, if Parents*
'*wou'd suffer their Children to pass leisurely through all*
'*the Degrees of a Regular Education; if the Professors*
'*were allowed to Suit their Lessons, to the Natural Ta-*
'*lent of their Scholars, and patiently waited to see what*
'*Progress they made; if while they Polished the Wit of*
'*their Disciples, they likewise Cultivated their Manners,*
'*and their Judgments; then we might hope to see the Elo-*
'*quence of* Demosthenes *revive in our Age: Then*
'*our Young Gentlemen wou'd Learn at School,*
'*things that would be of Eternal Service to them in the*
'*Commerce of the World, and pass with success from*
'*their Studies to the Conversation of the Politest Per-*

'*sons.*

'ſons. But, as things are Managed at preſent, they only 'Trifle away their time at School, or Laugh at their 'Maſters, and come from thence ſo Empty and Shallow, 'that they make themſelves Ridiculous at the Bar. 'What is the greateſt Jeſt of all, your Old Men cannot 'be brought to own that they have been ill Educated in 'their Younger Days, and therefore will needs have their 'Children bred up after the ſame Manner.

'This Diſcourſe of *Agamemnon* appeared ſo ve-'ry Reaſonable *, and ſo Sincere, that I had not 'a Word to ſay againſt it; and as I was never 'Fool enough to ſet up for a Reformer of the Age, 'I did not ſet my ſelf to oppoſe ſo Senſible a Diſ-'courſe. Thus I abruptly took my leave of *Aga-'memnon* and the Company, to go and find out '*Aſciltos*.

Is it not certain, my dear Friend, that in this Paſſage of *Petronius* we find the Turns of a juſt and delicate Satire, which ſeem deſign'd on purpoſe to Laſh that falſe Eloquence, againſt which, our Friends Declaimed with ſo much Juſtice, at your Houſe? Had not they Reaſon on their ſide, to ſay, That it was ſcarce to be Endured in the Schools; but that it was utterly inſupportable in any other Place? Don't you Remember, that they juſtly blamed it for having no Regard to the Dignity of him that Speaks, nor the Quality of thoſe that Hear, neither to the Condition of the Times, nor to the Majeſty of the Place? That they deſervedly Accuſed it of not Obſerving any Order in the Deſign, any Connexion in the Diſcourſe

* *And indeed it muſt be owned, that* Petronius, *who elſewhere preſerves ſo well the* Characters *of his* Perſons, *has made* Agamemnon *talk too Reaſonably for a Man, to whom he gives the Character of a* Pedant: *But we may ſuppoſe it was his Humour to turn even* Reaſon itſelf *into* Ridicule, *when he had a mind to Expoſe thoſe that Diſpleaſed him, although they judged aright in ſome things.*

Diſcourſe, any Regularity in the Expreſſion, or any Bounds in the Continuance? Did it not Senſibly Pleaſe you to hear one of the Company, him I mean, who always gives his Advice with more Warmth and Freedom than the Reſt, how pleaſantly he Rail'd upon the Word *Continuance*, and Ridicul'd the tedious Length of theſe Long-Winded Diſcourſes, out of which the Hearer at laſt breaks looſe as from a troubleſome Dream, and carries nothing Home with him, but loſs of Time and the Spleen. This Gentleman, you know, 'was Zealous to have *Pompey's* Law, about 'the *Meaſure of Hour-Glaſſes*, paſs in *France*; by 'which all Publick Pleadings ſhould be Regula-'ted for the future, and no one be Exempted from 'it. But that part of his Diſcourſe, where I 'thought he Criticis'd moſt agreeably, was the 'lively Picture he gave us of thoſe dull, tireſom 'Haranguers, who, in a Feign'd and Languiſhing 'Voice begin their execrable Speeches with ſuch 'Stuff as follows: * *'Tis a common* Problem *among 'the Antient* Philoſophers; or elſe, *If the Light of 'the Sun is Impenetrable to our* Eyes; *if the Circumgy-'ration of the Stars, and the* Rapidity *of the Firma-'ment*, &c. 'And yet, *Continued he*, if this Mag-'nificent Nonſenſe ended with the *Exordium*, I 'am Chriſtian enough to forgive it; but the 'Miſchief is, the reſt of the Piece is made of the 'ſame Curſed Materials, filled with mighty Rea-'ſonings, that ſignify nothing to the Purpoſe, 'with glittering Pieces purloin'd out of a Hundred 'Authors, and Common-Places cited without Ne-ceſſity

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* *Among theſe notable Orators, we muſt Reckon that incomparable Speech-maker, mentioned in the* Menagiana, *who thus began his Diſcourſe*: Conſueverunt Veteres, vel Conſuevere, *ut tum*; enim dicitur, Auditores Humaniſſimi.

'ceſſity and Diſcretion. Theſe Gentlemen would 'think they committed a Sin beyond that of Sa-'crilege or Murder, ſhould they Omit one ſin-'gle Paſſage of the *Celeſtial Plato*, or the *Illuſtrious* '*Triſmegiſtus*. In ſhort, theſe Architects Build the 'Houſe with the very ſame Judgment, that they 'ſhow'd in Building the Porch, and their whole 'Compoſition, from beginning to end, Reſembles 'the *Venus* of an ignorant Statuary, who made 'his Goddeſs Rich, becauſe he could not make 'her Pretty. However, this Eloquence, ſuch as 'it is, has found Admirers in the World, who 'have taken Pains to Imitate it. It has had its 'Courſe among us, like *Ronſard*'s Verſes. *Mal-'herbe* was the firſt that gave us a true Reliſh of 'good Poetry, and the SATIRES of *Boileau*, 'will put an End to the Generation of wretched 'Poets. Wou'd to God, he could do the ſame by 'our wretched Orators! But the Number of them 'is too great; this Diſtemper has ſpread itſelf at 'the Bar, like that of the *Abderites*, of whom *Lucian* 'makes mention, in his Ingenious Banter upon 'the Hiſtorians of his Time. Theſe poor People 'had ſo often heard the Tragedies of *Euripides*, 'that they were continually Repeating them, 'as if they had been all poſſeſſed of a Delirious 'Fever. And thoſe Hiſtorians, to whom he 'compares them, intending to imitate *Herodotus* 'and *Thucydides*, began their Hiſtory of the Wars 'of the *Parthians*, with *Exordiums*, as Foreign to 'the Buſineſs in Hand, as the *Exordiums* of our 'Declaimers.

Our Friend, if you remember, had not Stopt here, but had Drawn too near the Life, the Pictures of ſome Perſons he had a mind to Cenſure, if a certain Gentleman, more Modeſt than himſelf, had not interrupted him, and Spoke ſome

things which Appeared ſo Reaſonable to you, that even then you Deſired to have them in Writing. I have endeavoured to content you in this Particular, and you will find, perhaps, that I have written them very near as they were Spoken by him.

'Since you have mentioned this Paſſage in *Lucian*, give me leave, ſaid our Learned Friend, 'to break in upon you for a Moment, and to tell 'you, that this Diſcourſe of *Lucian*, wherein he 'lays down *the Way of Writing Hiſtory*, is the 'Maſter-piece of that Perſon, whoſe Excellent 'Wit, made him Juſtly Eſteemed in his own Age, 'and Admired in Ours. I am perſuaded, that next 'to *Cicero* and *Quintilian*, he's the beſt Maſter of 'Eloquence; and that moſt of the Precepts which 'he gives to Hiſtorians, may not unfitly be Re-'commended to thoſe, whoſe Buſineſs leads them 'to Speak in Publick. Now to apply to our pre-'ſent Purpoſe, what *Lucian* has ſaid upon this 'Subject, as likewiſe, what others who Excell'd in 'this Science, have Written of it, both before and 'after him, be pleaſed to take a ſhort Abridge-'ment of it, as follows:

'To attain to the Perfection of Eloquence, a 'Man ought to have a Fund of good Senſe and 'Wit, a lively Imagination, a faithful Memory, 'a Comely Preſence, an agreeable Tone of Voice, 'a correct Pronunciation, a noble Geſture, a be-'coming Aſſurance, and a great Facility of 'Speaking. The Four laſt Qualities may be ac-'quired by the Precepts of Art, and long Exerciſe; 'the other are the Gifts of Nature, which Art 'may Poliſh, but cannot Beſtow. Theſe Talents 'comprehend abundance of things; yet for all that 'they don't compleat an Orator; Study and a tho-'rough Acquaintance with the World muſt do the 'Reſt. Before a Man undertakes to Speak in

'Publick,

'Publick, 'tis Requiſite he ſhould cultivate his 'Judgment, by Reading the moſt Celebrated Au-'thors, and particularly thoſe that have written 'beſt in all Sciences; 'tis Requiſite that the 'Converſation of Learned Men, and the Ad-'vice of ſome Honeſt Judicious Friend, ſhould fit 'and Accommodate it to the Guſt of his own 'Age. It is Convenient likewiſe, that he ſhould 'Converſe with Wiſe Courtiers, pay Serious Vi-'ſits to Ladies of Wit: in ſhort, that he ſhould 'Read the beſt Books of his own Time; nay, and 'make ſome ſmall Attempts in Poetry it ſelf, in 'Order to Poliſh his Manners and Language.

'If 'tis True, that a Man may be ſo Happy as 'to Poſſeſs theſe Advantages, he ought in this 'Manner to apply the Precepts, which *Lucian* 'and others have Delivered. When the Choice 'of the Subject depends purely upon the Orator, 'he ought to pitch upon One that is Capable of 'Force and Ornament; he ought to preſerve 'Order in his Deſign, and Connexion in his 'Thoughts; and if 'tis Poſſible, his Diſcourſe 'ſhould never laſt Longer than an Hour. His 'Diction ought to be pure and proper to the Sub-'ject, rich and adorned without Flouriſhes, 'ſtrong and cloſe without Dryneſs, ſuitable to the 'Perſon that ſpeaks, to the Place, to the Time, 'and to the Auditors. He cannot take too much 'Care too avoid old Antiquated Words, as like-'wiſe thoſe that People uſe to affect in the Com-'pany of Ladies, for the ſake of their Novelty. 'Let him endeavour rather to render himſelf In-'telligible, than to appear Learned; let him ſo 'expreſs his Thoughts, that the meaneſt Capaci-'ties may Underſtand him, and the moſt knowing 'Admire him. However, let him avoid thoſe 'Expreſſions which *Malherbe* calls *Plebean*; as like-'wiſe thoſe that ſmell too rank of Affectation, or

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'are only allowable in the greateſt Licences of 'Poetry. 'Let him Studiouſly ſhun the *Aſiatick Tu-* 'mour, which is an Enemy to good Senſe and Truth. 'Let an Orator remember, that 'tis *to Truth alone* 'that he ought to Sacrifice the firſt Productions of the 'Warmth of his Wit: Let him Courageouſly diſen- 'gage himſelf from all Intereſts, that may oblige 'him to a ſervile Flattery: Let him put a Re- 'ſtraint upon his Tongue, whenever it begins to 'lead him into Satyr and Invective: In fine, let 'him Surmount that fooliſh Pride which hinders 'us from following good Advice, and guard him- 'ſelf againſt the Inſinuations of ſelf-love, which 'tis natural for us to ſhew to our own Compoſi- 'tions. His Narration ought to be exact, clear, 'and conciſe; it ought to run Majeſtically, like 'a great River, and not with a Rapidity, like a 'Torrent: Its Elevation ought to conſiſt in the 'Greatneſs of the Things he treats of, and not in 'the Words he uſes. He can never be too ſcru- 'pulous to Reject whatſoever may ſhock Probabi- 'lity. He may now and then allow himſelf the 'Liberty to Digreſs from his Subject, provided 'he does not loſe it out of his ſight, but returns 'immediately to it with more force and agree- 'ableneſs. His Compariſons ought to be juſt and 'ſhort; his Metaphors all of a Piece, and Natu- 'ral; his Citations few and well-choſen, more 'rarely taken from a Foreign than his natural 'Language, unleſs they cannot be tranſlated with 'the ſame Beauty, or carry more Weight and 'Authority in the Tongue wherein they were 'firſt written. He ought to avoid cold, frivolous 'Obſervations, Proverbial or Equivocal Expreſſi- 'ons, Points and Quibbles, as ſo many ill Habi- 'tudes contracted from a ſordid Education, and 'Ornaments unworthy of ſolid Manly Elo- 'quence. We can ſcarce forgive them in Gentle-

'men,

'men, when they are Jeſting with one another 'in a Free Converſation. In ſhort, 'tis Requiſite 'that the Paſſions be Moved; but then they are to 'be Managed with great Diſcretion, and Ming-'led with great Variety. The Figures ought to 'be Diſpoſed with ſo much Niceneſs, and the 'Artifice of them ſo well Diſguiſed, that the O-'rator may be never reproached for making his 'Diſcourſe reſemble the Receipts of thoſe 'Quacks, who have but one Remedy for all 'ſorts of Diſtempers, and who perpetually Uſe 'the ſame Drugs, and the ſame Quantity of 'them, in all their Compoſitions.

This, my dear Friend, unleſs I am miſtaken, is much the ſame with what our judicious Friend ſaid the other Day, upon this Argument. I flatter my ſelf that I have done you an acceptable Service in ſending it you; at leaſt, I can aſſure you, that I propoſed to my ſelf no other End but this, and to defend our Opinion againſt the Admirer of ***.

After what I have ſaid to you about *Petronius*, you will think me a very bold Man indeed to pretend to tranſlate any Remainders of his Satyr into our Language: However, you ought not to be diſpleaſed with me for endeavouring to give you ſome ſatisfaction even in this Point. At the ſame time I muſt beg of you never to let this Eſſay go out of your Hands, becauſe 'tis a difficult matter to imitate perfectly the Politeneſs of this Author. Behold then, with a little Variation, in what Manner he relates the Adventure of the *EPHESIAN MATRON*, which you have expreſs'd ſo great a Deſire to know.

The EPHESIAN MATRON.

After Eumolpus *had secur'd his Friends from the Danger, to which they found themselves exposed in* Lichas's *Vessel, and by the Dexterity of his Address, had Appeased those who Espoused the Quarrel of one of the two Parties; he omitted nothing that lay in his Power to make them give up their mutual Resentments; and in order to perfect this Reconciliation, he told them, That they ought to Talk of nothing but what was diverting. Upon this Hint, the Conversation immediately turn'd upon agreeable Matters. At first it fell upon that Fondness the generality of Women show to give themselves up to Love, and upon the Desire they have to be beloved. At last 'twas discourse how easily they were brought to engage themselves in Amours, and with what Alacrity they forget them again.* Eumolpus *never had any great Tenderness for the Sex: Far from that; he did not manage himself with that Discretion, which obliges Men of good Breeding, sometimes to conceal what they think: But he was Master of a great deal of Wit; and as the Matter afforded Scope enough for a Man of Pleasantry, he said a thousand Merry things, to make it appear, that Women are never Tender, but either out of Weakness or Caprice; that 'tis only Interest or Fear that makes them faithful; that all of them are Coquetts in their Hearts, and that their Vertue is nothing else but a Dexterity to hide their Filting. As his manner of Expression was somewhat Poetical, he told them that the Souls of Women were no less painted than their Faces; and that there was down right Artifice in all their Words, and most of their Actions, but especially in their Tears. He maintain'd, that their greatest Cunning consisted in employing the latter to deceive the Men; that after what he had seen in the World, he should perpetually distrust those Women who bewail'd the Loss of their Lovers, or the Death of their Husbands.*

Triphæna *and her Companions heard him diſcourſe thus with a great deal of Impatience, and deſigned to interrupt* Eumolpus ; *but he was in Poſſeſſion of the Converſation to ſay what he pleaſed ; and deliver'd himſelf ſo agreeably in his Poetick Manner, that he had the Laughter always on his ſide. Finding therefore that the Company was deſirous to hear what he had ſeen, and that every one, except* Triphæna, *had their Eyes faſten'd upon him to liſten to his Story, he began after this manner :*

There lived a Lady in the City of *Epheſus*, whoſe Vertue and Beauty were admir'd by all *Greece*. Heaven had given her a Husband, who was truly worthy of her : They loved one another moſt tenderly, and this Mutual Love rend'r'd them the happieſt Pair in the Univerſe : But Happineſs they enjoy'd was not of long Du- ; for the Death of the Husband ſoon ſtopt rſe of that Felicity, which all the World h Envy.

ſeem'd ſo ſenſible of her Loſs, that wonder, if ſhe ſhow'd all the ima- an exceſſive Grief. Thus ſhe Aſſiſt, according to the Cu- ites of her Husband. You all diſorder'd by Sorrow of Tears, tearing her efore the People that dered the Body of was reſolv'd to , to be Embalm'd ces ; and, as if Death h to ſeparate them, ſhe doleful Place with him, be- o weep Day and Night, and or Grief.

d Friends were not to able to over- a Reſol tho Magiſtrates them- onſtrat ve her in her Tomb,

God-

finding that neither their Advice nor Authority cou'd make the leaſt Impreſſion upon a Mind ſo abandon'd to Deſpair. And thus our Lady became more celebrated for the Exceſs of her Affliction, than ſhe had formerly been for her Vertue or Beauty.

She had now paſs'd two Days without taking the leaſt Nouriſhment, having no other Companion but an affectionate Servant, who mingled her Tears with thoſe of her Miſtreſs, and took care to renew the Lamp, which afforded them a Light in the Obſcurity of this Sepulchre. Nothing but this was Talked of in the City of *Epheſus*, and every one mentioned her as an unparallel'd Example of Love and Fidelity.

At this time it ſo happen'd, that the Governor of the Province had order'd certain Robbers to be faſten'd on Croſſes, near the Place where this vertuous Lady waſted away her ſelf in Grief. The Soldier, who was appointed to watch theſe Croſſes, leſt the Bodies of the Malefactors ſhould be ſtolen away, perceived a Light in the Sepulchre, and fancied he heard the Complaints of a Perſon in Diſtreſs. Moved therefore by a Curioſity, ſo natural to all Men, he Advanced a few Steps that way; and perceiving the ſame Complaints to increaſe, he at laſt went down into the Sepulchre, to inform himſelf of the Truth.

At the Noiſe which he made at his coming in, our diſconſolate Lady, who held her Eyes continually fixt on the Coffin of her Husband, cou'd not forbear to turn them towards this unknown Stranger. If, in ſpite of her Grief, ſhe was ſurprized at his Viſit, the Soldier was no leſs ſo, at ſo mournful a Spectacle; but his greateſt Difficulty was to aſſure himſelf, whether this was not an Illuſion, and whether this Coffin, and theſe Women that watch'd it, were not ſo many *Phantoms*.

But

But ſo ſoon as he was recovered from his firſt Aſtoniſhment, he well enough perceived, that theſe Objects ought rather to inſpire him with Compaſſion, than Fear. The Complaints which he had heard, made him at laſt to comprehend the Cauſe of ſo extraordinary an Affliction. He likewiſe obſerved in the Countenance of this unfortunate Matron, ſeveral Charms, which Grief and Abſtinence had but little diminiſhed; and as Love eaſily inſinuates it ſelf into our Hearts by the way of Pity, he lamented and loved this Lady almoſt in the ſame Moment: So that to preſerve the Perſon whom he loved, he went to fetch ſome Nouriſhment, which he immediately carried to the Tomb.

And now he omitted no Arguments to diſſuade her from ſo fatal a Reſolution; he repreſented to her, that all Men lay under the ſame Neceſſity of leaving this World; and ſince the End of Life was inevitable, all Regrets for the Loſs of it were inſignificant. In ſhort, he made uſe of all thoſe Reaſons, which are uſually employed to ſweeten Afflictions of this Nature: But our Lady, inſtead of liſtening to his Conſolations, redoubled the Efforts of her Grief, beating her Breaſt with more Violence than before, and tearing her Hair, which ſhe threw upon the Coffin of her dear Husband, as new Sacrifices both of her Love, and her Deſpair.

The Soldier was not diſcouraged from his Deſigns by this Obſtinacy; but imagining that he might more eaſily prevail upon the Miſtreſs by ſetting before her the Example of her Servant, he endeavoured to bring over the latter to his Party. As her Grief had not taken ſuch deep Root, and ſhe had not fully reſolv'd to Starve her ſelf, ſhe cou'd no longer reſiſt the preſſing Neceſſities of Eating; and at the ſight of Victuals, which temp-

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ted her more powerfully than all his conſolatory Diſcourſes, ſhe ſuffer'd her ſelf at laſt to be overcome; and ſurmounting the Remainders of her Shame, for ſhowing leſs Courage than her Miſtreſs, ſhe ſtretch'd out her Hand to receive the Relief, which was ſo generouſly offer'd her.

No ſooner had ſhe received ſome Vigour from this little Nouriſhment, but ſhe began to combat the Grief of her Miſtreſs with all the Arguments, that her Friendſhip, or her Deſire to quit ſo doleful a Place, cou'd inſpire her with. And what will you be the better, ſaid ſhe, to Sacrifice a Life to Deſtiny, which it does not as yet demand of you?

Why, Madam, ſhou'd you fondly ſhed
Tears for the unrelenting Dead?
And vainly deaf to all Relief,
Court that imperious Tyrant, Grief?
Theſe pretious Streams are pour'd in vain,
They cannot raiſe the Dead again.
No more to Grief this Tribute give;
The Voice of Nature bids you live.

If your Husband were in your Place, don't doubt but he wou'd be more reaſonable than you are. Who ever ſaw a Man bury himſelf alive for the Loſs of his Wife? Take my Advice, and free your ſelf from a Weakneſs, which the World has but too much Juſtice to Reproach our Sex with, and enjoy the Advantages of Life, as long as you are permitted to uſe them. This Body, which you water with your Tears, is only good to teach you what is the Value and Shortneſs of Life, and after what manner you ought to manage it.

Hunger, and the Natural Deſire of preſerving ones ſelf, are powerful Seducers on theſe Occaſions. Even the moſt deſperate Perſons find it diffi-

difficult, not to liſten to thoſe that adviſe them to live: We ought not therefore to wonder that our Matron, who appear'd reſolv'd to die of her Grief, ſuffer'd her ſelf to yield to theſe Perſuaſions, and follow the Example of her Servant.

The officious Soldier, finding that he had gain'd ſome Ground upon her, which at firſt he look'd upon to be impoſſible, carried his Wiſhes much farther; and as Love makes us imagine it eaſie to ſucceed in all our Deſires, he flatter'd himſelf that he ſhould find much leſs Reſiſtance from the Vertue of the Fair Afflicted, than he had done from her Deſpair.

To accompliſh this, he ſaid the moſt touching things to her, which the firſt Flames of a Paſſion, aſſiſted by promiſing Hopes, and a favourable Opportunity cou'd ſuggeſt to him. This Young Gallant appear'd to our diſcreet Matron, neither diſagreeable as to his Perſon, nor deſtitute of Wit. She began to obſerve that he did every thing with an admirable Grace, and that he was not uncapable of Perſuading. A ſecret Sympathy, which for the moſt part does ſooner link Hearts together than Eſteem, had already ſo ſucceſsfully prevail'd upon our Matron, that the Advices of her Maid (who was not wanting on her ſide to recommend her Benefactor) ſoon finiſhed the Conqueſt.

For, Madam, ſays ſhe to her, can you do leſs for the Man that has ſaved your Life, than to anſwer his Love, ſince as Heaven has happily ordered it for you, he is able to make you amends for the Loſs you have ſuſtained? Forget, I ſay, the remainders of your Grief, in the Pleaſure that you are beloved:

No longer Grieve, no longer Sigh,
But riſe, and meet the proffer'd Joy:
Life of it ſelf is Phlegmatick and dull;
Love's Pleaſures only make the Bleſſing full.

The

The Maid ſupported this Advice with that Concern and Force, that we may believe ſhe wou'd have put it in Execution, had it been her own Caſe. The Miſtreſs was no longer able to hold out; ſo true it is, that a Confident once gain'd, is no inconſiderable Aſſiſtant to a Lover. Nor is it a wonder that our Matron, who was debilitated by a long Abſtinence, and by the Exceſs of her Sorrow, was no longer able to maintain the Field againſt a bold and paſſionate Soldier. . . . .

They continued together, not only the firſt Night of this ſuprizing Adventure, but the next Morning, and the Day after that; the Entrance to the Tomb being ſo carefully ſhut up, that whoever had come thither, wou'd have unqueſtionably concluded, that our Matron had expired with Grief, over the Body of her dead Husband.

The Soldier, charm'd with the Beauty of his Miſtreſs, and the Secret of his good Fortune, in the day time bought Proviſions to make good Cheer with, and carried them to the Monument, ſo ſoon as the Night approached. In the mean time the Relations of one of the Thieves that were Hanged, perceiving that no one now watched the Bodies, carried it off, and paid the laſt Offices to it: But our Soldier finding next Morning, that one of the Bodies was ſtolen from the Gibbet, came back to his Miſtreſs, ſtrangely diſorder'd with the Apprehenſions of the Puniſhment he had deſerved, and related to her the Misfortune that had happen'd to him.

Nothing leſs than his Life cou'd expiate for this Negligence; the Governor of the Province was ſevere, the Soldier deſpair'd of his Pardon, and was reſolved not to ſtay till his Condemnation. With theſe Intentions he deſign'd to kill himſelf, to eſcape an infamous Death, and nothing cou'd diſſuade him from Executing this cruel Purpoſe; ſo that in all Probability, our beauti-

beautiful Matron was going to loſe the ſecond Object of her Love, by a violent Fate. The unfortunate Soldier had already Intreated her to take care of his Burial, and to put him in the ſame Sepulchre with her Husband. And now he was upon the Point of putting ſo Tragical a Deſign in Execution; when our Matron, who during his Diſcourſe, had wholly employ'd her Thoughts how to prevent his dying, hinder'd the ſad Reſolution of his Deſpair.

Heaven forbid, ſhe cry'd out, that I ſhould be forced to lament at the ſame time, the Loſs of two Perſons ſo dearly beloved by me, while there are any Expedients left to hinder it. 'Tis but juſt that what remains of my Husband ſhou'd be employ'd to preſerve my Lover; I will rather chuſe to ſee the Deceaſed hang, than to ſee the Living periſh.

At theſe Words, the Soldier, wholly tranſported with Joy, flung himſelf at his Miſtreſs's Feet, and ſurpriz'd at ſo ingenious a Device, he confeſs'd that his Love and his Services were too liberally rewarded. After this, all Three lent their Hands to take the Body out of the Coffin. The Soldier threw him upon his Shoulders; and by the Aſſiſtance of the other Two, managed the matter ſo well, that he faſten'd him to the Gibbet, from whence the other Body had been ſtolen.

The next Morning, two Friends of the Deceaſed, being curious to know what was become of our Virtuous Matron, took a Walk very early towards the Tomb. All the way, they entertain'd one another in commending ſo extraordinary a Fidelity, and when they came near the Croſſes, they caſt their Eyes by accident upon that which was next them, where they ſoon diſcover'd and knew the Countenance of their Friend. He had been ſo well Embalm'd, it ſeems, that his Fea-

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tures were eaſie enough ſtill to be known. A ſudden Conſternation ſeiz'd theſe Two Men to ſuch a degree, that inſtead of going to the Sepulchre to inform themſelves better, they ran all affrighted to the City of *Epheſus*, where in ſome Diſorder, they acquainted the People with what they had ſo lately ſeen. This News ſpread all over the Town in a Moment, and Multitudes of all Ages ran out to ſee ſo uncommon a Spectacle, every one crying out with Aſtoniſhment, *How is it poſſible that a dead Man ſhould be able to find out his way from the Grave to the Gallows.*

At this Place was Eumolpus *conſtrain'd to conclude his Story; becauſe the whole Company fell into ſo violent a Fit of Laughter, that they cou'd no longer liſten to him. The Seamen, who had throng'd cloſe together to hear him, returned to their ſeveral Stations, clapping their Hands at ſo pleaſant an Adventure: Even* Triphæna *her ſelf, who, during the Recital of* Eumolpus, *had bluſhed for Vexation more than once, cou'd not forbear Laughing. Only* Lichas, *who was at the bottom of an ill Humour, capable of ſpoiling the moſt agreeable Mirth in the World, ſhaking and toſſing his Head with a ſcornful Air, Had I,* ſays he, *been in the Governor of the Province's Place, I wou'd have taken down the dead Body from the Gibbet, and ſent it back to the Monument with the ſame Honours and Solemnity as before: After this, I wou'd have Hang'd in his Place, this wicked abominable Woman, with all the Marks of Infamy. This Judgment came in ſo unſeaſonably, and was ſo ill reliſhed by the Company, that they not only ſeem'd as if they did not mind him, but every one fell a Laughing, more vehemently than before.*

OF THE *True Uſe of* LIFE,

* By Monſieur *de la* VALTERIE.

CHAP. I.

That a Man ought diligently to Apply himſelf to the Search of Happineſs, ſince it is in his Power to Augment his Pleaſures, and Leſſen his Miſeries.

AFter having long Reflected on the Condition of Men, I found there are but Two Things that can Reaſonably Deſerve the Care of a Wiſe Man : The Firſt is, the *Study of Virtue*, which makes a Man Honeſt; and the Second, The *Uſe of* LIFE, which makes him Content, if 'tis Poſſible for him to be ſo; or at leaſt, Leſs Unhappy, if he cannot wholly Deliver himſelf from his Troubles.

* *This Piece was Written in the Year* 1658.

I confeſs that 'tis but Folly to think of a Sovereign Good here Below. All the Idea's that the Ancient Philoſophers have given us of it were nothing but confuſed Images of what may fill the vaſt Capacity of our Deſires; and the Uncertainty of their Opinions, that Varied ſo often on this Matter, makes us eaſily ſee how doubtful this Happineſs was, which they however promiſed with ſo much Pride and Oſtentation.

In effect, the perpetual Viciſitude of the Things of this World, the continual Revolutions of our Minds, and the Inconſtancy of our Paſſions, will not permit us to Eſtabliſh a fixt Repoſe, and Tranquillity of Life. And when I conſider the Inability of Objects to Satisfie us, and the Weakneſs of our Senſes to Receive their Impreſſions, then I Renounce all vain Purſuits of this falſe Happineſs; and am almoſt Inclined to take a general Indifference for every thing. For what Pleaſures are there in the World, which are not mixt with Inquietudes? Are not our Senſes often Interrupted in their Functions, by the Diſorder of our Organs? And does not our Mind derive its Unſteadineſs from the ſame Cauſe? A Fit of Sickneſs, a Cold Seaſon, a Bad Day, and ſomething leſs than any of theſe, changes us, and every thing about us: And tho' there were no Alteration in Us, or any thing Relating to Us; tho' our Souls and Bodies, were in the Happieſt Circumſtances we can Imagine them to be, yet 'tis certain, that we are Incapable of Taſting a Pure and Solid Content.

Neither the Converſation of polite Men, which affords me the moſt agreeable Satisfaction; nor the Delicacies of Entertainments; nor the Charms of Muſick, which Create in me the moſt Senſible Pleaſures; were ever able to give me as great a Reliſh of Delight, as my Imagination promiſ'd

promis'd me: And I may truly ſay, that amongſt the greateſt Liberties of my Senſes, I have Enjoyed the Pleaſures they gave me with ſo little Concern, that at the ſame time I have Meditated upon my moſt Serious Affairs.

The Divertiſement of the *Theatre*, whither we ſee ſuch Crowds of People Daily Reſort, does it give its moſt profeſt Admirers any ſuch Delight? For my part, I could never ſee the greateſt part of them without being Tired; and the beſt Plays which ſeem'd to Raviſh the reſt of the Audience, have had no other Effect upon me, than to make me grieve for the Misfortunes of a *Heroine*, who knew nothing of the Pains I ſuffered for her Sake; or for thoſe of ſome Imaginary *Hero*, whoſe falſe Griefs put me to the Expence of true Tears, and made me heartily Angry at my own Weakneſs.

Neither the Beauty of the *Tuilleries* *, which Enchant all Eyes; nor the Magnificence of the *Cours* †, Adorn'd with the Glorious Confuſion of the Richeſt Equipages; nor the moſt ſhining Aſſemblies of the Faireſt Ladies; nor Shews, nor Balls, nor Art, nor Luxury, nor Riches, can give full Satisfaction to any Man in this World.

Thoſe that appear but ſeldom at Publick Repreſentations, and Diverſions, are Frighted from them, and cannot bear the great Hurry and Tumult that attends them. Thoſe that viſit 'em often, are Inſenſible of 'em; and both together, either through Extaſie or Stupidity, have no true Reliſh of them. Thoſe who have Wealth enough at Command to Regale their Senſes with all that

* *A Royal Garden at* Paris.

† *A Publick Place where* People of Quality take the Air *in their Coaches.*

is exquiſite, don't they give us ſufficient Signs of their Uneaſineſs in the midſt of their Pleaſures, ſince they Complain that the Multitude of them renders them Ungrateful.?

If ever any Man deſerved to be Happy, it was that Celebrated Monarch who had Wiſdom beſtowed upon him from above *. Without ſtraying after fantaſtical Chimera's, he carried himſelf directly to the ſearch of ſolid Good; His Power gain'd him immediate Poſſeſſion. Every thing ſucceeded according to his Wiſhes; and Enjoyment always followed his Deſires. Notwithſtanding all this, he Declared, That he found ſo much Vanity in Pleaſures, that he could ſcarce Forbear to hate Life, and abhorr its continuance. Therefore we muſt conclude, there is no perfect Happineſs for a Man here Below; and ſhould rather think how to Defend our ſelves againſt thoſe Ills that oppreſs us, than to Sigh after a Happineſs that is out of our Reach.

But although it be True, that we cannot find in this Life the Imaginary Happineſs we look after, yet we ought not to wiſh for Death, nor like Perſons in Deſpair, abandon our ſelves to our Miſeries; for herein conſiſts our Folly for the moſt part, that we ſeek after a Happineſs which we can never attain, and in the mean time, neglect that which we have in our Power. 'Tis true, our Pleaſures are ſhort, and are Tinctured with Gall; but as they are Pleaſures, they ſtill over-weigh our Sorrows; and 'tis one of the greateſt Uſes of Life, to Manage 'em with Addreſs.

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As we ought to have Conſtancy enough to ſupport the Ill, ſo we ought likewiſe to know how to Enjoy the Good; we ought to have it as much in our Power to lull Aſleep our Senſes for Grief, as to Awaken 'em for Pleaſure; for Temperance is equally a Stranger to all Exceſs: She is no leſs an Enemy of exceſſive Faſting, than of exceſſive Debauchery; and he that ſhould ſuffer himſelf to Die with Hunger, would as much violate her Laws, as the Man that ſhould Deſtroy himſelf with too much Eating.

Mad-men that we are! always to complain of the Hardſhips of our Birth, the Inquietudes of our Life, and the Pains of our Death: In the mean time we daily add a new Weight to theſe Miſeries; and ſeem chiefly to Exerciſe our Ingenuity, in Contriving to make our ſelves more Unhappy.

This ſort of Conduct is very different from that of the Wiſe Man we mentioned juſt before, He made Tryal of all things in this World, for which we have the moſt Ardent Deſires, and ſoon Diſcovered the Vanity of them: However, he did not Entertain a general Diſguſt for every thing he had formerly Courted; but remaining always in the ſame Station, enjoyed his Pleaſures peaceably.

But let us Return to our Subject, and ſee how we ought to manage Good and Evil, to make Life more Palatable.

CHAP. II.

OF THE

Existence of GOD *.

WHen I make an Exact Reflection upon my whole Life, I acknowledge I have had Sorrows and Satisfactions according to the different Opinions, I was minded to Assume. My Thoughts have as well created my Grief as Joy; and I have always found within my self the Source of my Miseries or Happiness.

Not to Dissemble my Thoughts, the Persuasion of a Deity, and the Uncertainty of our Condition after Death, have often disturbed my Repose; and in these uneasie wavering Moments, I considered that all our Watchings, our Knowledge, our Employments, our Riches, and our Honours, must End in Death; and since none of these

* *Mr.* de St. Evremond *had sa*[illegible] *Opinion of this* Chapter, *that in my* Copy, *wherein* [illegible] *'d what* Pieces *were his own, and what not; he has* [illegible] *the* Ma[illegible] *Wishes to have been the* Author [illegible]

these things pretend to be Eternal, we ought to seek a Sanctuary somewhere else. But I often suffer'd my Soul to think Licentiously of these things; and not Respecting enough the first Truth, I met with nothing but Doubts and Difficulties, about the Immortality of the Soul.

As I always relied in this Affair, upon the Reasons of other Men, I could never have any certain Notions of them; and the different Opinions of our Authors gave me an Uneasiness, which can hardly be Described. Never were my Mind and Conscience of one Opinion. I was constrain'd to bear the Conflict of these Two Parties which combated incessantly within me; and nothing equall'd my Disquiet so much, as the Difficulty to Resolve the Question, which was the Occasion of it.

At length finding my self foil'd with all my Forreign Helps, I was Resolv'd to Retire within my self, and Consult my own Thoughts; as those Sick Men do, who finding themselves abus'd by the Ignorance of their Physicians, attempt to Cure themselves. Here then I cut off all Commerce with Books, wherein I never found any thing but Difficulties and Uncertainties. 'Twas here I Resolved to Consider with my self, and Consult my own Thoughts, upon the Structure of the Universe, and that Admirable Order and Symmetry which Reigns in every Part of it.

When I looked up to Heaven, the Greatness of this Prodigious Arch filled me with Astonishment, and with I know not how Awful a Respect! The Beauty of the Stars, the Silence and Solitude of the Night, possessed me with such a secret Horror, as disposd me insensibly to Religion.

Is it possible, said I to my self, *that the Motions of the Spheres, so Just and Regular, should not have an Intelligent being for their Author? If these wonderful Globes, knew and Govern themselves, Are not they the Gdos, who Command the World as they please? And if they are controul'd by some Superiour Power, Who is it that can sway these prodigious Machines, but an Almighty Hand? Who can move these Huge Bodies, but an Invincible Strength? Who can Reconcile their various Motions, but an Infinite Wisdom? This Glorious Sun,* continu'd I, *which Shines equally upon all Men, could it ever give us its Light by Chance? And that Regularity we observe in it, Could it proceed from any thing else but an Eternal Intelligence?*

After these Meditations I consider'd the perpetual Disagreement of the Elements; and could never enough Admire that Happy War which Entertains the World by so many wonderful Motions.

But above all, I made my Reason give place, and all my Faculties stoop to that Prodigy of the Flux and Reflux of the Sea. The vast Extent of Waters amaz'd me. But when I came to consider, that the most furious Billows broke against the smallest Rocks, and that they no sooner met 'em, but in spight of all their Impetuosity, were oblig'd to return with Violence into themselves; 'twas here that I cry'd out, transported with Wonder, and seiz'd with Astonishment,

The Sea Eternally does Roar;
Its angry Billows beat the Passive Shoar.
But Mounds of Sand their Might restrain,
And force them to their Watry Realms again.
Neptune *with Indignation sees*
His Waves ingloriously Retreat:
Then from the Conquering Cliffs he flies,
And murmurs at his Shame, and Sighs at his Defeat.

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At last, when I had sufficiently consider'd on these Objects, I took great pleasure to descend into my self, and there to observe the Structure of Human Body, and to Contemplate the Springs that move this admirable Machine. I reflected upon the Disposition of so many different Parts, yet all necessary to the Composition and Conservation of our Bodies; as Bones, Nerves, Muscles, Blood and Spirits. I consider'd the marvellous Oeconomy of all these Parts, and cry'd out with Admiration, *Poor Man! Who only knowest these things, by means of thy Senses; Canst thou boast thy self to be the Author of so Excellent a Work? Thou who understood'st it not, till after it was Made, and even now must see all these Parts expos'd to thy Eyes, to give thee the least Insight into them; thou wantedst the Experience of many Ages to make thee Comprehend how the Operations of Life, Digestion, and Motion are perform'd,* &c. *Yet in spite of thy most exact Observations, thou knowest them but after a very imperfect manner.*

On the other side, casting my Eyes on the rest of the Creation, I examin'd with Admiration, the different Figures of Animals, the Scales of Fish, the Feathers of Birds, the Furrs of Beasts; and all those things, which when look'd upon without Attention, represent nothing distinctly to the Mind, but did sensibly discover to me the greatest Wonders of Nature: For, call that, *Nature, Fate, Intelligence,* or *Deity,* which Creates and Governs all below, yet is it not still a Sovereign Power? Is it not still an Infinite Wisdom?

Then I remain'd confounded, to think how Ignorant I had been; and I could never enough wonder at the Malice of the Libertines, or the Blindness of the Unbelieving: For a Man must altogether forget himself, and lose the Know-

ledge of all things, before he can lose that of his Creator.

On whatever side of the Creation we cast our Eyes, we presently perceive the Character of the Deity impress'd upon it; and he that studies Nature throughly, will find sensible Proofs of the Power, on which she depends.

But we have some lazy Second-hand Thinkers in the World, servile Imitators of others, who, without Examining themselves, or considering the Matter as they ought, Espouse the Cause of Impiety, only to be taken for Favourers of some Famous Libertine.

There are others, who in an extravagant Presumption of their own Abilities, scorn to depend on their Maker; vainly imagining, that the Obedience that is paid to this Infinite Majesty, takes away the Freedom of their Opinions.

Not but that we see sometimes the best and most knowing Men in the Universe, fall under some sort of Incredulity or Doubt. Those of this Class are not Content to discover an Eternal Intelligence from the Order of the Universe. Their Curiosity leads them to consider what this Being is; and after they have confounded their Understanding with those Infinite Qualities which the Soul of Man cannot comprehend, they oftentimes become Incredulous against their own Will, and cannot Reconcile their Reason to their Conscience. Now as we ought to Laugh at Fools, and abhor the Wicked, I think that we ought to pity the latter, if it were only on the score of their being Miserable.

Some People are upon the Rack to persuade themselves to believe that, which they cannot comprehend. Others Attack Heaven it self, by a horrid Malice, and Blaspheme a God, whose Power is not unknown to them. Thus they are al-

always in Trouble and Deſpair; and after they have been hurried by the Fury of their Impiety, they find themſelves torn by the Remorſe of their own Conſcience; eſpecially when the Light forſakes 'em, and the Company which kept them in heart, leaves them to themſelves. There is no Paſſion ſo tormenting, but then they feel the Perſecution of it. Fear, Trouble, Vexation and Madneſs torture 'em by turns. It would be better for their Quiet, that they cou'd never think, than to have the leaſt Commerce with their Conſcience; for nothing certainly can equal the Torments of the Libertine.

Tho' daring Blaſphemies he pours,
In reſtleſs pains he ſpends the Conſcious Hours.
Hagg'd by the Ghaſtly Image of his Sin,
No ſafe Retreat without, no Peace within.
He flies the Day, he fears the Night.
He runs from Truth's All-ſearching Light,
His Conſcience too would leave behind,
But in himſelf both Judge and Torturer does find.

The Unbelieving, tho' they are not altogether ſo Criminal, are not leſs Miſerable. They take a world of pains to Chace a thing they can never find, and perpetually accuſe Nature for being more Cruel to Man, than any other Creature.

Thence proceeded the Complaints of that Great Man, who envy'd the Beaſts their Advantage of living in a Delightful and Uniform Ignorance, without diſquieting themſelves with the Search after Truth. To this likewiſe is owing the uneaſineſs of thoſe Perſons, who are always envying thoſe of other Nations, and who cannot behold the vileſt Brutes enjoying themſeves at eaſe, without regretting the Tranquillity that Nature has beſtowed upon them.

It is then certain, That the Belief of a God is the beſt Foundation of all Pleaſures; and that an intire Dependance upon him, never ſuffers a Man to be without Satisfaction in Proſperity, nor Comfort in Adverſity. A well regulated Mind does not only Taſt Delights in the Enjoyment of any Good it receives, but it alſo diſcovers Dainties in it to thank its Benefactor for; and every Reflection it makes upon 'em, affords new Matter for Satisfaction.

Tis to God we muſt have recourſe in Afflictions: No Anguiſh being ſo great, but what may be ſweetened by a total Reſignation to his Providence.

Then let every Man judge the great Importance of Religion, and how much it concerns us to acknowledge a God, and ſubmit our ſelves to his Will, not only in conſideration of our Duty, but likewiſe for the Intereſt of our Repoſe.

CHAP. III.

That we ought to Reſtrain the Violence of our Appetites, by conſidering the True worth of thoſe Things we deſire.

NOthing can be of greater Importance to any one that has a Mind to Taſt True Content in this Life, than to oppoſe his moſt violent Deſires, and reduce them to thoſe ſimple Motions, which we call *Wiſhes*.

Nevertheleſs, as there is no Man but has ſome *particular* Inclination and Favourite Paſſion, ſo it

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is not an eaſie thing to arrive at an Indifference. However, 'tis in our Power to make our Chains leſs uneaſie to us: for there are no Bonds ſo ſtrong, which Reaſon and Experience cannot break in time.

In Effect, as the moſt Pleaſing Objects are not without their Diſagreements and Pains, ſo 'tis certain that the violence of our deſires very much abates, when once we come to be diſguſted. When this happens, a Man raiſes himſelf inſenſibly above the World; and the Pleaſures he was wont to purſue with ſo much eagerneſs, ſeem Inſipid to him. He then ſees how much it Imports him to underſtand the true Worth of Glory: What Pain, or what Satisfaction is to be found in Knowledge: and this effectually ſecures him from labouring after any thing he may afterwards repent of; or expecting any thing he cannot hope to Enjoy.

This conſidered, Is there any Change that we may not expect? Won't He, that never knew any thing but Submiſſion and Obedience, be Ambitious of Command? Won't the Needy think Riches a Bleſſing, under the preſſure of all their Wants? Won't the ſcandalous Wretch that lies under the Laſh of Conſcience, for a looſe profligate Life, think him Happy who has the Eſteem of all Honeſt Men? Thoſe that are always in a hurry of Buſineſs, will they not wiſh to Enjoy the Quiet of the Retired?

The Court and its Pomp tires us; The Woods and the Fields become uneaſie to us; But a Man that has not had a full Taſte of Vexation, cannot eaſily imagine what ſtrange Effects it produces.

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In ſhort, we may be diſguſted with our own Condition; but we cannot be ſo with what we never experienc'd. However, a little Addreſs will ſuffice to ſhew the Vanity of every thing.

Although a Man has not all the Wealth, the Merit, and ſhining Qualities which others poſſeſs; yet he may caſt his Eyes on thoſe that owe them either to Fortune or Vertue, and ſee the Anxieties they labour under. Upon a nearer View he will find them oppreſt with the ſame Maladies, and ſubject to the ſame Misfortunes, with which Nature afflicts the reſt of Mankind. He will ſee Learned Men not able to Defend themſelves from Capriciouſneſs and Folly: Heroes feeble, full of Defects; and as much *Men*, as thoſe that are below them: and the greateſt Originals of *Europe*, ſubject to private Weakneſſes as the inferior Copies.

Thus at long Run we ſhall be convinc'd, that 'tis impoſſible to renounce Nature, and to raiſe our ſelves above that Condition, wherein God has placed us. For in Truth, there are no Great Men, if we compare 'em one with another, but the ſame are in themſelves weak, unequal, and deficient in ſome part or other.

Pomp and Splendour don't ſatisfie all thoſe whom they ſurround. The Exceſs of Delights palls our Appetites oftner than it pleaſes them; and all the Advantages of Nature and Fortune, join'd together, are not able to Create a full and entire Happineſs.

This Conſideration may ſerve to moderate the Violence of our Deſires, and perhaps will deſtroy thoſe Inclinations we have to the moſt ſenſible and pleaſing Objects. We ſhall then ſearch after Content without Diſquiet, enjoy it without Eagerneſs, and loſeit without Regret.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

Of Reputation.

NO ſingle Paſſion perhaps has made ſo many unhappy Perſons, as that which the Generality of Mankind Entertain for an *Univerſal Eſteem.* For if we except ſome few Perſons of truly Heroical Minds, who act only for the ſatisfaction of their Conſcience, and perhaps too for the Approbation of Good Men, all the reſt do that for Noiſe, which ought to be done for the ſake of Virtue, and ſuffer themſelves to be Inchanted with the Shadow and Appearance of a Thing, whoſe Real Subſtance doth not at all Affect them.

They are deſirous to have all their Actions eſteemed Virtuous, but not to be really ſo; They wiſh nothing more than the Applauſe of the People, tho' in the midſt of ſuch a Crowd and Hurry, 'tis almoſt impoſſible to diſcern the Truth: and without ſeeking the Approbation of the Wiſe, they Flatter themſelves that every thing is to be decided by Numbers; and that the Opinion of Learned Men, whom they are pleaſed to call *Fantaſtical Perſons*, cannot obſcure their Reputation.

The crafty ones ſhew on this occaſion a great deal of Artifice in their Conduct: for, being ſenſible of their own Merit, and having already got the good Opinion of Men of Virtue, by ſome conſpicuous Quality, they Accommodate themſelves in a groſs manner to the Humour of the People,

People, and ſtrive to gain the Vulgar by outward Shew and Appearance.

They commit voluntary Follies to pleaſe real Fools. They appear Dull and Unlearned to the Stupid; Subtil to Ingenious Perſons; Generous to Men of Honour: In a Word, they adapt themſelves to all ſorts of Characters with ſo dextrous a Compliance, that one would ſay, their Humour is that of all the World.

But beſides that by this way of Management we lay a violent Conſtraint upon our Humour, and oppoſe the Intention of Nature, which made us more for our ſelves than for other Men; I don't obſerve that theſe Perſons with all their good Humour and Complaiſance, with all their Feints and Diſſimulations, ever arrive at the point which they propoſe to themſelves. On the other ſide, I have known it a Thouſand times by Experience, That thoſe who are greedy of Reputation, generally loſe it by that very Indiſcretion and Greedineſs with which they ſeek it; and that nothing ſo much interrupts their Deſign, as their Exceſſive Paſſion to obtain it.

In ſhort, ſhow me the Man in any Country or Age of the World, that had Merit and good Fortune enough to acquire an Univerſal Eſteem? Who was ever powerful enough to ſuppreſs the Calumnies of all his Enemies, or ſtop the Mouth of Envy?

I can affirm, that I have known ſome Perſons ſo very Agreeable, and ſo Virtuous, that one could not Converſe with them without Admiring, and Loving them. They won the Hearts of their very Enemies; and a Man muſt have been a Brute to the laſt Degree, to be able to withſtand the Charms of their Converſation, or not to be won by the Goodneſs of their Nature. Yet for all this, I have ſeen ſome envious Detractors malicioſly

ciously oppose so eminent a Virtue; and according as they had either Address or Power, stop the course of an Esteem so Just, and so well Established.

Now, since it is impossible to catch this Flying *Meteor*, which I see the whole World runs after; What Folly is it to labour to obtain it with so much Application, and Pains so ill rewarded?

Besides a Fop, tho' he never so passionately desires this Esteem, if he does not deserve it, cannot long enjoy it. On the other hand, a Good Man soon makes Reflections upon the weakness and frailty of this Gaudy Trifle; and feeling his Miseries even through the Applauses which are given to his Felicity, he labours under Disquiets and Uneasinesses, when the World cries up his Advantages and his Happiness. *Veræ Gloriæ cupidi nullâ ratione quiescere possunt, cum non inveniant unde possint aliquatenus gloriari.*

Don't our Histories tell us of a *Vespasian*, who amidst all his Magnificence and Splendour, tired with the tediousness of the Triumph, and sensible of the Vanity of that Glory for which the People flattered him, appear'd Melancholly and Sad, even in those very Festivals, that were Celebrated to Thank the Gods for his Fortune and Prosperity?

Did not the Great and Formidable King of *Sueden* * despise the Acclamations of the People, and Reject the Panegyricks of Orators?

The Duke of *Candale*, whom we lately lost, Regretted by all Good Men, had not he as great an aversion for this kind of Esteem, as our ordinary Courtiers shew a fondness to obtain it?

'Tis

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* *Gustavus Adolphus.*

'Tis therefore beyond Diſpute, That 'tis impoſſible to acquire it, and that tho' we ſhould acquire it, yet the poſſeſſion of it would be abſolutely unſerviceable; That as it depends leſs upon our ſelves, than upon our Fortune, it is liable to all her Inconſtancies; That it is a Noiſe which ſtrikes nothing but the Ear, and is incapable of making any deep Impreſſion upon a Noble Soul.

If we wou'd cultivate our Happineſs in good earneſt, we ſhould endeavour to content the Wiſe, who are, 'tis true, but few in number, but from whom we may receive Real Approbations.

Hatillius would have a Wiſe Man hazard his Life for the Repoſe of Fools. But ſince we owe our Services, and our Selves to the Intereſt of our Country, and to the good of our Friends, we ought always to perform Actions worthy of Publick Applauſe, and to deſpiſe that ſame Applauſe, after we have once performed them.

I would not at the ſame time, adviſe any Man to be ſo diſintereſſed, as to take no manner of Satisfaction in the Eſteem he deſerves: but ſince Approbation is always attended by Cenſure, let us effectually diſarm Malice, by oppoſing thoſe falſe Praiſes which give it an opportunity to wound us; let us draw all lawful Advantage from a good Reputation, and not to be ſo ſottiſhly ſtiff, as to take no delight in Reflecting on our Merit: And if the Publick has unjuſt Thoughts of us, let us appeal from their Opinion to the Judgment of the Wiſe, and retire within our ſelves to receive Conſolation from the Teſtimony of our own Conſcience.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

Of Vexations *and* Diſpleaſures *.

TIS one of the greateſt Secrets of Life, to know how to make our Vexations eaſie to us; and if we cannot get rid of our Pains, at leaſt to weaken their Influence. Unleſs we can do this, we muſt reſolve to be often miſerable; for being expoſed to an infinite number of Misfortunes, there hardly paſſes a day but preſents us with ſome new Scene of Unhappineſs.

As for me, I know no Remedy ſo effectual for this purpoſe as Foreſight; and whoever makes an exact Reflection upon the Diſappointments and Croſſes of Humane Life, will find himſelf, Conſolable at leaſt in the ſevereſt Circumſtances. For as we always make a more vigorous Defence againſt a premeditated Attack; the Soul, which prepares it ſelf for Reſiſtance, by duly conſidering the Danger it runs, is much leſs apt to be daunted by it.

* *Monſieur* de St. Evremond *hath written in the Margin of my Book*, that great part of this Chapter did belong to *him.*

I would have all Men therefore ſo to foreſee and expect all kinds of Misfortunes, that they may not be ſurprized at whatever happens.

Let a Happy Courtier enjoy the Favour of his Prince, and poſſeſs the Advantages of his good Fortune, as long as he can: But let the Example of ſo many that have fallen before him, diſpoſe him to miſtruſt the firmneſs of the Ground he ſtands upon. Let him not always raiſe his Eyes, becauſe he is at the top of the Wheel, but Humble them ſometimes; let him look down to the place from whence he began to Riſe, and conſider the firſt ſtep of his Fortune, as a Precipice, down which he may every Moment fall again.

Let not a General of an Army be alawys ſecure of Victory; nor be puffed up with the Glory he has won, no leſs by the Aſſiſtance of his Troops, than by his own Valour. One ſingle Day may determin his Fortune: but then after the loſs of a Battle, let not him, who was before encompaſſed with ſo many Thouſands, conclude himſelf to be Deſtroyed with them. He muſt command himſelf, he muſt return to himſelf, to be himſelf again.

Let not a Prince depend upon his Grandeur without good Reaſon, neither let the Obedience of ſo many People raſhly flatter his Vanity: In Four and Twenty Hours we have ſeen the ſame Monarchs Sitting in the Throne, and following a Chariot. In the compaſs of a few Days, we have beheld a Prince Triumphant, and led in Triumph. The Revolt of the People, or the Loſs of a Battle, may diſpoſſeſs him of his Crown, and put his Scepter into a Foreign Hand.

Here I cannot forbear openly to confeſs that I Adore the *Romans*, and believe they were ſomething more than Men. I cannot without a ſenſi-

ble

ſible Emotion think upon *Brutus* and *Caſſius*, who knowing the Inconſtancy of Human Greatneſs, agreed before the Battle began, how to diſpoſe of their Lives; and conſidering the uncertainty of the Event, embrac'd one another, as if they were never to meet again. Methinks I ſee them taking their laſt Farewel with theſe Noble Demonſtrations of Affection and Courage.

The Vulgar imagine there is ſomething timorous in Foreſight; and as they cannot conceive any ſort of Danger without Fear, they perſuade themſelves that a Man cannot throw himſelf into it without Blindneſs. But as 'tis the fault of ſuch weak Reaſoners, to venture upon many things they don't underſtand, and to fling them up ſo ſoon as they come to know them; ſo 'tis only for Men of Senſe to foreſee the Dangers that threaten them, and to ſuſtain with the ſame equality of Mind, the Favours and Diſgraces of Fortune.

But 'tis not ſufficient for us to prepare our ſelves only againſt the Viciſſitudes of Life; for there are many other occaſions for us to ſhew our Conſtancy. The Death of our Friends, and even our own, much more ſenſibly Affects us: and therefore we ought to expect it with more preparation, than the loſs of Riches, Honour, and other extrinſick things, which ought to be indifferent to Wiſe Men.

I am thinking with my ſelf every day, how many things are dear to me; and after I have conſidered them as Temporary and Periſhable, I prepare my ſelf that very Minute to bear the loſs of them without weakneſs.

When the Sun begins to ſhine, I don't depend upon ſeeing the Evening. Will not the Day and Moment wherein I am to Die, reſemble this, which now paſſes over my Head? A Man ſhall

equally hear the hurry of the World, shall behold the Light, and live after the same manner. Now, since we must all Die, but are so uncertain as to the time of Death, let us prepare from this Day, to leave one another.

Not an Hour passes, but some one or other loses a Friend: may I not then reasonably expect every Moment to lose one of mine? But whenever that happens, the Circumstances of his Death shall not increase my Sorrow, nor my Affliction. Perhaps he will shed his Blood upon a Scaffold; perhaps Fire will reduce him to Ashes, or he will be swallow'd up in the Sea: But you must notthink that the Circumstances of his Death will redouble my Grief, and that I shall complain of nothing so much at his Funeral, as the manner of his Loss; 'Tis he alone, whom I find wanting, and it signifies nothing, whether he was taken from me by Water, Sword, or Fire.

Not that I would be here so wretchedly misunderstood, as if I would have a Man become a *Barbarian*, in order to exercise his Talent of Constancy; or that Nature or Friendship have not a Right to demand Tears from us. I am so far from advancing so Brutal an Insensibility, that I maintain on the other side, it would be Inhuman to refuse them on certain occasions.

We Sigh and Weep justly enough in the first beginnings of our Grief; but a vigorous Soul ought soon after to retire within it self, and return to that happy Serenity, which the Disorders, its Passions, occasioned it to lose. For can a reasonable Man consider the unprofitableness of his Tears, and the vanity of his Regret, but he must of necessity blush at a long and violent Affliction?

Indeed in thoſe Caſes where 'tis poſſible to repair our ill Succeſſes, I am wholly of Opinion, that we ought to employ all ſorts of Remedies: But in a fatal Accident which is never to be retrieved, I would deſire to know where lies the ſervice of a ridiculous Affliction, and paying Tears, which are at beſt troubleſome to thoſe who ſhed them, and wholly unſerviceable to thoſe for whoſe ſake they are ſhed?

Why do we Sigth, or why Complain?
All theſe Tears are ſhed in vain;
Deaf to our Sorrows, and our Grief,
The Dead receive not this Relief.

Beſides this, we are to conſider; that the moſt ſenſible Perſons, in the World, at length forget their tenderneſs; and the Soul which at firſt afflicted it ſelf to Exceſs, ſoon feels an abatement, of this Violence, and in a ſhort time exhauſts the whole ſtock of its Sorrow.

Our Complaints wear with our Years; and as the Objects begins to loſe ground in the the Imagination, our Concern for its Loſs inſenſibly decays in our Mind.

If we were Wiſe then, ſhould we not without Reluctance, ſurrender that Grief to our Reaſon, which the weakeſt are at laſt conſtrain'd to yield up to the power of Time?

A Father whom we loſt but Two or Three Hours ago, is as effectually Dead as any of our Anceſters; and that which is no more, ought no longer to affect us.

Your Father, ſummon'd by his Fate,
Now mixes with his Brother-ſhades below;
Not the leaſt tittle of your State,
Your Grief, or Sorrow does he know.

Tho' but laſt Night he loſt his Breath,
Yet ſince he's in the hands of Death,
He's full as dead as Cæſar, *who we know*
Expir'd ſo many Years ago *.

This Reaſon alone is capable of ſweetning our Bitterneſs, and checking the Impetuoſity of our Grief. He whom I loſt but an Hour ago, feels nothing, has no further ſhare in the things of this World, and enjoys Life no more than thoſe that were ſwallow'd up in the Deluge; Why then ſhould I torment my ſelf in vain about a Shadow, that has neither Voice nor Thought?

Wiſely your vain Complaints give o'er,
This fooliſh Tribute pay no more.
For empty Shadows why ſhould Tears be ſhed?
Let's Bury even the Memory of the Dead †.

We ought further to conſider, That in this rigorous ſeparation of the Soul and Body, Nature uſes us no worſe than ſhe does the reſt of the World. Of all theſe prodigious ſwarms of Men which fill the Earth, ſhew me one ſingle Perſon, that is exempted from the Cruelty of her Laws.

I very well know that every one is ſenſible of his Affliction, and that thoſe whoſe Example I alledge here, endure it and complain as well as we: For as we don't forbear to Taſt our own Happineſs, for knowing the Felicity of others; ſo the knowledge we have of the Miſeries of our Equals, deprives us not of the Senſe of our own Misfortunes: And ſince Private Perſons partake

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* *Theophile.*

take in the Publick Rejoycings, How can they avoid their ſhare in the General Sorrow?

There are ſome common Pains, which belong to all Men; but every Man bears them entirely to himſelf, and ſo endures the whole weight of his Affliction ſingly.

To confeſs the Truth, that which Affects us moſt in our Diſgraces, is to ſee that no body is under the ſame Circumſtances. We cannot with any Patience behold our ſelves forced to ſuffer a Misfortune alone, which may happen to all the World, as well as us. And to ſpeak ſoberly, nothing ſo much Augments the ſharpneſs of our Afflictions, as the Haughtineſs and Pride of thoſe who ſeem to Brave and Deſpiſe them.

Now it is not Mankind alone that attends us to Death; all Animals, of what Species ſoever, arrive at the ſame End, and are ſubject to the ſame Law. That Strength, Dexterity and Foreſight which Nature has beſtowed upon them for the Conſervation of their Life, is of no Uſe and Service to them when they come to Die.

The moſt inſenſible Things have their End, which is a ſort of Death to them. Thoſe very Ramparts that were proof againſt all the Batteries of the Cannon, and the Violence of Men, will ſooner or later have their ſhare in this Univerſal Ruin. The Elements themſelves which compoſe all things, will be at laſt deſtroyed. The Heavens will be overwhelm'd; The Sun and Stars will loſe their Light; and all the Maſs of the World will be confounded in the general Deſtruction. Can we then with Juſtice Demand that our Friends, or our Selves may eſcape it? Since 'tis neceſſary we ſhould Die, Is it not a Comfort for us to know, that all the Things we have ſeen will periſh, and ſuffer the ſame Deſtiny with us?

The Stars will lose their Glorious Light,
The Elements Contend and Fight,
And all be Buried in vast Night.
The Great Creator of this Ball,
Master and Sov'reign Lord of all,
Who out of Nothing did display
Air, and Earth, and Fire and Sea,
Will with the same Almighty Hand,
To Primitive Nothing All Command.
And this Great Change, to our Surprize,
May happen e're to Morrow's Sun does Rise.

I proceed now to a more particular Affliction, of which I am so sensible that no Arguments, no Relief drawn from Philosophy, can make it easie to me: 'Tis that Concern which Publick Calamities give me, in which my Senses Interest me in spite of my self.

I am not not able to hear the Groans of the People; I cannot listen to their Cries, nor behold their Tears, without finding my self Affected with a Real Compassion.

I cannot be a Spectator of the Calamities of my Country, nor behold the Ambition of its Oppressors, without taking up an invincible Aversion for them.

We are likewise persecuted by another sort of Vexation, which invades us in the midst of Pleasure it self: It is often nothing else but a disgust of Abundance; for our Soul having not strength enough to Digest it, grows Dull and Languishing, and yields at length to the violence of its Excesses.

Now I know no other, and indeed no other Remedy against th[illegible] moderate our Passions, and to manage [illegible] a Prudent and Wise Oeco[illegible]

Thus *Epicurus* revived his Appetite by Abſtinence, and avoided all Intemperance, to ſhun the ill Effects that attend it; and as a daily Converſation, even with the beſt of Men, becomes at length tireſome or dull, thoſe Perſons that have a delicate Taſte of Pleaſure, will voluntarily quit one another's Company, to avoid the Diſquiet that threatens them, and to reliſh better the Charms of Converſation, by beſtowing a new Life upon their Thoughts.

I have nothing more to ſpeak of, but a Vexation, the cauſe whereof I am not able to Divine; and as 'tis extreamly difficult to know the real Subject of it, ſo I find that it is hard to allay or withſtand it: It is a Secret Diſpleaſure which hides it ſelf in the bottom of the Soul, and which we feel much better than we can diſcover. 'Tis that which goes to Bed with us, which awakes and riſes with us, which attends us at our Repaſts, which follows us in our Walks, which we carry along with us, as well in a Crowd, as in Retirement, and which will not forſake thoſe whom it has once ſeized, till it has exerciſed its whole Power upon them.

I have had woful experience of this Malady, and been often uneaſie under the weight of it. I have gone with it to the *Play-Houſe*, and have brought it out with me again. I have carried it into the beſt Converſations without any Relief; I have, while the Paroxyſm laſted, uſed the moſt agreeable Diverſions, but was inſenſible to them all the while; and in the midſt of the Publick Joy, have been conſtrained to ſhew my ill Humour, and to appear Diſguſted with the ſweeteſt Contentments of Life; and at laſt have found no other Antidote or Charm againſt it, but the pleaſure of good Eating and Drinking.

Good

Good Cheer with our Friends is the Sovereign Remedy againſt this Sort of Vexation; for beſides that Converſation, which then becomes more free and pleaſant, inſenſibly ſoftens it, 'tis certain that Wine revives our Animal Spirits, and gives our Soul Vigour enough to expel Melancholy.

I know ſome Moroſe Perſons, will at leaſt in outward Shew and Appearance, pretend an averſion for this Remedy, whoſe Delights notwithſtanding, they are far from deſpiſing. But let us not play the Hypocrites here: For my part I am not at all diſturbed at their fooliſh Auſterity ſince the moſt Rigid Philoſopher in the World has preſcribed us this very Remedy; ſince the ſevereſt of Illuſtrious Men have made, (if I may ſo expreſs my ſelf,) their moſt Auſtere Virtues ſtoop to the Charms of this agreeable Pleaſure; and ſince the beſt ſort of Perſons diſown not the Uſe, but only condemn the Exceſs of it.

CHAP. VI.

Of Pleaſures.

HAving Diſcourſed of our Vexations, and the means of qualifying the Bitterneſs of them, it will not be amiſs to ſay ſomething of the Pleaſures of Life.

Although, to ſpeak the Truth, Extrinſick things contribute much to our Pleaſures, and 'tis enough that we have Senſes, unleſs we have Objects to content them; yet ſince we find the multitude of them is almoſt Infinite, our Happineſs depends in

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ſome meaſure upon our ſelves, and our greateſt Diverſions cannot fail of becoming Unpleaſant to us, if our Senſes are not in a diſpoſition to receive them.

As for my Self, I am of Opinion, that we ſhould never debar our Minds of thoſe Innocent Pleaſures which offer themſelves; and live no leſs exempt from thoſe Regrets that ariſe from our reflecting upon the Paſt, than from thoſe Inquietudes the future may give us.

The Preſent time only is ours, and if we were Wiſe, we ſhould manage every Moment as it were the laſt; but nothing is more common than to make an ill Uſe of that Time, which Nature has allowed us. There are few Men but would live long enough, if they knew how to live Well: but it happens for the moſt part, that when we are Dying, we complain, that as yet we have not Lived. If we arrive to a long Life, we diſturb it by our Fear of not arriving to it; and when we are come to our limited term of Years, we have nothing elſe left us, but a Concern for having managed them Ill.

This Pleaſure which now preſents it ſelf, is perhaps the laſt I ſhall Enjoy; an infinite number of Pains may overwhelm me the very next Moment. What ſhall hinder me therefore from enjoying my ſelf Innocently, whilſt I may? Muſt the difference of Places, or the inequality of Objects, keep me always uneaſy, when 'tis in my Power to live Contentedly in all parts of the Earth?

I Grant indeed that ſome Perſons are dearer to us, and more agreeable than others; that as there are different Subjects to Divert us, ſo there are Delights more or leſs Affecting; But for the ſake of a Pleaſure which I earneſtly longed for, am I to deſpiſe all the reſt?

That

That Life which slides away in the Country is no less mine than that I pass at *Paris*. The Days wherein I am wholly Buried in Grief, will be reckoned to me as well as my most joyful Festivals; and will contribute as much as they, to make up the Number which must confine my Years. Wherefore then should my Repose be here disturbed by the remembrance of those Pleasures I have Tasted, or by thinking on those which I desire to Enjoy?

Thus 'tis downwright Folly to wish our selves back again at those Places we lately left, or be impatient to be at others, sooner than 'tis possible to get thither.

If the Pleasures we find in the Country differ from those of the Court, let us endeavour to reconcile our selves to them: For who can hinder us from Exalting and Humbling our selves in this manner? 'Tis True, we have neither Musick-Meetings nor Balls, nor Play-House; but then we have no Disgraces, no Servitude to fear, or undergo.

Conversation is not so agreeable here. Suppose it is not, however, a Man may keep an useful Commerce with himself, and with Persons, that at least will not be troublesome.

Cato entertain'd himself with Children, after he had applied himself all day long to the Service of the Common-wealth; and our Wittiest Men in *France* Disdain not to hear a Tale from one of their Servants, after the most Solemn Discourses.

A Man should endeavour to live easily in what part of the World soever he is, and Tast those Pleasures which the respective Place of his Abode can afford him.

Let us not play the Philosophers so far, as to Condemn by our Austerity, the Magnificence of the Court. I approve that we should imitate the

Virtue

Virtue of the Ancient *Romans*. Let us be Juſt, let us be Generous as they were; but we may very well neglect thoſe extravagant Maxims, whoſe Severity Reforms fewer Men, than it Scares.

If we cannot afford to be Splendid, let us not accuſe others of Luxury. A man cannot Condemn ſo much Art and fine Workmanſhip he ſees in the World, all which is the Effect of Human Induſtry, without being fantaſtically Severe.

A Man may very innocently admire the Pomp of a Glorious City, he may partake of the Pleaſure of Perfumes, and the ſatisfaction of Muſick; In ſhort, he may behold with Delight, the Delicacy of Painting, and yet not violate the Laws of Temperance.

If, by Conſtraint, or Inclination, we have fixed our Reſidence in the Country, let us there leave off admiring the Labours of Man, in order to Contemplate the Works of the Creator, and the Wonders of Nature: Let us remove our Thoughts from the Pride and Glory of the Court, and innocently Taſte the Sweets which are to be had in ſolitary places.

Have not the Heavens, the Sun, the Stars, the Elements, Beauties enough to Satisfie the Mind that Contemplates them?

The large extent of Plains, the winding courſe of Rivers, the Meadows, the Flowers, the little Murmuring Rills, have not they ſufficient Charms to enchant the Sight?

Is the Muſick of Birds ever wanting in our Groves? And if it be true, that Men learnt theirs from the Nightingales, What an Advantage is it to us to have ſo great a number of theſe little Maſters in our Service, without being in our Pay?

WEll, whate'r Sins by turns have ſway'd me,
Ambition never reach'd my Heart.
Its lewd Pretences ne'r betray'd me,
In publick Ills to act a part.
Let others Fame or Wealth purſuing,
Deſpiſe a mean but ſafe Retreat,
I'll ne'er contrive my own Undoing,
Nor ſtoop ſo low as to be Great.

The Faithleſs Court, *the Tricking* Change;
What ſolid Pleaſures can they give?
Oh, let me in the Country Range!
'Tis there we Breath, 'tis there we Live.

The Beauteous Scene of Aged Mountains,
Smiling Valleys, Murmuring Fountains,
Lambs in Flow'ry Paſtures bleating,
Eccho our Complaints repeating.

Bees with buſie Sounds Delighting,
Groves to gentle Sleep inviting.
Whiſp'ring Winds the Poplars Courting,
Swains in ruſty Circles Sporting.
Birds in cheerful Notes expreſſing,
Nature's Bounty, and their Bleſſing:
Theſe afford a laſting Pleaſure,
Without Guilt, and without Meaſure.

In a word, we may live contented in any pa of the World, and we only change our Pleaſur when we change the Place of our Reſidence.

In one Place the Mind finds its ſatisfaction i the ſtudy of Nature: in another our Senſes me with Delights proper t and whoever capable of Moderation, l but too ſertile Scene for his Content.

Neither the limits of Solitude, nor the narrow compaſs of a Priſon, can hinder a Wiſe Man from finding Tranquility. He may Meditate there; and with Pleaſure reflect on the good Actions he has done, and comfort himſelf by the pleaſing Thoughts of his Innocence.

'Tis not neceſſary that a Man ſhould always have a Field to ramble in, in order to be Happy. Our Happineſs for the moſt part lies within our ſelves; and as we ſometimes find our ſelves unеaſie under the full enjoyment of our Liberty, ſo we may ſometimes happen to find ſatisfaction, even under Impriſonment.

The moſt cruel Tyrants in the Univerſe could never yet find a Dungeon for our Souls; they cannot become Maſters of it, unleſs we are willing to enſlave it our ſelves; Their Chains cannot bind it; and let the Body be ſhut up in what place it will, it changes neither Place nor Habitation.

Thus we may find ſomewhat to give us Content every where: Let us endeavour only to Enjoy it with Moderation; and be aſſured that it is an Error to Condemn Pleaſures as *Pleaſures*, and not as they are, Unjuſt and Unlawful.

In Truth, let them be never ſo innocent, the Exceſs is always Criminal, and not only brings Diſgrace, but Diſſatisfaction with it. A Man that loſeth his Reputation by Debauchery, very often loſeth his Health too, and hurts his Conſtitution no leſs than his Credit.

If we are inſenſible to the Charms of Pleaſure, let us excite our Taſte and our Appetite, by making a juſt Reflection on thoſe Pains, which are their contraries.

Let thoſe that abound in the conveniencies of Life, give a new Guſt to their Happineſs, by comparing it with the State of the neceſſitous;

and

and let the Thought of others Misfortunes m them more deliciouſly enjoy the Felicity w poſſeſs.

Let a Virtuous Man reflect upon the Serenit of his Conſcience, and rejoyce that he finds n ther Remorſe nor Anguiſh in the bottom of it diſturb him.

Let Health which we generally Taſte after di ſame manner as we do an Inſenſible Good; le this Rich Preſent of Nature, I ſay, be felt mo lively by comparing it to Diſeaſes and Infirmi ties, under which ſo many Thouſands languiſh.

Let a Man of good Health eſteem himſel happy, not only in the Enjoyment of that Bleſ ſing, but let the Thought that he endures no Pain, amongſt ſo many doleful Objects that en compaſs him, render him ſtill more content: Le him rejoice, not only for the good Fortune which he enjoys, but likewiſe for the Unhappineſ he has not: Let the Pleaſure which he Taſte and the Pain which he ſuffers not, equally contri bute to give him new Satisfaction.

But above all, let us baniſh that diſorderl Paſſion of Envy, that vile infamous Paſſion whic corrupts all our Pleaſures from our Breaſts. Le not our Eyes or Ears become in the leaſt con cerned for Poſſeſſions which don't belong to us But let us, without any covetous Deſires, parti cipate the Charms of all the fine Places we behol Every thing that is made for the Pleaſure o Sight, does it not belong to me, ſo long as it i expoſed to my Eyes?

Luxembourgh †, the *Louvre* *, and the *Tuil leries*, are as much mine, when I am gazing up on their Beauty, as they are theirs to whom the legall

† *A Royal Palace at* Paris.

* *The Royal Palace of the Kings of France at* Paris.

gally belong. For to ſpeak properly, nothing an be ours, but while we actually Enjoy it.

All I infer from this Diſcourſe, is, that we ught to be moderate in our Pleaſures. Properly peaking, all that is done in the World, is done aly for Pleaſure; and tho' we take different ways o it, yet we ſee all Mankind inclines to the ame End.

He that Courts Reputation in the Field, and orces his way through all the Dangers of Fire nd Bullets to obtain Honour, would not expoſe imſelf to the leaſt Danger, if he did not hope to neet with that ſatisfaction a Man finds in himelf after a gallant Action, or that which proceeds from Fame.

Another grows Old in his Cloſet, amongſt the Duſt and Filth of Mouldy Moth-eaten Books, who would not take the leaſt Pains to acquire the ciences, if he did not find ſome Pleaſure in his urſuit of them.

All our Actions have no real Object, but Pleaure: without that, the moſt Induſtrious would ive a languiſhing idle Life. 'Tis that alone which nakes us active, and excites Induſtry; 'Tis that which gives Motion to all the Univerſe.

Let every one therefore take that way he finds noſt conformable to his innocent Inclinations, nd enjoy all Delights that preſent themſelves to im, when they are not repugnant to the true Principles of Honour or Conſcience.

Of the True and False Beau
of Ingenious Writings, b
Mr. *de la Valterie**.

CHAP. I.

Some Rules to Write we and to judge well of t Authors and their Wr tings.

IF the Idea which all Men naturally hav the True Beauty of Ingenious Writings, not effaced by th reat Number of f Criticks, we ſhould e ſo many vari Opinions about their For this Id be a certain Rule for to follo he reſolved to expo to the Cenſure of Mankin uld eaſi when they were out

* le was wri 169

I will not here enquire into the Cauſes that have ſo univerſally debauch'd our Palates. Some of them are General, and have ſo ſtrangely extinguiſh'd the Light of the Underſtanding, in every thing almoſt, which is not the Object of our Senſes, that there are infinite Errors ſcatter'd in all Sciences, even in thoſe that pretend to define Good and Evil.

There are likewiſe particular Cauſes which are apt of themſelves to hinder us from diſcerning the True or Falſe Beauty of Ingenious Writings, when our Reaſon would be otherwiſe Juſt, Exact and Clear.

The moſt common is Precipitation: For every one flatters himſelf that he is capable to Judge, either through Pride not to be thought Ignorant; or through Affection and Hatred, according as he is engaged in any Party; or through Imitation, neither judging for or againſt, but only as he has heard the World talk; or in fine, through Caprice, Chance, Paſſion and Humour, which is too often ſeen in Perſons of Quality, who think their Rank entitles them to ſet up for Judges.

But whatever theſe Cauſes are, either General or Particular, the Variety of Opinions is too evident for us to doubt, that we don't judge upon the ſame Idea, or by the ſame Rule, though nothing be more certain than that there is one.

To form this in the Mind, Rhetoric and Poetry, and the Art of Writing Hiſtory, have chiefly employ'd their Labour: But the more [illegible] have been laid down, the more they ſeem [illegible]ected; and 'tis a Wonder that the beſt [illegible]he World, as *Ariſtotle*, *Cicero*, *Horace*, ſhould have ſo few perfect Follow-

It appears then, that we ought to forsake the common way of Precepts, and seek elsewhere for sure and immutable Rules, either to Write well, or to Judge well of the Merit of Authors.

To give ones self a just and exact Understanding, I think it would be necessary in the first place to examine any Book, and compare it with some other which has acquired an Universal Approbation.

Malherbe in the late Reign, excell'd in the Beauty of his Odes; and they preserve to this very Day the same Charms to their judicious Readers. So then, when you read any Ode upon the Praise of our Monarch, compare the Stile of it with that of *Malherbe*; and according as you find 'em agree, so you may venture to pass your Judgment.

But then the Piece you compare it to, must be of an establish'd Reputation; and such a one too as in all probability is like to continue so. We have seen several Authors come out with great Applause, but it only continued a few Years. During which, the Prepossession of the Reader and the Partiality of their Friends, gave 'em a short liv'd Reputation.

We have but very few true Models: *Voiture* himself is none, and much less *Balzac*. The Affectious manner of *Voiture*, and the Flights of *Balzac*, have both an Affectation which naturally displeases: the one endeavours to be agreeable and make us laugh, whatever Humour we are in; the other would make himself Admir'd and Esteem'd for the Pomp of his Expression, and the Extravagance of his Bombast. The Two Letters Address'd to Monsieur *de Vivonne*, imitate both their manners of Writing, are an excellent Satyr on their Stile, and fully discover the

e of theſe Two Authors, who were ſo Fa-
in the laſt Age *.

Man may foretel, without pretending to the
of Propehcy, what will be the Fate of a
in Author, who purloins the Ladies Cham-
Talk, and Converſations of Gallantry, to
p his Works with them; who believes that
ie Beauty of a Book, tho' the Subject ſhould
e Life of a Saint, conſiſts in uſing ſome new
n, or modiſh Expreſſion; and is very well
ied with himſelf, when the Period which
nds neither to Depth nor Solidity, has an
able Cadence †.

it to make no more of theſe offenſive Pre-
ons of the Living, let us examine the Dead.
a, as all the World knows, is full of no-
; but Points, Antitheſes and Paradoxes.
urprized his Age with the Arrogance of his
ſions; and ſome Perſons yet alive, ſet him
or a Pattern of Eloquence: But they muſt
: very ill that imitate him; and may take it
granted, that they will diſguſt thoſe Readers
have any Taſte or Reliſh.

his is not the Language of Nature, which
ays ſimple and unaffected. Whatever requires
ntinual Attention, diſpleaſes us; becauſe
o great anExpence for the generality of Man-
to bear. There is both a Force and Weak-
in all Men whatever; which fantaſtical Mix-
makes us naturally conclude thoſe Works to
ſagreeable, that require too intenſe Think-

Theſe Two Letters were written by Mr. Boileau, *and are found in the* Engliſh *Tranſlation of his Works. See I have obſerved thereupon in the LIFE of Mr.* Boi-
Deſpreaux, *Page* lx, lxi, lxii.

† *I ſuppoſe the Author means Father* Bouhours, *who hath in the Lives of* Ignatius *and* Xavierus, *two* Jeſuits.

ing to comprehend 'em; as well as thoſe that are ſo much below us, that they deſerve not the leaſt Regard.

As I have already obſerved, few Authors have written ſo well as to deſerve to be ſet up for Models. We have *Homer* and *Virgil* indeed for Heroick Poetry. *Horace* is a perfect Original in his Satyrs, Epiſtles, and Familiar Diſcourſes. I have not the ſame Opinion of his *Odes*, and perhaps I might ſay ſomething diſreſpectful of them, if the Excellency of ſome of 'em did not oblige me to hold my Peace. If the Author of the long Comments upon him *, diſlikes my Opinion; that I may not wholly incur his diſpleaſure, I own that thoſe of *Anacreon* are more Lively, more Sweet, more inſinuating, and conſequently more perfect.

But to return to our own Authors: *Corneille* and *Racine* have performed Admirably well in Tragedy; nevertheleſs it were to be wiſht, that the cleanneſs of Expreſſion in *Corneille* equall'd the Variety, and abundant Fertility of his Thoughts. Few Authors can arrive to ſuch a pitch as to repreſent ſo many different Characters, to invent ſo many Intrigues, and make ſo many Perſons reaſon with that Connexion and Solidity. We are intereſted in the very Action, which he only repreſents, and paſs immediately from the Figure to the Reality. We hear *Auguſtus* ſpeak in his *Cinna*; And we behold the *Cid*, in that Firſt Tragedy of his, which made ſo great a noiſe in Court and City, and gave us an early Specimen of what might be expected from him in his Maturer

* *Mr.* Dacier, *who has Publiſhed very long and Tedious Comments upon* Horace.

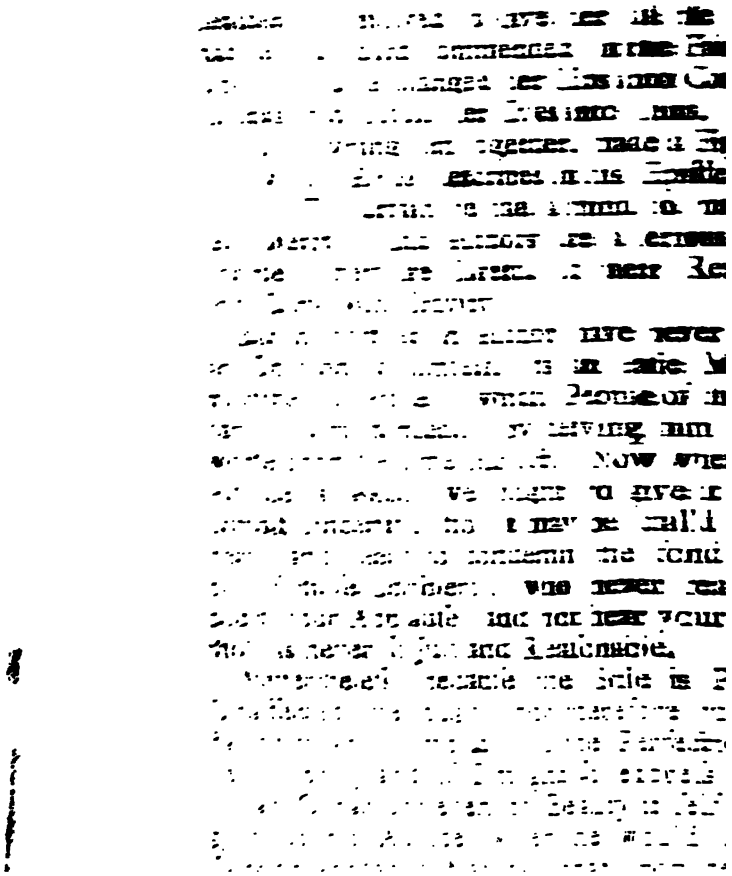
Maturer Years †. All the Miſchief is, that the Copiouſneſs of his Subject, which he never fails to exhauſt, his vaſt Imagination, and his inexhauſtible Genius, now and then makes his Expreſſion dark and confuſed: as if it were impoſſible to be Profound and Solid, and yet clear enough at the ſame time to be underſtood. But for all theſe Faults, Authors of his Reputation may paſs for very good Models. If I were obliged to give my poſitive Judgment which of theſe Two I would chuſe to copy after, in caſe I were to write for the *Theatre*, my Anſwer ſhould be, *That it is more difficult to follow the Former, and more ſure to imitate the Latter.*

So much ſhall ſuffice upon this Firſt Head; for I do not think it neceſſary to dwell longer upon it.

All I ſhall add at preſent, is, That inſtead of asking your ſelf, *Would* Virgil *have expreſs'd himſelf after this manner? Are* Malherbe's *Excellent Odes written in ſuch a ſtrain? Or did* Corneille, *or* Moliere, *draw to their Theatres, both the Court and the whole Kingdom, by Writing ſo?* Ask your ſelf, *Is their any Method more confus'd, than that of this Work? Can any Deſign be laid worſe, or any* Expreſſions *be more Lame and Faulty?* In fine, *Is there any imitation more low and ſervile than that of this Book?*

'Tis a common Fault with our Writers, that they become very bad Copiers of very good Originals. We ought to take a great deal of Care that we fall not into the whimſical Deſign of that Painter, who being to Draw the Picture of *Helena*, whom he deſign'd to repreſent perfectly

† The Tragi-Comedy call'd the Cid.



dineſs, and come once to think aptly, and expreſs our Thoughts juſtly, 'tis impoſſible that the Reader ſhould not be moved; becauſe all Men have a natural Propenſity to Truth: So that what is really falſe, can pleaſe no longer than we are dazled with the Appearance of Truth, under which it ventures abroad.

So then if the Expreſſion be mean, it will ſoon preſent a great Number of the like to your Mind: But if it be ſimple, do what you will, it will not be in your power to find out a better, unleſs your Wit or your Experience in the Art of Writing be ſuperiour to that of the Author. For this Simplicity has different Degrees of Perfection, as well as every thing elſe.

But if we deſign to profit by what we have already laid down, we ought to know the Defects that are to be found in the moſt perfect Authors: For it is not my Deſign here to inſtruct ordinary Perſons, but make ſome Remarks for the Entertainment of the Curious.

The Firſt is, That we ought *not to be too laviſh of our Metaphors, nor carry them too far.* We are very much wean'd from them in this Age: And ſince the World has got a true Taſte of Eloquence, this pompous Heap of glittering Nothings has been hiſs'd off the Stage. The Learned Men of the laſt Age, who fell into this Vein by reading ſome of the Ancients, thought their Stile was adorned and ſet off by Metaphors. Thus in ſhort, their Eloquence was as fantaſtical as their other Opinions.

When that profound Darkneſs wherein the foregoing Ages were in a manner lull'd aſleep, began to vaniſh, we awaken'd all on the ſudden, and our Judgments were not ſufficiently enlightned to know which was the beſt way to take.

The

The uſe of Figurative and Metaphorical Expreſſions grew out of Date, from the very Moment, that we begun to diſcern more clearly how we ought to expreſs our ſelves.

The *French* Genious which is Lively, Natural, and Plain, cannot endure theſe Languiſhing, Artificial and perplexed Diſcourſes. Nevertheleſs, we ſtill retain ſome Metaphors, and are not diſpleaſed to ſee *Flames* in Anger and Love; but theſe Expreſſions are become proper and literal, and can deceive no body.

The Second Remark is; That *'tis an inſufferable Fault to paſs from a* Metaphor *we have begun with, to a new* one, *and ſo to connect* Images, *which have no Agreement with one another.* When a Man takes care to write well, he knows how to continue, and carry on the ſame Idea; *I pity him,* ſays the Author of the Characters, *I give him for loſt, he is caſt away. We ought to ſteer our courſe otherwiſe, if we intend to arrive at the delightſome Port of Felicity* *.

You ſee he mixes nothing that is Foreign with the Firſt Image he choſe to expreſs the Thoughts of a Rich Man upon the Conduct of a Philoſopher. The latter is repreſented as it were at Sea. The Rich Man foreſees that he will be *Shipwrack'd.* He thinks he is *out of his Way.* He judges that he *ſteers his Courſe amiſs,* and that he *will never arrive at the Port of Happineſs.* There is not one Term in all this [illegible]hich is not Ally'd with the reſt. Now thi[illegible]or had committed an unpardonable Fault, [illegible]ll theſe Metaphors borrowed from [illegible]n, he had ſai[illegible] *It is not thus that a Ma*[illegible]*ar up againſt* [illegible] *Wind, and Build his Fo*[illegible] new Image [illegible] Build[illegible]

* *Mr.*

Building, joyn'd to thoſe taken from the Sea, which went before, would have ſpoiled all; whereas it being all of a Piece, the Diſcourſe is clear and eaſie.

The Third Remark is not much different from this, and teaches us *never to paſs from one Perſon to another in the ſame Period.* The ſame Obſervation will hold good as to the *Numbers*, and what the Grammarians call *Moods* and *Tenſes* of Verbs.

I will give an Example of this out of an Author who is extreamly Regular in this Method and Stile. *All Human Things*, ſays this accurate Writer, *are of no long Duration.* He ſhould have ſtopt here; but he was reſolved to make it a Period. So he adds, *And this perpetual Motion of Creatures.* (You may here take notice that he paſſes from a Subject indefinite, *All Human Things*, to one which is determin'd, *And this perpetual Motion of Creatures*, which are only connected by the Conjunction, and not at all by the Senſe.) He continues, *which ſucceed one another.* (This adds an Image altogether unneceſſary, ſince it was ſufficiently hinted before by the Defect of Duration, and the perpetual Motion) *render, as it were, a continual Homage to the Immutability of GOD, who alone is always the ſame.* I ſay, that theſe long-tail'd Periods are always Intricate, Confuſed and Superfluous; and that this is the Stile, not of an Orator, but a Declaimer.

All this might have been expreſs'd as follows: *All Human Things are of no long Duration, and render, as it were, a continual Homage to the Immutability of GOD.* And yet ſome are ſo extreamly nice, that they will not allow a Man to joyn an Affirmative Propoſition ſo cloſe with a Negative.

I ſay nothing of the *Homage* that *Motion* ren- to *Immutability.* 'Tis a Quibble which ſigni- thing to my purpoſe.

But

I can do in their Favour, is, to propose m
of 'em.

At preſent we wholly amuſe our ſelv
Obſervations upon our Tongue, and the H
of our Criticiſm is barely to examine,
Term be well uſed, and how long
been in Vogue: But tell me, I beſeec
may we not carry our Enquiries mu
ther? Can a Book be ſaid to be
when there is nothing good in it but th
guage? If this is your Opinion, 'tis a
matter to content you: But a great man
are more difficult, becauſe they have
Palate.

CHAP. II.

Of the Cleanneſs of Expreſſion.

I Was formerly too Indulgent, and now perhaps I am too ſevere. In the Heat of Youth, and the Firſt Tranſports of Paſſion, we are Strangers to the diſcreet Coldneſs of a more advanced Age. We are pleaſed to find thoſe Authors, who have been admired both by the Ancients and Moderns, Guilty of the ſame Follies, to which our Inclinations lead us.

The Licentiouſneſs of *Petronius*'s Stile, does not then ſhock our Nature, nor offend our Modeſty: And as if there was not Obſcenity enough in his *Fragments*, we Regret the Loſs of what is wanting with as lively a Concern, as if we had loſt the only Book that could preſerve Decency, and good Manners in the World.

Perhaps I make theſe Reflections ſomewhat of the lateſt; but it uſually happens, when we have arrived at our Journeys end, and come to talk of our Travels, that then, and only then we perceive we went out of our way.

This is one ſort of going out of our way, and I don't know whether there can be a groſſer, than to Treat all ones Contemporaries, nay, all thoſe that ſhall come after us, with bare-faced Ribbaldry. This can proceed from nothing but Ignorance. Such Writers don't know, leaſt they don't conſider that there is a ſecret the bottom of our Souls, which makes us too licentious a Converſation, to proceed

proceed from a want of Reſpect. To this Pride we are obliged, that thoſe ſplendid Names of Glory, Decency, and Common Civility, are ſtill preſerved.

But tho' Pride were ſilent, and a way were found out to make it hold its peace, (which I confeſs wou'd be a difficult matter) yet Virtue would not hold her Tongue; She is not yet ſo utterly abandoned by Mankind, but that they ſtill pay a great Reſpect and Veneration to her. The Modeſty of one whole Sex will be always Armed in her Defence; and the greateſt part of the Imployments of the Men are only for her ſake.

Pleaſure it ſelf, I ſpeak of lawful and indifferent Pleaſure, diſcredits every Man that follows it to Exceſs, or procures it for another. And therefore, I know no Satyr, included in one word, more ſtabbing, than that of being called, The *Comptroller of* Nero's *Pleaſures:*

Since I Declare ſo freely againſt my ſelf, by retracting what I have formerly ſaid in favour of *Petronius*; no one can expect that I ſhould ſpare the Raillery of *Cicero* in his Oration for *Cælius*. Tis true, this celebrated Maſter of Eloquence was brought up in Buſineſs, and knew the World; I own that he raiſed himſelf by his Merit much above his Birth; and that he was not inferior in Dignity to *Pompey* and *Cæſar*. But certainly he forgot himſelf, when he ſo far indulged his natural Propenſity to Raillery, as to Reproach *Clodia* in full Senate, that ſhe made her younger Brother Lie with her, *propter nocturnos quoſdam metus*. They did ſee eaſily through the Equivocation: but I wonder that ſo great a Man ſhould tax *Cælius* with ſo abominable a Crime only by way of Irony, if he believed it to be true; or that he ſhould take the Liberty to accuſe him of it, if he believed it not.

It

It were to wiſhed, that what has been always thought to be the Eſſential Ingredient of Orators, were likewiſe required in all Authors, not excepting the Poets: *Virum bonum Oratorem eſſe oportet.*

We had enormouſly ſinned againſt this Precept in our Language. Moſt of our Old *French* Poets were guilty of Writing obſcenely: *Deſportes* particularly fell into this Vein, with inſupportable Impudence and Freedom.

But ſince *Voiture*, who had a refined Genius, and converſed with the Politeſt Company, carefully ſhunn'd this ſordid way of Writing, the *Theatre* it ſelf has no longer ſuffer'd it. Nay, this Liberty is no longer endured, even in the moſt familiar Converſations; and if our Age is not Chaſter than the former ones; at leaſt it knows how to manage a fairer Outſide, and to make an Appearance of Virtue.

Our Niceneſs goes further than this; for we cannot now a days ſuffer a Man to deſcribe any Object that is apt to leave an ill Idea behind it. All the favour we allow a Sick Perſon, is to tell us his Indiſpoſition. We ſuppoſe it ſome eaſe to him under his Illneſs to find us hearken to him with a little Attention: But this Complaiſance which we ſhew to the Infirmity, is no Excuſe for the Man; eſpecially if he deſcends into too long a Relation of Particulars.

Except it be upon this occaſion, 'tis impoſſible to deſcribe ſuch things, for which we have a natural averſion, without offending the Company. However, this has been the Fault of many Authors. *Buchanan* has deſcribed with all the Figures of Rhetorick, an Old Woman. *St. Amant* has Painted the Chamber of a Debauchee, with all the Simplicity peculiar to his Stile: but upon ſuch Subjects, both Eloquence and Simplicity are unſeaſonably beſtow'd.

To

To return to *Cicero*; who can excuſe this C
ſul, for deſcribing in ſo lively a manner the m
Beaſtly Circumſtances of Drunkenneſs, when
was declaiming againſt *Piſo*, in the preſence
the Senate? This Deſcription is filled with
veral Particulars, which muſt needs be very nau
ous and diſagreeable.

Catullus might have beſtowed another Epith
on the Annals of *Voluſius*, than that of *cacata Ch*
ta *. A Poet, who pretended to a purity of Sti
above all others, ought to have abſtained from
groſs and ſo undecent a Metaphor.

Martial went out of the way to commend t
Cleanlineſs of his Miſtreſs's Lap-Dog; yet for
that, has fall'n into an indecent Expreſſion,

Gutta pallia nec fefellit ullâ †.

Ithad been better to have ſaid nothing at
of it.

Without doubt theſe Authors were corrupte
in their Morals. The Ages they lived in, ho
fine ſoever we may repreſent them, were
groſſy ignorant of what the Laws of true De
cency require from us, that they have not pro
duced one Author, who has obſerved them wit
Exactneſs.

But while you endeavour to avoid this faul
take care you don't fall into another, very com
mon in our days. Paſſions and Vices are deſcri-
bed to us in ſuch lo[illegible]lours, even in the Pul
pit, that we can h[illegible]ceive wh[illegible]
there is in them. [illegible] Gentle[illegible]
well how to conc[illegible]formity [illegible]

---

* C[illegible]
† A[illegible]

ous Effects of Vice, that they ſhew no more of it to us, than what ſuits with the weakneſs and frailty of our Hearts. We ſhould be too much ſtartled to behold Impiety bare-faced; and too much Humbled, if we were brought to a ſevere Examination of our own Vice. No one by his good Will would draw down upon himſelf the Vengeance of Heaven; no one has a mind to be ridiculous. But to be frail, to be ſubject to Infirmities, this is no more than being born Men; and who is it that thinks he ought to be aſhamed of his Birth, or of his Deſtiny?

I ſhould therefore prefer a Deſcription which faithfully repreſents things, to thoſe flattering Pictures which fortifie Men in their falſe Opinions, or in their uſual Diſorders.

However, I would not have you follow *Juvenal's* ſteps, or aſſume the Liberty as he has done, to make the groſſeſt Repreſentations of the moſt beaſtly Vices. In vain doth an Author ſo Licentious and Impudent, perſuade me to hate the Brutalities of *Meſſalina*. I hate him more than I do her; and the Lewdneſs of his Wit, which is ſo notoriouſly diſplay'd in the Boldneſs of his Expreſſion, ſcandalizes me infinitely more than the Miſcarriages of the moſt abandon'd Women, who are blindly Tranſported by their Paſſions.

I love his Tranſlator † much better than him. He has taken great care to preſerve the Innocence of his Stile in ſuch ill Company. He has left out nothing in his Author, but what hinders him from being read with Safety. But as for his [illegible]nation at the Vices of *Rome*, his

† *Publiſhed a very Polite Tranſla-*

effect *Lucretius* was, to tire his Reader with
ıg Deſcription of the moſt extravagant and
' Circumſtances that attend the Dreams and
ons of a young Man.

ıe more I think of this Paſſage, the leſs rea-
find why People are generally ſo fond of
violent and imperious Author: When he
nds to act the Serious Man and the Reaſon-
e's utterly loſt, and knows not what he ſays,
eſs that Verſe which I have often heard ſo
tinently quoted:

imus in orbe Deos fecit timor *.

is to ſay, *Fear induced Men to believe that
vere Gods.* For if one ſhould ask him, What
ced this Fear; Would not he be oblig'd to
r, *The natural Idea which Men conceive of a*
? For, Fear, like all other Paſſions, is no
wiſe raiſed in us, than by the Objects which
it by the Help of the Imagination or
ght.
if I find in my ſelf the Idea of a Deity,
I find that Fear which I ought to have for
ıen this Fear is the Effect, and not the Cauſe
thinking on it. A Man needs no great
ration, or Reach of Mind, to make ſo ob-
a Diſcovery.
ıe was minded to deſcend from this Gran-
which did not ſuit with his Talent, why
ıe throw away Fine Expreſſions, to repre-
mpertinent things? Or, why inſiſt upon

---

* *Author miſtakes. This Hemiſtick doth not belong to us. It is to be found in* Statius (Theb. Lib. III. V. *and among the Fragments of* Petronius, *from whom hath taken it.*

them ſo long, and not leave till he had quite exhauſted it, ſo ridiculous a Subject as that of the Dreams of Youth, which does nothing, even in the Day-time, that deſerves our Attention?

If this is Beauty, or Delicacy, or Learning, I heartily congratulate the Groſſneſs of our Age, which certainly would never bear ſo great a Freedom in any Author whatever.

I wiſh with all my Heart I could excuſe that Illuſtrious Conſul of *Gaul*, I mean *Auſonius* †; But in purſuance of my Deſign, I am forced in ſpite of my ſelf, to ſpeak of him, nay, and to ſpeak ill of him. What can be finer than his congratulatory Oration to the Emperor, upon the Occaſion of his Conſulſhip? *Pliny* the Younger would have envied him this Compoſition. What can be more ingenious, than the Puniſhment of *Cupid* in the *Elyſian Fields* *, and thoſe Sufferings and Reproaches which the Heroines made him undergo, who had all of them ſome Cauſe to complain of him?

He muſt, to the Loſs of his Reputation, amuſe himſelf in that Employment, which of all things in the World, is moſt unworthy of a Learned Man: Judge how much time he muſt throw away in picking up ſometimes a Beginning of a Verſe in *Virgil*, ſometimes an End; and tacking all theſe different Parts together, in order to compoſe a poor wretched *Cento*.

What ſhall I ſay of thoſe Expreſſions of *Virgil*, which tho' they are harmleſs and inoffenſive as they lie ſcatter'd in him; yet as *Auſonius* has managed and ſorted them, they are guilty of all the Obſcenity that the moſt defiled Imagination

† *See his Article* in *Mr. Bayle's Dictionary.*

* *In his Poem*, entituled Cupido Cruci affixus.

n think of. Can any thing be ſo fantaſtick s Man was? He that was Author of a grave olemn Diſcourſe which he addreſſes to a : Emperor: He that was a Maſter of Wit earning, as his Books evidently ſhew, not-tanding all this proſtitutes his Muſe, and oſes an infamous Poem out of ſeveral Scraps :rſes very innocent in themſelves.

Man may condemn theſe Indecencies with-:ſerving the Title of a Morcſe. Many Per-:an ſcarce ſpare *Virgil* for the Interview of ıs and *Dido* in the Cave:

luneam, Dido Dux & Trojanus, eandem veniunt *.

ır are they more favourable to *Homer*, for paſs'd between *Juno* and *Jupiter* upon Mount *ıus.*

ıeſe Two Great and Illuſtrious Authors have ed a Thouſand Occaſions, where any other :rs would certainly have Shipwrack'd their it. If *Paris* and *Helena* converſe together in *'ias*,'tis only to reproach one another. *Calypſo*, and the *Syrens* in the *Odyſſea*, ſay nothing that ds Modeſty. Neither does *Ulyſſes* abuſe the urs of the Princeſs *Nauſicaa.*

: that has a Soul truly Great and Noble, a Genius, an Imagination Clear and Com-:nſive, will never ſtoop and deſcend to that ıneſs which I here condemn.

'irgil, Æneid, Lib. IV.

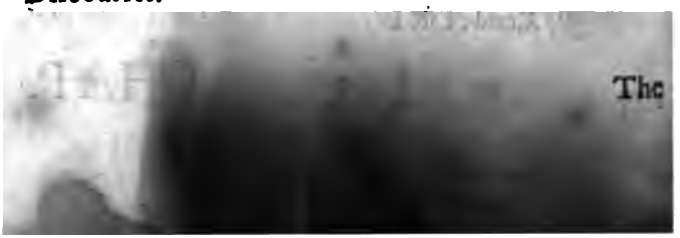
CHAP. III.

Of the Exactneſs of Reaſoning.

THoſe Qualities, by which moſt People ſeek to diſtinguiſh themſelves, are commonly ſuch as they are not Maſters of: To praiſe a Perfection, which of it ſelf is valuable, is not a ſufficient Title for a Man to ground a Right of Propriety upon. Pride aſſumes to it ſelf this ſpecious Title; but there will be always a vaſt difference between Eſteeming what deſerves to be ſo, and actually poſſeſſing it.

Examples do not authorize a Fault; and I would not by my good Will fall into one; altho' it be eaſie to obſerve, that the moſt celebrated Authors in the World, and thoſe that are juſtly valued for their good Senſe, have not been able to exempt themſelves from Errors, when they came to Defend and Maintain thoſe Opinions, which they had once Eſpouſed.

Obſtinacy, tho' it be that Diſpoſition of Mind, which of all others, is the moſt repugnant to Reaſon, paſſed with theſe Gentlemen for a Mark of Good Senſe; and nothing could be more ambiguous or perplexing, than their Diſcourſes.



The *Carteſian* looks upon his Notion of the different diſpoſition of Parts, to be a new Diſcovery, reſerved for the inquiſitive Genius of this Age; and runs down the Ancient Syſtem, as a confuſed Medly of Non-ſenſe and Ignorance.

At the ſame time that this modern Virtuoſo values himſelf upon the Diſcovery of *Materia ſubtilis*, and the Effects which he aſcribes to it; the Old Philoſopher looks down with Pity upon him and is heartily ſatisfied in his Conſcience, that what he advances is not a jot more Evident and Satisfactory, than the *Occult Qualities*, of *Ariſtotle*.

This has made me think more than once, that a Man muſt never expect to arrive to any exactneſs of Reaſoning, till he has ſhaken of the Yoke of Dependance, and freed himſelf from the Servitude of being blindly Governed by any Character, or Party of Men whatever.

Some years ago we were Univerſally overrun in the *French* Tongue, with certain Vicious Modes of Speaking, and we muſt not forſooth make uſe of the firſt Perſons: As for inſtance, if a Phyſitian ask'd his Patient about the State of his Body, he received no other Anſwer than that, *They* * *have paſs'd the Night very uneaſily*; that *They had felt great Pains*; that *They were exceeding Weak*: *&c.* And as the Phyſitian was Obliged in Intereſt to pay ſome Reſpect to this Gibberiſh, he accordingly returned his Anſwer in the ſame Key, *They Order you*; *They Adviſe you*; *They Deſire you*; &c. In a Word, This nonſenſical Humour, was the crying Sin, not only of private Converſations, but likewiſe of Books. This

* *In French*, ON, *which is much the ſame with the En.* They, One, *or* People.

Peoples Thoughts, and Mine; and
to express that Difference: If I am
general Disposition, as for Exan
Esteem which all Men have for Virt
thus Express my self: *PEOPLE ha*
Inclination to return to the Condition, to
were designed by the Creator, that every t
flects upon the Beauty of Virtue, he cann
and Love it. Now this way of ex
self is proper enough to describe
Dispositions of the Mind. But w
talks only of his own particular Opi
firm that 'tis a Trespass against go
explain himself indefinitely; As
when he has received a Kindness, in
ing, *I Thank you*; to come foolish
THEY are, or *ONE is extream*
you.

I can scarce be brought to forgi
of a certain Modern Author †, for
he takes of interposing impertinentl
Subject that comes in his way. A

general Conference, that we propoſe to have with Readers of all Sorts and Qualities. It raiſes my Spleen to ſee him draw his Proofs from an infinite number of little idle Stories, while he conceals from us all the Circumſtances, nay, and tells us in the Preface, that the Names are all feigned. He overwhelms us with Tales of all ſorts, Serious, and Pleaſant, Caſuiſtical, and Gallant; he knows the Court, the City, the Country; but above all, Religious Communities and Preachers. In a word, he has ſuppreſs'd his Name; but any Reader of a tolerable Inſight will ſoon diſcover what Profeſſion he is of.

The Liberty that *Montaigne* takes in his Eſſays, is infinitely more excuſable than what this Author uſes The former, 'tis true, delivers his Thoughts in a Stile, which is ſomewhat too free and familiar; but then after his Digreſſions are over, he always returns to himſelf, who is the principal Subject of his Work; and when that is done, has always ſomething to entertain his Reader. He is no troubleſome Hoſt; but when Converſation fails him, he has Friends to keep it up, till he has taken a little Breath. The Ancients he quotes, nay, even his Modern Authors, give us a great deal of delightful Inſtruction; and by this happy Mixture we always find a Variety in him which pleaſes.

Some People have taken a world of Pains to Criticize upon this Author, by racking his Expreſſions, and putting an unjuſt Conſtruction on all he ſays; and indeed few Books have come out from a certain Corner, wherein he has not been ill Treated †. At the ſame time theſe very Authors

† *Meſſieurs de* Port-Royal *and Father* Malebranche *have ſcredited Montagne, much as it lay in their Power.*

thors read him themſelves, and I dare engage he will be read to the end of the World. I will not now undertake his Apology, but deſire to know what Author is exempt from Faults? He that talks frankly of himſelf, is perhaps, no more to be blamed, than he that never talks of himſelf, even when the Connexion of the Diſcourſe naturally leads him to it.

But not to enter into a larger Diſcuſſion at preſent, I content my ſelf to affirm, That the Source and Original of the Exactneſs of Reaſoning, whether in Thoughts or Expreſſions, conſiſts in the Independence and Liberty of the Soul. Nature has not been wanting on her part to give us Ideas enough of Truth; neither do we want Phraſes proper enough to expreſs it, if a Man would rather follow his own Conceptions, than thoſe of other Men. A ſlaviſh Imitation is deſtructive both of Reaſon and good Senſe.

As every Man has a peculiar Tone of Voice, which it would be Ridiculous for another Awkwardly to Imitate; ſo every one has a peculiar way of Thinking and Speaking.

He that reſolves never to Speak but as he thinks, will not always ſpeak wonderful things; but then for his Comfort he will ſay nothing that may draw a juſt Cenſure upon him.

No one is obliged to Think beyond his Capacity, and we never tranſgreſs the Bounds of good Senſe, but when we aim to go beyond it.

I don't ſay this with an intention to excuſe Lazineſs or Stupidity; for when we know how to make a right uſe of Nature's Gifts, they will grow up with Time; and that *Doctor* *, ſo much cried up in the *Schools*, of which he is now the Head,

* Thomas Aquinas.

Head, made but a ſorry Figure in the firſt Years of his Studies.

It was his Happineſs that he had nothing to do but to follow a beaten Road: That barbarous Age wherein he appeared, had no true Taſt either of Languages, or Polite Learning. 'Twas enough to lay down a Train of Propoſitions, with their ſeveral Proofs, for the benefit of the Monks and Secular Prieſts. All that they aimed at then, was to Cure the Groſsneſs of their Ignorance, as well as they could.

To excel in this excellent ſort of Learning, there was more need of Solidity than Wit, or quickneſs of Parts. The *Subtil Doctor* *, who followed ſoon after, had like to have ſpoiled all, by ſpinning his Cobwebs too fine; tho' I cannot tell what this Genius would not have been capable of undertaking, had he not been ſhackled by the Forms of the Age he lived in, which oblig'd him to vary from the Method of *Peter Lombard*, the Maſter of the *Scholaſtick Queſtions*, who has been ſince ſo little regarded.

'Tis true, that there are Revolutions in the Republick of Letters, as well as in all other States; Things, Faſhions and Humours have their certain Period of Duration.

'Tis Wiſdom to comply with the Times we live in. All wiſe Men have done it. This fits us for Converſation: However, one would not carry this Compliance ſo far, as to ſacrifice the Liberty of ones Reaſon.

If a Man proportions the Tone of his Voice to the Ear of his Auditors; and if it would be ridiculous to cry out in the Preſence of a few People, as loud as before a numerous Aſſembly; cer-

* Duns Scotus.

certainly the Meaſures of Things, and the way of propoſing them, ſhould be taken from the different Diſpoſition of the Times wherein we ſpeak.

I don't ſuppoſe that a Man is always the ſame; for too many Occaſions contribute to make him vary. The ſame Revolution which makes one Age ſucceed another, introduces a new Scene of Manners.

We muſt ſubmit to ſo powerful an Influence, unleſs our Quality or Employments place us above it: Or unleſs we feel in our ſelves ſtrength of Genius enough to change the Inclination of our Age.

Thus we have known ſome Kings, who by the profound Wiſdom they have ſhewn in all their Actions, have baniſhed Buffoonry, Affectation, and all ſuch ridiculous Follies out of their Courts. We have ſeen ſome Miniſters, who by their Vigilance and Activity have rouzed the moſt Lazy Courtiers, and made them out of Emulation, apply themſelves to the moſt uſeful, and ſerious Affairs of State. In like manner we have ſeen the great Orators of our Age, by their ſolid Manly Eloquence, baniſh from all Publick Harangues, thoſe wretched Points, Quibbles, and falſe Thoughts, which were ſo much admir'd in the laſt Age.

But a Man muſt be truly Great, to be able to Change and Reconcile ſo many different Palats. This is a Conqueſt that carries its own Reward along with it; and the ſingle Thought of following ones ſelf alone, and obliging others to follow us, is of Heroick Extraction.

Not to ſubmit ones Judgment to that of another, comes very near it. He is a bold Man that dares walk by himſelf, eſpecially now-a-days, when our Books of Morality are filled with nothing elſe but

but the Defects and Errors of Mankind. The Avenues to Truth ſeem to be ſhut up, and we find nothing on all ſides but Inevitable Miſtakes.

But what influence can Errors have over Men of Reſolution, who Laughing at the Diſputes of the ſeveral Parties that divide the World, only conſult themſelves, when they deſire to be informed?

What Satisfaction doth not ſuch a Man find in diſcovering the Truth, which is comprehended in the Idea that Nature gives us of every thing?

The Reaſon why ſo many Diſcourſes, either Spoken or Written, have failed of perſuading, is, becauſe few Perſons eſtabliſhed them upon thoſe Principles, of whoſe Truth all Men are inwardly convinced.

The whole Myſtery of Perſwaſion conſiſts in our building ſolely upon theſe Fundamental Truths. Nothing can convince a Man but himſelf. Convictions by Inſtruction don't laſt, and produce little or no Effect. But when you have once made a Man Believe, that his Opinion is the ſame with yours in the Main, and put this Compliment upon his Underſtanding, you may manage, and lead him as far as you ſee convenient.

At the ſame time I would Adviſe you carefully to avoid the Fault of a certain celebrated Author*, who would oblige all Men to have the ſame Conceptions of every thing as he himſelf has. Poſſibly upon ſome other Occaſion I may take him to task, but I mightily wonder, that a Powerful Society, whom he has not Spared, ſhould ſtill Eſteem him.

I

* *Mr. Nicole, Author of the* Art of Thinking.

Thus, inſtead of being of his Opinion, and
ſerting, that Men Miſtake in the Principles, a
not in the Conſequences, I maintain on the oth
hand, that we are deceived in the Conſequenc
particularly, when they don't immediately flo
from the Principles.

But it was for the intereſt of his Work to d
credit the Rules of *Ariſtotle's* Logick. As for t
who lie under no manner of Obligation to co
mend them, I am however very ſenſible that th
may be of great Service, to ſhow Men of we
Judgment, when they do not reaſon juſtly, a
draw their Conſequences aright. But wh
does not perceive this, as well as my ſelf? Is
not the very ſame thing that *Horace* formerly r
commended, when he laid it down as the firſt a
moſt Important Precept of the *Art of Poet*
(from whence we may draw Rules for all oth
ſorts of Writings) that we ſhould carefully pr
ſerve Unity; *Sit ſimplex quodvis duntaxat & unu*
This Unity ſo admired by th ts, what
it elſe but exactneſs of F

'e by me a Book, Intituled, *Chriſtian Medita-* upon the Truths of our Faith. The Author lieve to have been a Pious Man, upon the ıtation he has in the World. But as he writ *Latin*, becauſe he was not Maſter enough of *rench* Tongue, one of his Brethren was or- to Tranſlate it, and he ſucceeded in the At- ıt well enough.

ow as a Tranſlator makes it his particular ieſs to acquaint himſelf with his Author, ; better able to diſcover his Imperfections, another Man. Thus our Tranſlator pre- y found out, that there was not one Argu- : in the whole Work directly inferr'd from its ciple; but that all his Concluſions were In- t, Oblique, and ſuch as did not derive their h from the Principles, on which they were . Had he rectifyed this Default, he had not erly Tranſlated, but made a new Piece.

e hear nothing in the Pulpit more common our Preachers, than an Apology for the gn of their Sermon, and for the Diviſion or hod which they pretend to obſerve. But n this Apology is once over, the Parſon is firſt Man that forgets it; he Rambles, he es Digreſſions, and arrives at *Life Everlaſting*, out ſo much as touching upon that Method, romiſed to follow.

his is the Fault of thoſe Perſons who affect to k Politely, and neglect the exactneſs of Rea- ıg.

here never was perhaps, unleſs we except *Auguſtan* Age, a more flouriſhing Reign of ı, than towards the laſt Century. But it : to be wiſhed, that the Authors of that time, were only *Grammarians*, or at beſt but ſo ma- greeable Declaimers, had not taken upon ı to deliver their Opinions ſo Dogmatically atters of Religion.

As they wholly applied themſelves to the Study of the Learned Languages, 'tis not to be expected that they ſhould Reaſon with Exactneſs enough upon elevated Matters, of which they had but a very ſuperficial Knowledge. If they had been Wiſer, they would have confined their Juriſdiction to prophane Authors, as Monſieur *Le Fevre* of *Saumur* has done in our days with Succeſs: and the Author of the Remarks upon *Horace*, may arrive to a Twelfth Volume, without being Condemn'd for it. The Reader will run through the Antiquities of *Roſinus* in him, with leſs uneaſineſs, becauſe the Reading of the *Poet* will perpetually relieve him. 'Tis a large and open Field, that of the *Roman* and *Græcian* Antiquities. We have free leave to throw away our time in Reading them, or Writing upon them, without any danger of being call'd to an Account for it, by any but our ſelves.

But to meddle with Sacred Books, when we have no other Knowledge but what we have borrowed out of Prophane Authors *, is to go beyond our Sphere. Good Senſe requires that we ſhould ſuit our ſelves both to our Subject, and to our Reader. If this be never ſo little neglected, we muſt expect nothing that is Juſt and Exact.

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* *Mr.* Dacier *undertakes to explain ſeveral places of the* Scripture, *in his Notes upon* Horace.

[illegible] like that extravagant [illegible] [illegible] never spoke to any [illegible] [illegible] hang himself, and took [illegible] [illegible] Epitaph so, as to curse Man[illegible] after his Death.

A Man must have his mind strangely o[illegible] with Melancholy, to be able to lead a [illegible] Life, and always to remain in Obscur[illegible] don't pretend to censure those, whose [illegible] and Retirement have been consecrated to [illegible] [illegible]: On the contrary, I admire them. [illegible] Principle which has dispos'd them to [illegible] Life so repugnant to Nature, obliges us [illegible] them in Veneration. As nothing is more [illegible]traordinary than the Virtue of a true Anc[illegible] so nothing is more inimitable, and bett[illegible] serves our Commendation.

But it is certain, that amongst those, wh[illegible] real Call, or a Fancy which we are often [illegible] mistake for that, have given a Dislike [illegible] [illegible] are but very few that persev[illegible] [illegible] Condition to the end with the same [illegible] [illegible] State of a solitary Man, is a State o[illegible] [illegible] Natural instinct, which makes him [illegible] [illegible] the Mastership, and ev[illegible] [illegible] him with a Regret for having [illegible] [illegible] all ones Li[illegible] [illegible] Distinction is there betw[illegible] [illegible], between Solitude and [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] Men, 'tis necessary to con[illegible] [illegible] Conversation should [illegible] [illegible] Pleasure of Life; but 'tis a[illegible] [illegible] should be regulated. We ought to e[illegible] joy it [illegible], and moderate the Use of

w[illegible]

[illegible] Timon

with Diſcretion. There is nothing more advantageous, and nothing more dangerous: As too long a Retirement weakens the Mind, ſo too much Company diſſipates it. It is good ſometimes to recollect ones ſelf; nay, 'tis even neceſſary to give an exact Account of one's Words, one's Thoughts to one's ſelf, and of the Progreſs one hath made in Wiſdom. A Man that would reap the Fruits of Reading and Converſation, and improve by what he has ſeen, muſt be no Stranger to Silence, Repoſe and Meditation.

There muſt be a time for Study, and a time for thoſe Affairs that are inſeparable from our Profeſſion. Converſation cannot take up our Life: Theſe two other Duties deſerve to be preferr'd before it. Ignorance ſits always ſcandalous upon a Gentleman; his Quality doth not excuſe, and the World doth not ſufficiently inſtruct him. When a Man knows how to make an equal Mixture of theſe things, he cannot fail to diſtinguiſh himſelf exceedingly from thoſe that apply themſelves but to one of them.

Study is the moſt ſolid Nouriſhment of the Mind; 'tis the Source of its moſt noble Acquiſitions: 'Tis Study that increaſes our Natural Talent; but 'tis Converſation that ſets it on work, and refines it. It is the great Book of the World that teaches us the Uſe of other Books, and can improve a Learned Man, into a compleat Gentleman.

In a Word, Study makes a greater Difference between a Learned and an Ignorant Man, than there is between an Ignorant Man and a Brute: But the Air of the World makes a greater Diſtinction ſtill, between a Polite and a Learned Perſon. Knowledge begins the Gentleman, and the Correſpondence of the World gives him the finiſhing Stroke.

However, it has been obſerv'd, that ſome traordinary Genius's have paſs'd on the ſud from the Meditations of the Cloſet, to the m difficult Employments: But theſe Men ou not to be cited for Examples. When a M intoxicated with Reading, makes his firſt S into the World, 'tis generally a falſe one. I only adviſes himſelf by his Books, he runs Hazard of being always an ungenteel M Immoderate Study begets a Groſſneſs in Mind, and vitiates his Sentiments; the Con ſation of his Friends muſt aſſiſt and refine hi

'Tis no common Bleſſing to meet with a fa ful, ſenſible, diſcreet Friend; *Faithful*, to c ceal nothing from us; *Senſible*, to remark Faults; and *Diſcreet*, to reprehend us for th But to be able to believe and follow his Adv is the Perfection of Happineſs. It frequen happens, that we take a Pride in following own Conceits; like thoſe Travellers that l their way for want of taking a Guide, or quiring for the Road.

I muſt confeſs indeed, that a Man who is ſ ſible of his own Abilities, and knows the vantages of his Mind; that Man (I ſay) w aſpires to Glory, and intends to raiſe his putation, ought to dread even the Suſpicion being governed.

Dependance is inſupportable to a Man of S rit, eſpecially th[illegible] of the Mind. When any pretends to ex[illegible] Tyranny [illegible] the fr Part of our S[illegible] hard [illegible] to re againſt Reaſon [illegible] the I ſon that reaſons

There needs as much Diſcretion to give Advice, as Compliance to follow it: nothing is ſo dreadful as a Friend, that takes the Advantage of his own Experience, that propoſes all his Counſels as Laws, and with the Air of a Maſter, that takes from us the Privilege of examining what he ſays, and would force the Mind by Authority, rather than win it by Argument. Such a Man never fails to cite himſelf for an Example. He applies the Obſervations of the Old Court upon all Occaſions. He brings his own Adventures for Proofs, and has ſeen all that he advances: Every thing that he ſays, is over-ſtretch'd, and the Fear he is under of not ſaying enough to perſuade, makes him always ſay too much to be believed.

Yet to receive Advice implicitly, and without Conſideration, is no leſs to be blamed, than to give it in a rude imperious manner. It is our Intereſt to overcome the one, and to ſoften the other. Sometimes we ſhould aſſiſt the Liberty of him that informs us, by accepting his Counſels with readineſs.

Good Advice looſeth its Force in the Mouth of a Friend, who is too complaiſant; when he expreſſes himſelf earneſtly, he ſtirs up our Hearts the more, he incites our Attention the better: wholeſome Remedies ſeldom have an agreeable Taſte, and the beſt humoured Phyſicians are not thoſe, that do us always the moſt Good.

We ought to look upon our ſelves as infirm, ſo long as we have need of Advice. But, alas! who [redacted] not need of it? If the Advice is good, why [redacted]e reject it; becauſe it is not delivered [redacted]ood Grace? We ought to conſider, [redacted]t draw ſome Advantage from it, [redacted]it aſide. Nay, we ought not in

of what displeases us in another, i
nough to oblige us to give ear to
to thank them for their Pains?

A bad Example may serve to de
evil, as a good one to excite us to wl
Let us reap the Advantage of it, fro
part it comes, and after whatever
given us.

'Tis our Business to distinguish
Truth; we find it seldom pure, but 't
less Gold: 'tis the fault of the Work
Metal.

We meet sometimes with Men
Sense, that have not the Gift of
themselves. We ought to dispense
fect of their Expression, and take t
their good Sense. Others have an
Speech, and go no farther than th
things. Let us imitate what is g
Language, and penetrate further in
than they do.

There are others likewise, who h

Converſation of a learned Man, when he is moroſe and ſevere. The Authority which he uſurps over us, is indeed troubleſome; but is not this a Privilege acquired by Age? If he lets us partake of what he knows, is it too great an Acknowledgment to pay a ſeeming Submiſſion to his Sentiments?

Yet I would not have this Submiſſion blind. It is juſt we ſhould reſerve to our ſelves the liberty of arguing upon what he ſays: but we muſt anſwer him with a great deal of deference We ought not to contradict him, but with a Deſign to inſtruct our ſelves better; we ſhould comply with Reaſon, as ſoon as it appears, and give our Aſſent to it, though it comes out of the Mouth of a Pedant.

However, let us not receive his Doctrine without examination; let us not eſtabliſh our Opinion upon that of another; for 'tis in matters of Faith alone, that a Man ought to follow his Maſter implicitly.

To be able to paſs a true Judgment upon things, we ought always to be upon our guard againſt the Reputation of him that ſpeaks them; the Air of the Face, the Manner of Speaking, the Quality, the Time, the Place, all helps to impoſe upon you You hear the Court applaud every Word that comes from *Bautru*, becauſe he ſometimes ſays very good things. Admiration is the Mark of a little Genius, and your great Admirers are for the moſt part very ſhallow People. They want to be informed, when 'tis proper to laugh; the upper Gallery, which has no other Knowledge than what Nature gave them, judge better of a Play, than our fine Sparks that crowd the Stage.

The greateſt Secret then to ſucceed in Converſation, is, to admire little, to hear much; always to diſtruſt our own Reaſon, and ſome-

times that of our Friends; never to pretend to Wit, but to make that of others appear as much as we can; to hearken to what is ſaid, and to anſwer to the purpoſe. In a word, to practiſe that Precept of *Horace*,

Ut jam nunc dicat jam nunc debentia dici †.

† *Horat.* de Arte Poet. *V.* 43.

OF

FRIENDSHIP.

THE firſt Friendſhip in the World, is that which aroſe in the Boſom of Families. The continual Habitude of being always together, and of conſidering, that we are, as it were, of the ſame Blood; the ſame Opinions in which we are brought up; the Conformity we find between one another; the Communication of Secrets, of Affairs, and Intereſts; All theſe things contribute as much to its Production, as Nature it ſelf: They Conſecrate at leaſt the Name of Brother, Siſter, and the reſt, as much as the Tye of the ſame Blood. For whatever is affirmed of certain Natural Inclinations, which a Man feels at the meeting of thoſe Relations, who are as yet unknown to him; it is certain that the Examples uſed to prove it are either Aggravated or Uncommon; or that we ſhould Treat one another like meer Strangers, if we were not to conſider them as our ſecond ſelves. This therefore is the firſt Conjunction of our Hearts.

It were to be wiſhed that this firſt Friendſhip would continue during Life in the ſame Condition, wherein we find it in our firſt Years. But it decays inſenſibly. In the firſt Place, by the great number of Perſons whereof a Family is

compos'd

compos'd: For it is a certain Principle, that Friendſhip cannot long ſubſiſt between many Perſons. Beſides, a Man leaves his Family in order to eſtabliſh himſelf in the World. He enters by Marriage into new Alliances: or by profeſſing a Particular Piety, he goes out of his Family, without having the Pleaſure of adopting another. Thus he contracts on one ſide, in ſome ſort, an Obligation to forget his Parents; and on the other a Duty of Loving new ones. What ſhall I ſay of the Intereſt which ſo often divides Families? But ſuppoſe there is nothing of that in the Caſe, yet a bare Separation, leſſens ſomething of the firſt Affection. During this Abſence, a Man inſenſibly Contracts particular Habits, whether for the Conduct of his Life, or for his Fortune, or in Relation to the Government of his Family. The firſt Bond of Friendſhip is ſo ſlight of any further uſe afterwards, than to make us exert our ſelves ſomewhat more than otherwiſe we would do, if they were not our Relations; and to behave our ſelves with Care enough not to come ſhort of others in any thing that relates to them.

Not but that when there happens any Eſſential Occaſion of being ſerviceable to them, we take a Pride in not being wanting on our part. Thus this firſt Friendſhip, which is tender in the firſt Years, which inſenſibly ſlackens as we grow up appears, notwithſtanding, always ſtrong, when any important Intereſt is in agitation. For my part, I believe, that of all ſorts of Friendſhip this ought to be managed with moſt Care.

There is a ſecond kind of Friendſhip, which has alſo its Perfections and Imperfections, as well as the firſt we have ſpoken of. It is that between a Husband and Wife, when they enter without Conſtraint, into the State of Matrimony, I

Preſerve a good Intelligence on both ſides. It has ſomewhat of that Friendſhip which is between a Superior and Inferior; ſince the Laws have declar'd that Women ought to conſider their Huſbands as their Maſters; and the Men, in good manners, are oblig'd to receive no Homage from their Wives, but only in order to give up that Right to them immediately, and voluntarily to pay them that Deference which the Law and Cuſtom require they ſhould pay their Husbands. When People live together after this decent manner, they maintain a continual Commerce of Eſteem; they taſte all the Delicacies of Love; they have the Pleaſure of Loving, and of being belov'd, and even make a Glory of this Friendſhip. I am of opinion, that it is in this mixture of Tenderneſs, this return of Eſteem; or, if you will, this mutual Ardor to overcome one another, by obliging Tokens, in which the Sweetneſs of this Second Friendſhip conſiſts.

I ſpeak not of other Pleaſures, which are not ſo great in themſelves, as in the aſſurance they give us of the perfect Poſſeſſion of thoſe Perſons whom we Love. This appears to me ſo true, that I am not afraid to affirm, that if a Man was otherwiſe aſſured of the perfect Affection of a Wife, he would eaſily bear his being deprived of her Company; and that theſe Pleaſures ought not to enter into Friendſhip, but as Tokens and Proofs that it is without Reſerve. Few Perſons, 'tis true, are capable of the Purity of theſe Thoughts. And therefore a perfect Friendſhip is rarely obſerved in Marriages, at leaſt it ſeldoms continues long. The Object of Groſs Paſſion is not able to ſupport ſo Noble a Commerce as Friendſhip. After it has produced it, and maintain'd for ſome time the ſhadow and reſemblance of it, Indifference, Contempt, and other new Paſſions, ſoon ſpring up to efface it. Even the Conſtraint one is always

under,

under, to keep the ſame Society, leſſens ſo
what the value of Perſeverance. We loſe by
grees, the confidence we had of being loved:
enter into Suſpicions, Jealouſies, and Diſqui
and can hardly conceal them, in the neceſſity
have of living Eternally together. From the
ariſe Miſtruſts, Complaints and Quarrels.
Children are at time, the only Bonds which
tain Man and Wife in their Duty. Theſe are
Pledges and Fruits of their firſt Affection: 'T
Intereſt that binds them at the very Mom
when their Hearts incline to a Separation.
when a man ſpeaks of Friendſhip, or hea
every Day mention'd; he is not to underſta
either of this Firſt or Second Kind.

It is of a Species altogether particular.
World pretend's 'that it ſhould only be bet
'Two Perſons; that it requires whole Yea
'form it ſelf; that Virtue alone is the Found
'of it; that it continues for ever; that it is
'ſect Communication of all things: In a
'that there is made of theſe two Perſons a C
'ſo effectual, that they mutually Tran
'themſelves into one another". Authors tri
upon this Portraicture; nay, they give it
Colours than I do. Notwithſtanding I beli
may without Raſhneſs aſſert, that theſe inge
Painters, who afford us ſuch illuſtrious Cop
Friendſhip, never yet beheld the Originals
truth, 'tis natural for us to take a Pleaſure
aggerating matters: And the firſt mome
begin a Book, or a Diſcourſe, we forge
our Heroes are but Men, and that we ſp
Men.

But a Man muſt avoid likewiſe to tak
Friendſhip, I know not how many Corre
dences he meets in the Courſe of his Life,
certainly don't deſerve this glorious Title.

To partake together in ſome Diverſion, to be engag'd ſometimes in the ſame Converſations, to meet often at Court, or in Town; ſuch kind of Acquaintances cannot aſſure a Man of a ſolid Friendſhip. All theſe things generally happen by pure chance; and 'tis Fortune that produces theſe different Occaſions. What ſhare can the Heart enjoy in all this, but the Intereſt of ſome Pleaſure? And can this Intereſt beget a true and perfect Friendſhip? 'Tis true, we love Perſons that are eaſie, or ſuch as are pleaſant and agreeable; we are delighted to be where they are, and give them a favourable Reception. We have alſo more particular Regards for thoſe that have the Reputation of having great Numbers of Friends; of being Men of Intrigue, and of being able to ſerve us upon occaſion. For to ſpeak agreeable things, and to be capable of doing uſeful ones, are two great Steps towards an Introduction into the moſt inacceſſible Hearts.

But 'tis no leſs true, that thoſe Perſons whom we only know upon this bottom, ſhould not put that Friendſhip we entertain for them, to too ſtrong a Proof. A Man will hardly go to the Price of purchaſing the Pleaſure which the Converſation of a Wit affords: And it is the common Practice of the World, to refer to others the Care of ſerving a Perſon, who doth nothing but divert us.

If we conſider it well, we ſhall obſerve, that it is this ſort of Friendſhip, which, as imperfect, and as common as it is, doth not ceaſe to form a Civility, by which our Conduct is Regulated, and which is, as it were, the Foundation of the Publick Peace.

'Tis

'Tis that which inſtructs us how to li
this manner of Living comprehends an
Number of ſmall inferiour Duties, witho
the World would be in Confuſion.

A Friendſhip more exact is a Prodigy;
Examples of it are ſo rare, that a Man m
ly reckon them.

MAXIM,

That we ought never to be wanting to our Friends *.

THIS Maxim has the general Approbation of the World. The weakeſt and the ſincereſt Friend, the ungrateful and the acknowledging Perſon, ſpeak the ſame Language. Yet there are but few People that practiſe what they ſay. Is there a Diſpute about the Acknowledgment of a good Office, a thouſand Men refine upon the Diſcourſes of *Seneca*? Is there a Queſtion about acquitting one's ſelf towards a Benefactor, no body frankly confeſſes the Debt, nor concludes on the Value of the Service? He that hath given, magnifies the Objects; he that hath receiv'd, leſſens them. The World is full of vain Pretenders and Hypocrites of Friendſhip.

However, 'tis certain that Friendſhip is a Commerce; that the Traffick thereof ought to be honeſt, but that 'tis ſtill a Traffick. He that hath ventur'd moſt in this Soil, ought to reap the moſt. 'Tis not lawful to infringe it, without coming to an Account; but where can you find Men

* *This Piece was originally written by Mr.* de St. Evremond; *but it has been ſo ſtrangely interpolated, that he could hardly know it again. He writ this Remark upon it, in the Margin of my Book:* Every thing is here alter'd; I don't know my ſelf therein. 'Tis not the ſame thing I have done.

Men that act ſincerely, and don't put
lance the ſlighteſt diſpleaſure, to co
the ſervice of the greateſt weight?

Every one braggs of his own Heart
predominant Vanity: You hear nothi
talk'd of; and that without bluſhing.
every one makes a Rule of Acknowledg
himſelf, always eaſy for the Maker, b
to his Friends. *Tacitus* has acquainted
the Reaſon of it; *'tis that our own Ackno
is pay'd at our own Expence, whereas that
tends to our Advantage.*

He that doth good, becauſe he think
obliged to do it, doth it always with an i
He looks upon his Duty as a troubleſom
He ſeeks all Occaſions to free himſelf, a
off a Yoke, which he bears with regret.

Hence it comes to paſs, that the C
theſe Perſons have ſomething of a La
them, which takes away all their Beaut
you ready to die with ſhame, you mu
to them all your Neceſſities; and expl
more than once, if you would have the
ſtand you. You muſt puſh them on ev
Moment by the Intereſt of their own Gl
leave them not the leaſt rub in the Way.
Hearts are always in a ſort of Lethar
them up, they keep awake for a little wh

loſt, wherein they have done no Service for they love.

t Honour which diſguiſeth it ſelf under the e of Friendſhip, is nothing elſe but Self- that ſerves it ſelf in the Perſon it pretends rve. The Friend who acts only by this ve, does good in proportion only to the aſe of his Reputation. He ſtops ſhort, his Witneſſes are gone; 'tis a Swaggerer turns his Eyes to ſee if the World looks him; 'tis a Hypocrite who gives Alms an unwilling Mind, and pays his Tribute to , only to impoſe upon Men.

here are others again, who propoſe no o- End to their Friendſhip, but their own Satiſ- on: This internal Law, which they lay up- hemſelves, makes them faithful and gene- : But there is in all their Actions a ſtiff ularity, that thoſe whom they oblige can- ell what to make of. They do every thing Veight and Meaſure. Unhappy is the Man has any occaſion for their Service, when think they have diſcharged their Duties.

ovided they have nothing to reproach ſelves with, the Misfortune of another doth affect them: On the contrary, they would oncerned to ſee it end very ſoon. They inue it ſometimes for the Continuance of own Glory. They rejoice, they triumph cret for a Diſgrace, which gives them an aſion of ſhewing themſelves: Inſtead of ng out the moſt proper means to aſſiſt you, ſearch the moſt ſignal ones to encreaſe their Honour: They love to make a Noiſe where- they go. In a word, they look upon their nds as Victims devoted to their Reputation. ſpeak the truth, theſe Perſons love nothing *themſelves*; and if they think that they don's

don't deſerve Reproach, we may on our p
juſtly ſay, that they deſerve no Acknowled
ment.

You ſee others paſs their whole Lives in Fo
mality and Compliment: They won't ſo ma
as pardon you a Ceremony. Theſe are the fi
Men to comfort one upon the Death of a Fath
or to offer their Service after the Sword is dra
Is the Danger paſs'd, they put themſelves in G
riſon with you, and are as conſtant in their A
tendance, as your Shadow. They are alwa
Slaves to Circumſpection, great Admirers of th
own Vertue, and very importunate both wi
themſelves and with thoſe who are indebted
them.

Every one muſt acknowledge that theſe Co
ſtraints are extreamly troubleſome to a Free So
There is no Kindneſs ſo great, that is not pu
chaſed too dear at this Price. And no Misfo
tune can be worſe, than that of being ſerved a
ter this manner, *To love becauſe we are obliged to
is not to love.*

In the mean time, if thoſe Friendſhips that a
kept alive only by Honour or Duty, begin
languiſh or be troubleſome, thoſe that are occ
ſioned by the Reſemblance of Humours, an
Communication of Pleaſures, are very ſubject
Alteration.

Since a Man is ſometimes diſguſted with him
ſelf, 'tis yet more eaſie to be diſguſted with o
thers. The End of Friendſhip depends leſs upo
our Will, than its Beginning. There is no Sym
pathy ſo perfect, that is not mixed with ſom
Contrariety; no Agreement that can bear a
eternal Familiarity. The nobleſt Paſſions be
come ridiculous when they grow old. Th
ſtrongeſt Friendſhips decay with Time: E
very Day makes a Breach in them. Some Peop
a

are for going ſo faſt at their firſt ſetting out, that they are out of Breath in the midſt of their Journey. They weary themſelves as well as others.

After all, ſays a fickle Friend, 'tis a very ſlaviſh Employment, to be always ſaying to the ſame Perſon, *I love you.* Nothing comes near the Vexation, that a Paſſion of too long a Continuance occaſions. 'Tis to no purpoſe to take pains to conceal ones Diſguſt, or put ones ſelf to an unneceſſary Expence to keep up the Correſpondence. Letters become dry and inſipid, Converſation languiſhes, the Lover yawns, the Lady counts every Hour; both of them at length have nothing elſe to talk of, but foul or fair Weather, and things of that importance. The Treaſure of Love is never ſo great, but it may be exhauſted: The Warmth of the Heart in Friendſhip, is never ſo ſtrong but it may cool. The Taſte of the beſt things changes, before they are changed themſelves.

When nothing but the bare Intereſt of our Diverſions form the Knot of Friendſhip, Abſence, Buſineſs and Vexations of Life, may eaſily break, or at leaſt untie it. New Delights which are enjoyed with new Friends, efface the Remembrance of paſt Contentments. The firſt Pleaſures of every Engagement have ſomething of I know not what Eagerneſs in them, that excites the Deſire, and makes it more vehement. As ſoon as they become more ſolid, they are ſatiated.

Therefore the World has no reaſon to reproach Inconſtancy, as a great Evil: It is no more in the power of ſome Perſons to love, or not to love, than to be in Health, or out of Order. All that one can reaſonably demand of Fickle Perſons, is ingenuouſly to acknowledge their

Example to change. We ſeek Quarr
to be angry, that we may find ou
tence to ſet our ſelves at liberty.
this were a real Anger, perhaps it
Fault, and perhaps 'tis our own; w
hath a Right to judge of it? Tha
call a Crime of the Soul, is very oft
of Nature. God was not pleaſed to
fect enough to be always amiable;
ſhould we deſire to be always loved?

Without doubt we took more car
ginning to conceal our Imperfecti
Complaiſance ſupplied the room of
Merit: We had the Charms of N
and theſe Charms reſemble a cer
which the Dew leaves upon Fruits.
but few Hands dextrous enough to ga
out ſpoiling it.

It muſt be acknowledged then, th
beſt Men find in the ſtrongeſt Unio
of Heavineſs and Languor, the Cau

Looks; that denies the Unfortunate, even Opportunity to complain; and whose Tyranny becomes sometimes more insupportable than Infidelity it self.

I speak of true Reason, that considers the Imperfections of Humane Nature, that helps them the best it can, that is an Enemy to Affectation, that aims at Good for the sake of Good alone, without the least Intervention of Self-Love; that is always ready to perform a Kindness, and thinks it has never done enough; that doth not applaud it self, nor courts the Applause of the World.

It is certain then, that these two Qualities stand in need of one another; and that if Honour without Friendship is disagreeable, Friendship that is not supported by Honour, is not like to be long-liv'd.

A *FRAGMENT* of the *History* of *Atalanta*, out of *Ælian*'s Var. Hist. l. 13. c. 1.

'TIS a constant Tradition in *Arcadia*, that so soon as *Atalanta* the Daughter of *Jasion* was Born, her Father who cared not to have Daughters, resolved to rid his Hands of her; but the Man whom he intrusted to dispatch her, was deterred by a secret Horror from executing his Commission; so he carried the Infant to the Mountain *Parthenius*, near a Fountain, where there was a Cave at the foot of a Rock, and an exceeding thick Grove of Oaks above.

Thus *Atalanta* was deſtin'd to Death; but Fortune was favourable to her: For the Indulgence of Heaven ſo ordained it, that a few Moments after this, a She-Bear, whom ſome Huntſmen had rob'd of her Whelps, came by; and having her Teats full of Milk, took a Pleaſure to look upon the Infant, then gave her Suck, and by that means found ſome relief from her Pain. So ſoon as her Teats fill'd anew, ſhe came again to the ſame place; and having none of her own Species, to whom ſhe might exerciſe the Duty of a Mother ſhe became the Nurſe of another's Iſſue.

The aforeſaid Huntſmen who had formerly Attack'd this poor Beaſt, when they carried off her Cubs, were ſtill in ſearch after her; and having beaten up the Wood one day, when ſhe was upon the Hunt for Prey, they found *Atalanta*, and carried her home with them. She was not call'd ſo then, but they gave her that Name afterwards, and brought her up among them in a Ruſtic ſort of Education.

In Stature ſhe much ſurpaſs'd thoſe of her Age; and when ſhe came to Years of Maturity, particularly Devoted her ſelf to Chaſtity; for which reaſon ſhe ſeldom appear'd in any Company, Delighted in Solitude, and retir'd to ſome of the higheſt Places of the *Arcadian* Mountains.

In this lonely Scene, which ſhe pitch'd upon to be the Place of her Reſidence, there was a Valley water'd with ſeveral Rivulets; the Air was cool, and Eternally Fann'd with freſh Breezes of Wind. On all Hands it was Encompaſs'd with a great Forreſt. But why ſhould we not take as much Pleaſure to ſee the Deſcription of *Atalanta's Grotto*, as to ſee in *Homer* that of *Calypſo*?

In

In the fartheſt and narroweſt part of this Valley, there was a deep Cavern, the Avenue to which, was in a manner Fortified by vaſt Precipices. The Ivy which covered it Round, clung about the young Trees, and by their aſſiſtance, made a ſhift to climb up at ſome Diſtance from the Ground. Saffron grew naturally in the Place, accompanied with *Hyacinths*, and ſeveral other Flowers of different Colours, which refreſh'd the Sight, and perfum'd the Air. This was not all; for abundance of Laurel-Trees adorned this Beautiful Spot, whoſe Leaves always preſerved an agreeable Verdure; and the Vines, which bending under the unruly Weight of their Bunches, grew at the Entrance of the Cave, were living Teſtimonies of *Atalanta*'s Care and Diligence. In ſhort, that nothing might be wanting to ſet it off, a Stream of clear and cold Water (for ſo both the Taſt and Touch found it to be) perpetually guſh'd from the adjoyning Rock; and this conſtant Watering was ſo advantageous to the Trees and Plants, that it ſeem'd to Combat with the Earth, whether of them moſt contributed to their Growth and Preſervation.

Thus this Place was equally to be admired for its Charms, and Solitude; and as the Beauty of it ſufficiently diſcover'd the Judgment, ſo its Culture ſhew'd the great Induſtry, of our Virgin. The Skins of Wild Beaſts which ſhe took in Hunting, ſerv'd her inſtead of a Bed; their Fleſh was her Nouriſhment, and Water was her conſtant Drink. Her Habit was without Coſt and Artifice, very little differing from that of *Diana*, whom ſhe ſaid ſhe was Deſirous to imitate in that particular, no leſs than in her Reſolution to preſerves her Virginity inviolable.

Nature had ſo fitted her for Running, that no Beaſt was ſwift enough to over-run her, and the Men that lay in wait to ſurpriſe her, were not able to come near her, when once ſhe betook her ſelf to flight.

Not only thoſe that beheld her, became paſſionately in Love with her, but likewiſe thoſe that heard what Publick Fame had reported of her. If it wou'd not be too tireſome to the Reader, I would deſcribe her Beauty; but how ſhould that be tireſome to him, which contributes ſo much to the Embelliſhment of the Story?

Ever from her Infancy ſhe ſurpaſs'd the reſt of her Sex in Tallneſs, and among all the young Virgins then in *Peloponneſus*, there was none that cou'd diſpute the prize of Beauty with her. Her Countenance was Maſculine and Auſtere, as well by reaſon of her Savage Education, as thoſe rough and boiſterous Exerciſes, that perpetually employ'd her in the Mountains. She had nothing of that ſoft Effeminate Air we find in thoſe that are delicately brought up by their Mothers, or Nurſes. She was Plump, but not Corpulent, or Fat, and her Hunting and Active courſe of Life preſerv'd her in a perfect Health. Her Hair was of a Light Yellow, without any of thoſe Artifices that other Women Practiſe, to which neither Painting nor Tinctures contributed any thing. Nature alone had given it this Colour, and the Rays of the Sun had ſtamp'd ſo Beautiful a Red upon her Cheeks, that when one look-ed upon her attentively, he would have thought ſhe had Bluſhed. What Flower in the Univerſe is half ſo Pretty and Agreeable as a Charming young Maid, when ſhe Bluſhes out of a Modeſt Innocence?

Two

Two Qualities met together in her, which created Aſtoniſhment, that is, her incomparable Beauty, and the power of making her ſelf Fear'd. No Man of a mean cowardly Spirit, after he had ſeen her, could fall in Love with her; nay, he durſt not ſo much as look ſtedfaſtly upon her; ſo much did the Luſtre of her Beauty dazle the Eyes of thoſe that fixed theirs on her.

Several things contributed to make her Admired, eſpecially the great Rarity of ſeeing her: After her way of Living it was no eaſie matter to have a Sight of her; for whenever ſhe was ſeen, 'twas on the ſudden and unawares, either when ſhe was purſuing Wild Beaſts, or elſe defending herſelf from them; and paſſing by with incredible ſwiftneſs, ſhe Darted like a Star, or rather like a flaſh of Lightening, till ſhe was immediately loſt among the Oaks and Shrubs, or ſome thick and dark Coverts in the Mountains.

One Day, Two young Men of the Neighbouring Country, whoſe Names were *Hylæus* and *Rhœcus*, deſcended from the *Centaurus*, came to beat up her Quarters in the midſt of the Night; a Pair of bold hardy Lovers, who had Inſolence enough to undertake any thing in the Rage and Tranſport of their Paſſion.

To put this Deſign in execution they neither employ'd Muſicians, nor uſed any of thoſe ſoft engaging ways that are practis'd by young Men in Cities upon the like occaſions; but carried lighted Torches that were enough at that time of Night to frighten a multitude of People, but much more a raw unexperienced lonely Virgin.

Having therefore newly broke down, and folded about them the Branches of a Pine-Tree newly tore of, they covered themſelves with theſe Branches, as if it were with a Garland

nd, and in this Noble Equipage fet ſeveral Trees on the Mountain on fire; and making a perpetual claſhing with their Arms, theſe well-bred Wooers, marched directly towards *Atalanta*.

But their Deſigns were diſcover'd by our Heroine, who had perceived the Fire from her Cave, and by that means knew who they were that intended her this Viſit. She was not in the leaſt affrighted at the matter, but drew her Bow, and ſhot an Arrow at them, which hit the firſt ſo effectually, that down he fell to the ground.

With this the Second, not any more like a Lover, but as a Declared Enemy, advanced towards her, as well to Revenge his Brother's Death, as to Gratifie his own Deſires; but he was prevented in his Intentions by another Arrow, which mortally wounded him, and deterr'd all others from attempting an Outrage of that Nature.

The CHARACTER *of Monſieur* de St. Evremond, *by Dr.* N----.

THE Diſcourſes which compoſe this Book*, being printed already in another Language, there may be ſeveral amongſt us who have only heard in general of Monſieur St. *Evremond*, and the Reputation he has with Men of Sence; and therefore may be well enough pleas'd to know what it is wherein he Excels, and which diſtinguiſhes him from other Writers. For it is not with the Wits of our Times, how eminent ſoever, as with thoſe who lived under *Auguſtus*, when the Empire and Language were in ſome ſenſe Univerſal.

They properly Wrote to the World: The Moderns, even the *French* Authors themſelves, write at moſt, but to a Province of the *Roman* Empire: And if they are known beyond their own Country, and become a Common Benefit to Mankind, it is, in a great meaſure, owing to their Tranſlators.

Monſieur St. *Evremond* hath eſtabliſh'd his Fame where-ever the *French* Language is underſtood; and yet ſurely he cannot be diſpleaſed with an Attempt to carry it farther, by making him ſpeak that of a Country, where he has reſided ſo many Years.

Whoever reads theſe Eſſays will acknowledge, That he finds there a Fineneſs of Expreſſion, and

* *This, and the following Character of M.* de St. Evremond, *were prefixt to the* Engliſh *Tranſlation of ſome of his Works, printed in the Year* 1692.

Gentleman, the Exactneſs of a Schola
good Sence of a Man of Buſineſs: th
thor is throughly acquainted with the
has converſed with the beſt ſort Men
in it. His Subjects are often
Noble, and then he never fails to
to them. When he ſpeaks of the A
ners, you would believe you were read
the ſame Age and Nation; the ſame
ſame Noble Freedom, the ſame unaffe
neſs appear in both; if the Subject be
of a lower Nature, he is ſure to write
is not common upon it; there is
what New and Agreeable, and beyond
could expect. However you were affe
you began to read him, he gains
Inſenſibly, and before you have done,
a pleaſure to be of the ſame Opi
him.

The Variety and Choice of his Subje
you no leſs, than what he writes up
He perpetually entertains you with
jects, and dwells not too long upon any
As for Method, it is Inconſiſtent with hi
neither pretends he to write all that can
He ſets not up for a Teacher, but he
you unawares, and without pretendin

The *CHARACTER* of Monſieur *de St. Evremond*, by Mr. *Dryden*.

I Know how Nice an Undertaking it is to write of a living Author; yet the Example of Father *Bouhours*, has ſomwhat encourag'd me in this Attempt. Had not *Monſieur St. Evremond* been very coſiderable in his own Country, that famous Jeſuit wou'd not have ventur'd to praiſe a Perſon in diſgrace with the Government of *France*, and living here in Baniſhment. Yet in his *Penſées Ingenieuſes*, he has often cited our Author's Thoughts and his Expreſſions, as the Standard of Judicious Thinking, and Graceful Speaking. An undoubted ſign that his Merit was ſufficiently eſtabliſh'd, when the Diſfavour of the Court cou'd not prevail againſt it. There is not only a juſtneſs in his Conceptions, which is the Foundation of good Writing, but alſo a Purity of Language, and a beautiful turn of Words, ſo little underſtood by Modern Writers, and which indeed was found at *Rome*, but at the latter end of the Common-wealth; and ended with *Petronius*, under the Monarchy. If I durſt extend my Judgment to particulars, I wou'd ſay that our Author has determined very nicely in his Opinion of *Epicurus*; and that what he ſaid of his Morals, is according to Nature and Reaſon. 'Tis true, that as I am a Religious Admirer of *Virgil*, I cou'd wiſh that he had not diſcover'd our Father's Nakedneſs. But after all, we muſt confeſs that [illegible] none of the greateſt Hero's, and that [illegible] ſenſible of it himſelf. But what could

Death by his Mother Goddess,
a Wound in his Defence. So tha
as he was, to follow the Footſt
who had thus deſcribed him, cou
ably have altered his Character, a
in *Italy* to a much greater heigh
than he found him formerly in
therefore he could make no mo
Valour, he reſolved not to give him
his Principal, but choſe another
Piety. 'Tis true, this latter, in the
of a Hero, was not altogether
the former; but it entituled him
favour of the Gods, and their Pro
his Undertakings. And, which w
cheifeſt aim, made a nearer Ref
twixt *Æneas* and his Patron *A*
who, above all things, loved to b
being Pious, both to the Gods an
tions. And that very Piety, or G
it which you pleaſe) to the Memo
He *Julius*, gave him the prefere
the Soldiers to *Mark Anthony*; an

than the Poet; and to make his Hero eſcape again, under the Covert of a Cloud. Only we may add, what I think *Boſſu* ſays, That the *Roman* Common-wealth being now changed into a Monarchy, *Virgil* was helping to the Deſign, by inſinuating into the People the Piety of their New Conqueror, to make them the better brook this Innovation; which was brought on them by a Man, who was favour'd by the Gods. Yet we may obſerve, that *Virgil* forgot not, upon occaſion, to ſpeak Honourably of *Æneas*, in point of Courage, and that particularly in the Perſon of him, by whom he was overcome. For *Diomedes* compares him with *Hector*, and even with advantage:

Quicquid apud duræ ceſſatum eſt mœnia Trojæ;
Hectoris, Æneæque manu Victoria Grajum
Hæſit, & in decimum veſtigia retulit annum:
Ambo animis, ambo inſignes præſtantibus armis;
Hic pietate prior ——

As for that particular Paſſage, cited by Monſieur St. *Evremond*, where *Æneas* ſhows the utmoſt fear, in the beginning of a Tempeſt: *Extemplo Æneæ ſolvuntur frigore membra*, &c. Why may it not be ſuppoſed, that having been long at Sea, he might be well acquainted with the Nature of a Storm; and by the rough Beginning, fore-ſee the Increaſe and Danger of it? at leaſt, as a Father of his People, his Concernment might be greater for them, than for himſelf. And if ſo, what the Poet takes from the Merit of his Cou- is added to the prime Vertue of his Cha- was his Piety. Be this ſaid, with Reſpect and Deference, to the ſieur St. *Evremond*; amongſt Talents, that of Penetration is

very bottom of his Authors, le
inmoſt Receſſes of their Souls,
with him, thoſe hidden Treaſur
ſcap'd the Diligence of others. F
of the *Grand Alexandre*, in my
admirable piece of Criticiſm; a
but that his Obſervations on the *En*
been as abſolute in their kind, ha
his own Eyes, and not with thoſe
But converſing in a manner wh
Court, which is not always the t
has been unavoidably led into
given to ſome of our Courſeſt
tation abroad, which they never
Had his Converſation in the
more general, he had certainly
Idea's on that Subject *; and n
thoſe Names into his own Co
will be forgotten by Poſterity in o

Thus I have contracted my T
Large Subject: For whatever h
falls ſhort of the True Characte
St. *Evremond* and his Writings.

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* Mr. Dryden excepts here against the
Court, and prefers that of the Town, be

A

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